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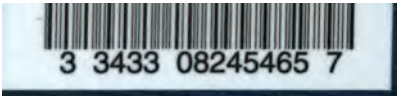
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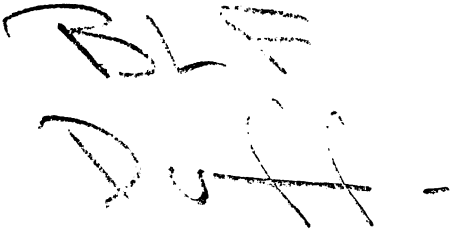
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# LAST LETTERS

FROM

# EGYPT.





Engraved by J. H. Jeens

*Lady Duff Gordon*

*London Published by Macmillan & Co. 1871*

# LAST LETTERS

FROM

# EGYPT.

*TO WHICH ARE ADDED LETTERS FROM THE CAPE.*

BY

LADY DUFF GORDON.

*WITH A MEMOIR BY HER DAUGHTER,*

MRS. ROSS.

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# INTRODUCTION.

LUCIE DUFF GORDON was the only child of John and Sara Austin. Her grandfather, Mr. Jonathan Austin, of Creeting Mill, in Suffolk, was a remarkable man, of sturdy good sense and great vigour. He gave all his children a first-rate education. The wisdom and vehement eloquence of Mr. John Austin, author of the "Province of Jurisprudence," made Lord Brougham say, "If John Austin had had health, neither Lyndhurst nor I should have been Chancellor;" and the beauty and talent of his wife imparted to a life of narrow means and incessant labour the attraction and elegance of the best society. Mr. John Austin had served

in the army, and was in Sicily under Lord William Bentinck. He was called to the bar, and in 1819 married Sara, the youngest daughter of John Taylor, of Norwich. They lived in Queen Square, Westminster, almost next door to the house belonging to Mr. James Mill, the historian of British India, and their windows looked into the garden of Jeremy Bentham. These were the most intimate friends of John Austin; and here it may be said the utilitarian philosophy of the nineteenth century was born. Bentham's garden was the playground of Lucie Austin and the young Mills; his coach-house was converted into a gymnasium, and his flower-beds were intersected by threads and tapes to represent the passages of a panopticon prison.

Here in Queen's Square was born, June 24th, 1821, Lucie, the only child of John and Sara Austin. She was a puny infant, and could scarcely breathe when she came into the world. The surgeon, Maudsley, took her on his knees, and brought her to life by sheer skill in nursing and giving play to the lungs. He afterwards used to boast of the exploit, and call her his child.

Lucie Austin's chief playfellows were her first-cousin Henry Reeve, and "Bun Don" (Brother John), as she called the late great philosopher, John Stuart Mill. She grew in vigour and in sense, with a strong tinge of originality and independence, and an extreme love of animals.

It was, I think, in 1826, that the Austins first went to Germany. He had been nominated Professor of Civil Law in the new London University, and he went to Bonn to prepare himself in the law school there. As their residence in Germany was of some duration Lucie came back transformed into a little German maiden, with long braids of hair down her back, and speaking German like her own language.

Her education was of the most random character; she read everything. She lived in a world of fairies and elfs. But she had little regular instruction, and *accomplishments* were never attempted. I believe she went for a short time to a mixed school of boys and girls, kept by a Dr. Biker, at Hampstead, where she learnt Latin.

It would not be easy to say how Lucie Austin acquired her correct and vigorous style and nice sense of language. It was hereditary rather than implanted. But from her earliest years she was accustomed to hear the best of conversation; the Mills, the Grotes, the Bullers (Charles and Arthur), the Carlyles, the Sterlings, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, Rogers, Jeremy Bentham, and Lord Jeffrey, were the most intimate friends of the family; and "Toodie," as she was called, was a universal favourite. Once staying at a friend's house, and hearing their little girl rebuked for asking questions, she said, "*My* mamma never says, 'I don't know,' or, 'Don't ask questions.'"

In 1836 Mr. Austin was appointed a commissioner to the Island of Malta, and his wife accompanied him. It was thought undesirable to take a girl of fifteen to a hot climate, and she was then for the first time sent to school at Clapham, with a Miss Sheperd. She must have been as great a novelty in the school as the school-life was to her, for with a great deal of strange knowledge she was singularly devoid of many of the rudiments of ordinary

instruction. She wrote well already at fifteen, and corresponded a good deal with Mrs. Grote. The following is one of her first letters from school :—

*November 6th*, 1836.

As I have permission to write (not without due inspection of all letters written and received, however), I shall put you to the expense of twopence to tell you how I am getting on. I like my *convent* very much. I cannot give my opinion of Miss Sheperd, for I won't praise her to her face, and I dare not abuse her if I would, so we must wait till Christmas, when I have a holiday of a fortnight. I have written to mamma and upbraided her for telling me that Bromley was but four or five miles from London, whereas I find myself at twelve miles off, within a little at least. I hope that when you have nothing better to do, you will come down and see me. Between one and two is the best time, as we go out afterwards to walk. Or, *au pis aller*, that you will write me a note, letter, or what you will; so long as it is from you I shall be delighted to receive it. I am dying to see you or hear from you; and don't hope that you will escape my quartering myself upon you for a day at Christmas, for I *will* hold a solemn palaver with you, which I could

not accomplish before coming here. I shall not be able to write to you again, as I shall not have time to write to any one but mamma, and not much to her, as, if I do my Latin and Greek lessons satisfactorily, I shall be rather hard-worked.

At sixteen she determined on being baptized and confirmed as a member of the Church of England (her parents and relations were Unitarians). Lord Monteagle was her sponsor, and I believe this step was chiefly owing to his influence and that of his family, with whom she was very intimate, in spite of her Radical ideas. She thus mentions the event in a letter, remarkable for a young girl :—

BROMLEY, *February 20th*, 1838.

Perhaps you have already heard of my having, and I hope most conscientiously, sought to be admitted by baptism into the Established Church, and you may think with many I ought not to have taken so important a step solely on my own responsibility; but till you tell me so I will not attempt defence of that which does not appear to come under the denomination "optional." I believe I have done my duty, and acted in obedience to the Giver

of the "commandment with promise," and that in no way could I more honour my parents than by confident trust they will sanction my conduct. I hope they and I will be but of one heart and one mind on this important point. I am prepared for some slight crosses from many excellent friends, whose creed I never could satisfactorily adopt; but with the "fear of God" before my eyes I could not be deterred by this difficulty, through which I know, if I place but perfect trust in Him, and cultivate *humility*, His strength will guide me. I expect to be pitied for that ignorance and weakness which has made me an easy victim to others' rule; but my own heart tells me I have no claims upon any such commiseration. My sponsors were wholly unprepared for my application to them to become such, and had not an unlooked-for and quiet opportunity of attending an infant of Mrs. North's to the baptismal font offered itself, I had probably yet remained in the same painfully unsatisfied state of mind that had so long been mine. I already experience happiness and advantage in and from the views and hopes which from day to day seem to unfold themselves more and more, and I expect and pray, if I make religion my guide, that even the most opposed to my present opinions will ultimately rejoice in their

influence upon my character and conduct. Surely you, who have ever been to me the best and dearest of friends, will be the last to disapprove of anything which could tend to my improvement and happiness, which I feel convinced must be the case with my present faith and feelings.

In 1838 Lucie Austin's parents returned from Malta, and she began to appear in the world. Mrs. Austin's old friends flocked about her; many new acquaintances mingled with them, as the Austins had become *habitués* of Lansdowne House. Here they met Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, who at once became attracted by the mother, and deeply attached to the daughter. They used to walk out together, as she was left much to herself, and had no companions. One day Sir Alexander said to her, "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?" She was annoyed at being talked about, and hurt at his *brusque* way of mentioning it, and was going to give a sharp answer, when he added, "Shall we make it true?" She replied, with characteristic straightforwardness, by the monosyllable, "Yes," and so

they were engaged. At this time she translated and published Niebuhr's "Greek Legends," the only literary work she did before her marriage, which took place in Kensington old church, on the 16th of May, 1840. Eye-witnesses still remember with interest the beauty of the young pair. They took a house in Queen Square, Westminster, No. 8, with a statue of Queen Anne at one end, just opposite the house of Sir Benjamin Hawes.

The talent, associated with the beauty, sincerity, and utter unaffectedness, of Lady Duff Gordon, soon attracted a remarkable circle of friends and acquaintances, many of whom, alas, have passed away. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Monteagle, Dickens, Thackeray, Elliot Warburton (who was burnt in the *Amazon*), Tom Taylor, Tennyson, Kinglake, and Henry Taylor, were *habitués*, and every foreigner of talent and renown looked upon the Duff-Gordon house as a centre of interest. I remember when a little child to have been much astonished at Leopold Ranke walking up and down the drawing-room, talking vehemently in a kind of *olla podrida* of English, French, German, Italian,

and Spanish, with now and then a Latin quotation. He was almost impossible to understand, as he talked fast and mixed up all languages into a compound of his own. When Monsieur Guizot escaped from France, his first dinner and welcome was in Queen Square. Soon after their marriage my father and mother went abroad, and she wrote from Munich to Mrs. Austin :—

Our friend Magnus took us to Kaulbach's *atelier*, where we saw his "Hunnerschlacht," his "Tollhaus," a great new picture he is designing of the destruction of Jerusalem, and last, but not least, a set of drawings for a new edition of "Reineke Fuchs," for which I could have worshipped him. The "Lion's Court," the "Cock accusing Reineke to the King," "Reineke keeping School for the Rabbits," and "Reineke stellte sich fromm" (over which Alick laughed till large tears ran down), were finished; but there will be forty or fifty. If you could see Reineke's face and attitude, his shaven crown, his downcast eye, and mouth down at the corners —in short, the drawings are quite as good as the poem. Kaulbach is a wonderful genius; he had beautiful *erhaben* paintings, drawings

which might have been Hogarth's, and this Reineke in quite another style; besides which he is a beautiful portrait-painter. We were amused by a bookseller, into whose shop we went to buy the Gospel of the Life of Maria. He had not got it, and wanted us to buy Sievert's "Leben Christi." Alick, not hearing the name of the author, asked if it was Strauss's. The poor man looked shocked and frightened, and on our expressing decorous sympathy with his feelings, he added, in a most confidential tone, "Aber wissen Sie doch, gnädige Frau, es gibt auch Freigeister hier in Augsburg!" His face was inimitable, and we only suppressed our laughter till the door closed behind us.

In 1842 their eldest child was born, and in 1844 Lady Duff Gordon published her translation of Meinhold's "Amber Witch," and of the "French in Algiers." The year after she translated Feuerbach's "Remarkable German Crimes and Trials."

In 1846 my father had the cholera very badly, and Lord Lansdowne, ever thoughtful and kind, lent him his villa at Richmond for the autumn. Thence my mother wrote :—

RICHMOND, *August* 1846.

Here we are in the most perfect of villas; were the weather but tolerable it would be a paradise, but, alas! November could not be more cold, damp and gloomy than this August. The Berrys are here in Mrs. Lamb's house, and Lady Char. [Lady Charlotte Lindsay] at Petersham, all well and youthful. Mr. Senior is vacation master in London this year again, and finds us a godsend for his Saturdays and Sundays. We have had various people here, and many more have announced their intention of coming. Lord Lansdowne was here for a day in passing through London, and he was "so much obliged for our kind hospitality in giving him a dinner and a bed." Dwarkanauth Tagore, the clever Hindoo merchant, and Landseer and Eastlake.

The most amusing book this year is Ford's "Handbook of Spain," one of the "Red Murrays." It is written in a style between "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" and any work by the immortal Sancho Panza, had he ever written a book—so quaint, so lively, and such knowledge of the country. How I envy you Munich. If you see Kaulbach, tell him how often we talk of him, his pictures, and his beautiful little girl; and look at Albrecht Dürer's pale, beautiful face in the gallery, and

*grüss* him for me — so sweet and so sad, no print could ever catch the life in the face and in the very hair.

This house is Bowood on a diminished scale. Hassan (a black boy) is an inch taller for our grandeur—*peu s'en faut*, he thinks me a great lady and himself a great butler.

"Hassan el Bakkeet" was quite a feature of the establishment. Lady Duff Gordon had taken him in from charity one night, his master having turned him out of doors because he was going blind. She took care of him, and he devoted himself to her and still more to the eldest child, whose constant playmate he was. Mr. Hilliard, the American author, was much shocked at seeing Hassan come into the dining-room with the baby in his arms. The oculist who cured him offered to take him into his service, with good wages. His mistress advised him to accept the place, upon which he fell on his knees and begged to be whipped instead of being sent away, as he said, "5*l.* a year with you are sweeter than the 12*l.* a year he offers." He was then twelve.

He associated himself entirely with the

family. On the birth of a son he said triumphantly to all callers, "*We* have got a boy." One evening when Prince Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor of the French, came unexpectedly to dinner, Hassan announced gravely, "Please, my lady, I ran out and bought two pennyworth of sprats for the Prince."

Poor Hassan caught cold at Weybridge, and died about 1849; and never was a servant more regretted.

In 1847 Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon translated together Ranke's "History of Prussia," and wrote the "Sketches of German Life."

Lady Duff Gordon's old friend William Bridges Adams, the engineer, had a workshop, which she sometimes went to visit. During the riots in 1848 the men came to protect their "Lady." She thus describes the night of the 10th of April :—

I had only time to write once yesterday, as all hands were full of bustle preparing for our guests. I never wish to see forty better gentlemen than we had here last night. All was quiet. We had supper—cold beef, bread

and beer, with songs, sentiments and toasts, such as "Success to the roof we are under," "Liberty, brotherhood, and order." Then they bivouacked in the different houses till five o'clock this morning, when they started home. Among the party was a stray policeman, who looked rather wonderstruck. Tom Taylor was capital, made short speeches, told stories, and kept all in high good humour; and Alick came home at midnight, and was received with great glee and affection. All agreed that the fright, to us at least, was well made up by the kindly and pleasant evening. As no one would take a penny we shall send books for the library, or a contribution to the school, all our neighbours being quite anxious to pay, though not willing to fraternize. I shall send cravats as a badge to the "Gordon Volunteers." We had one row, which, however, ceased on the appearance of our stalwart troop. Indeed, I think, one Birmingham smith, a handsome fellow six feet high, whose vehement disinterestedness would neither allow him to eat, drink, or sleep in the house, would have scattered them. My friends of yesterday unanimously decided that Louis Blanc would "just suit the 'lazy set.'"

The Austins had taken a long, low, rambling old house at Weybridge in Surrey, where we

used to spend the summer months; but the house was too small for two families, and in the spring of 1851, my father took a house at Esher, about four miles from Weybridge, where they lived until my mother's health made it necessary for her to leave England. The following extracts from letters to a valued and intimate friend will tell of her life better than I can :—

WEYBRIDGE, *17th October*, 1850.

I have not left Weybridge this summer, except to go to Sandgate for three weeks for M.'s health. He is very well and immensely tall. I still like my *campagnarde* existence of all things; it just suits my laziness and my children's health and happiness. Alick, too, looks ten years younger than he ever did in London.

I have set up a working man's library and reading room here, and have forty subscribers at twopence a week. It answers very well, I think; they all like it much; and I go most Monday evenings and transact the business, and talk over the news. I hope it will do some good here; at any rate it keeps a few out of the public-house. I don't know any news to tell you of any one, as indeed how should I? But I should like to know the

most sage reasons which lead you to become a Protectionist. I fear the insular and colonial life has begun to affect your intellect, and that you will want a good deal of scouring when you come home.

ESHER, *May 1st*, 1851.

When I received your letter of 20th January I was still in bed, having lain there six weeks, sick of bronchitis and intermittent fever, which seized me at Weybridge, immediately after nursing the children through the measles. I state this to account for my not writing either in March or April. I am now nearly well again, but had a very narrow escape for my life. If you looked at my date it will already have told you that we have left Weybridge. We have also left Queen Square and moved all our goods and ourselves to a very nice old-fashioned house, on the top of a high hill, close to Claremont, which joins our garden and field, and where beds can be given to our friends. I only wish you were installed in one of them.

I am still very weak, but very busy getting my house in order, and cannot go to London yet, even to see the Exhibition. I will send you many thanks for the sugar or "bag full of anything," when it arrives, but I am

uneasy about it, as I fear it has been made into grog on board ship; it is, however, not needed to sweeten our remembrance of you. My library at Weybridge was very successful. I have left it with sixty members, self-supporting, and very well self-governed.

My father is not well, I think he is much aged of late. Lord Langdale's death affected him terribly, and our leaving Weybridge was a great annoyance to him, but the house was impossibly small.

ESHER, *20th July*, 1851.

I will devote this solitary Sunday evening to a gossip with you; how I wish it could be done *vivâ voce* instead of with these odious implements, pen, ink, and paper. *Imprimis*, the sugar came quite safe, and is the admiration of all coffee-drinkers. To-day I ought to be dining at Senior's (where Alick is spending some days), but I feel too low and exactly what is called "not up" to anything. Our house is charming, on the top of a sandy hill, so dry and healthy, and warm, and pretty. We have a kind of half project of going to Scotland this year, and of visiting Stirling, at Keir, together with Mrs. Norton and her son, with whom I am nearly as much friends as with his mother. He has grown into a delightful

young man, and certainly twenty-one is a charming age, when it is not odious.

I fear you would think me very much altered since my illness; I look thin, ill, and old, and my hair is growing grey. This I consider hard upon a woman just over her thirtieth birthday. I break the melancholy fact to you now lest somebody should be beforehand with me. I continue to like Esher very much; I don't think we could have placed ourselves better. Kinglake has given Alick a great, handsome chestnut mare, so he is well-mounted, and we ride merrily.

ESHER, 18*th August*, 1851.

T'will, indeed, be jolly if you get a *congé*, and come over for six months, but then there's the going back again, which will be dreadful. We went over to Paris for a lark, and 'twas so hot, 92° to 95°. Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent us his rooms, and Phillips, the painter, lodged in the same house with us, and we had a very merry time. I am far better than I thought I ever should be again; the heat in Paris did me a wonderful deal of good, and I now feel able once more to use my lungs. I like my rural existence better and better, the garden, horses, and the health and happiness for the children are better than all London life whatever. I expressed such glee

and exultation at the idea of your return, that my friends, all but Alick, refused to sympathise. Phillips talked of jealousy and Tom Taylor muttered something about a "hated rival." Meanwhile all send friendly greetings to you.

ESHER, *15th June*, 1854.

Now for news. Alick is very well and extremely portly and dignified looking. I am rather better, but quite old, and my hair quite grey.

Last Thursday we went to E——'s wedding, and all went off like the end of a novel. Everybody made pretty speeches; bride and bridegroom looked equally lovely, and we "blessed them unawares," and threw white satin slippers after them instead of old shoes.

We have just finished translating a book of Moltke's, a Prussian major, on the Russian campaigns of 1828—29, very interesting, especially now that all the world is thinking and talking of the war.

I saw the opening of the Crystal Palace on the 10th, which was a fine sight as far as the building and the crowd went, but a very ridiculous ceremony. I wish I were with you enjoying some heat. I am now poking the fire, at noonday, on the 15th June, and have

rheumatism so that I can hardly write at all I shall leave Alick to finish this tiresome yarn, as he may have some news to tell you, which such a country mouse as I cannot.

Our dear old house at Esher was nothing very remarkable in itself, having been, I believe, an inn, with a small cottage near. The space between the two had been built over and made the dining-room and drawing-room, L shaped. But the house was full of quaint old furniture and china, and the pretty garden sloped upwards from the back of the house to Claremont Park palings. The view from the front windows was beautiful; the "sluggish Mole" and Wolsey's tower in the foreground, and Windsor Castle in the far distance. Many a merry boating party did we have on the Mole, with picnics in the woods, varied by now and then knocking a hole in the bottom of the boat, on one of the many snags and hidden stumps of trees, with which the river abounds. Once we lost all our wine, which was hung overboard to cool, and my father and Henry Phillips had to dive for it in very deep water, while Ary Scheffer, who was staying at Esher to paint

Queen Marie Amélie's portrait, and Richard Doyle, stood ready to assist in the recovery of the lost bottles.

The rides were most beautiful—over endless commons, through large covers and green, shady lanes, and in the fir-wood behind Claremont, with its small lake called the "Black Pool" in the centre. It was near this lake that the Comte de Paris broke his leg out hunting; his horse ran away and smashed his leg against a tree. It was raining, and I gave my waterproof to put under the Prince, and galloped off to announce the accident at Claremont, for fear the Queen Marie Amélie should be alarmed at seeing the Comte de Paris carried up to the house. The Princes always sent to tell us of the meets of their harriers, and we had famous runs in the cramped country about; small fields, big fences, and large water jumps in the low-lying land near the river. They were most popular with everybody, and they well deserved it, being kind, courteous and amiable to all.

In the autumn of 1854 we all went to Paris where my mother often saw Heinrich Heine,

the poet. The following letter has already been published in Lord Houghton's monographs :—

My husband tells me that you wish to have my recollections of poor Heine when I last saw him. I had known him about twenty years ago as a child of ten or eleven at Boulogne, where I sat next him at *table d'hôte.* He was then a fat, short man, short-sighted, and with a sensual mouth. He heard me speak German to my mother, and soon began to talk to me, and then said, "When you go back to England you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine." I replied, "And who is Heinrich Heine?" He laughed heartily, and took no offence at my ignorance; and we used to lounge on the end of the pier together, where he told me stories in which fish, mermaids, watersprites, and a very funny old French fiddler with a poodle, who was diligently taking three sea-baths a day, were mixed up in the most fanciful manner, sometimes humorous, and very often pathetic, especially when the watersprites brought him greetings from the "Nord See." He since told me that the poem "Wenn ich an deinem Hause," etc., was meant for me and my "braune Augen." He was at Boulogne a

month or two, and I saw him often then, and always remembered with great tenderness the poet who had told me the beautiful stories and been so kind to me, and so sarcastic to everyone else.

I never saw him again till I went to Paris three years ago, when I heard he was very poor, and dying. I sent my name, and a message that if he chanced to remember the little girl to whom he told "Mährchen" years ago at Boulogne, I should like to see him. He sent for me directly, remembered every little incident and all the people who were in the same inn; a ballad I had sung, which recounted the tragical fate of Ladye Alice and her humble lover, Giles Collins, and ended by Ladye Alice taking only one spoonful of the gruel, "with sugar and spices so sweet," while after her decease, "the parson licked up the rest." This diverted Heine immensely, and he asked after the parson who drank the gruel directly.

I, for my part, could hardly speak to him, so shocked was I by his appearance. He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet that covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some

old German painter. His voice was very weak, and I was astonished at the animation with which he talked; evidently his mind had wholly survived his body. He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin, white fingers, and exclaimed, "Gott! die kleine Lucie ist gross geworden, und hat einen Mann; dass ist eigen!" [God! the little Lucie has become big and has a husband; that is queer.] He then earnestly asked if I was happy and contented, and begged me to bring my husband to see him. He said again he hoped I was happy now, as I had always been such a merry child. I answered that I was no longer so merry as "die kleine Lucie" [the little Lucie] had been, but very happy and contented; and he said, "Dass ist schön; es bekommt Einem gut eine Frau zu sehen, die kein wundes Herz herum trägt, um es von allerlei Männern ausbessern zu lassen, wie die Weiber hier zu Lande, die es am Ende nicht merken, dass was ihnen eigentlich fehlt ist gerade, dass sie gar keine Herzen haben." [That is well; it does one good to see a woman who does not carry about a broken heart, to be mended by all sorts of men, like the women of this country, who do not perceive that what really fails them is a total want of heart.] I took my husband to see him, and we bid him goodbye. He said

that he hoped to see me again, ill as he was; he should not die yet.

Last September I went to Paris again, and found Heine removed and living in the same street as myself in the Champs Elysées. I sent him word I was come, and soon received a note, painfully written by him in pencil, as follows :—

"Hoch geehrte grossbritannische Göttin Lucie,—

"Ich liess durch den Bedienten zurück-melden, dass ich, mit Ausnahme des lezten Mitwochs, alle Tage und zu jeder beliebigen Stunde bereit sey, your Godship bey mir zu empfangen. Aber ich habe bis heute vergebens auf solcher himmlischen Erscheinung gewartet. Ne tardez plus à venir! Venez aujourd'hui, venez demain, venez souvent. Vous demeurez si près de moi, dem armen Schatten in den Elisäischen Feldern! Lassen Sie mich nicht zu lange warten. Anbey schicke ich Ihnen die vier ersten Bande der französischen Ausgabe meiner unglückseligen Werke. Unterdessen verharre ich Ihrer Göttlichkeit,

"Unterthänigsten and ergebensten Anbeter,

"HEINRICH HEINE.

"N.B. The parson drank the gruel water.

[Highly honoured Greatbritannic goddess Lucie,—

I send word back by the servant, that with the exception of last Wednesday, I was ready to receive your godship any day and at any hour. But I have waited in vain till to-day for any such heavenly apparition. Ne tardez plus à venir! Venez aujourd' hui, venez demain, venez souvent. Vous demeurez si près de moi, the poor shadow in the Elysian fields! Do not let me wait too long. Herewith I send you the four first volumes of the French translation of my unhappy works. Meanwhile, I remain, of your godhead,

The most humble and reverential adorer,
HEINRICH HEINE.

N.B. The parson drank the gruel water.]

I went immediately, and climbed up stories to a small room, where I found him still on the pile of mattresses on which I had left him three years before; more ill he could not look, for he looked dead already, and wasted to a shadow. When I kissed him his beard felt like swan's down or baby's hair, so weak had it grown, and his face seemed to me to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. He was very affectionate to me

and said, "Ich habe jetzt mit der ganzen Welt Frieden gemacht, und endlich auch mit dem lieben Gott, der schickt mir dich nun als schöner Todesengel: gewiss sterb Ich bald." I said, "Armer Dichter, bleiben Ihnen doch immer so viele herrliche Illusionen, dass Sie eine reisende Engländerin für Azrael aussehen können? Das war sonst nicht der Fall, Sie konnten uns ja nicht leiden." He answered, "Ja, mein Gott, ich weiss doch gar nicht was ich gegen die Engländer hatte, dass ich immer so boshaft gegen sie war; es war aber wahrlich nur Muthwillen, eigentlich hasste ich sie nie, und ich habe sie auch nicht gekannt. Ich war einmal in England, kannte aber Niemand, und fand London recht traurig, und die Leute auf der Strasse kamen mir unausstehlich vor. Aber England hat sich schön gerächt, sie schickte mir ganz verzüglich Freunde—dich, und Milnes, der gute Milnes, und noch andere." ["I have now made peace with all the world, and, at last, also with God; he has sent you to me as a beautiful angel of death; certainly I shall soon die." I said, "Poor Poet, do such splendid illusions still remain to you, that you take a travelling Englishwoman for Azrael? That used not to be so, for you could not bear us." He answered, "Yes; I do not know what possessed me against the English,

that I was always so spiteful towards them, but it really was only petulance: in reality I never hated them, and never knew them. I was once in England, but knew no one, and found London very dreary, and the people in the streets appeared to me insupportable. But England has revenged herself well; she has sent me really good friends—you and Milnes, that good Milnes, and others."] I saw him two or three times a week during a two months' stay in Paris, and found him always full of lively conversation and interest in everything, and of his old undisguised vanity, pleased to receive bad translations of his works, and anxious beyond measure to be well translated into English. He offered me the copyright of all his works as a gift, and said he would give me *carte blanche* to cut out all I thought necessary on my own account, or that of the English public, and made out lists of how I had better arrange them, which he gave me. He sent me all his books, and was boyishly eager that I should set to work and read him some in English, especially a prose translation of his songs, which he pressed me to undertake with the greatest vehemence, against my opinion of its practicability.

He talked a great deal about politics in the same tone as in his later writings—a tone of

vigorous protest and disgust of mob tyranny, past, present, and future; told me a vast number of stories about people of all parts, which I should not choose to repeat; and expressed the greatest wish that it were possible to get well enough to come over and visit me, and effect a reconciliation with England. On the whole, I never saw a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs. I thought him far less sarcastic, more hearty, more indulgent, and altogether pleasanter than ever. After a few weeks he begged me not to tell him when I was going, for that he could not bear to say "Lebewohl auf ewig" [Good bye for ever], or to hear it, and repeated that I had come as "ein schöner, gütiger Todesengel" [a beautiful, kindly angel of death], to bring him greetings from youth and from Germany, and to dispel all the "bösen französischen Gedanken" [wicked French thoughts] When he spoke German to me he called me "Du," and used the familiar expressions and terms of language which

Germans use to a child; in French I was "Madame," and "Vous."

It was evident that I recalled some happy time of his life to his memory, and that it was a relief to him to talk German, and to consider me still as a child. He said that what he liked so much was that I laughed so heartily, which the French could not do. I defended "la vieille gaieté Francaise," but he said, "Oui, c'est vrai, cela existait autrefois, mais avouez, ma chère, que c'était une gaieté un peu bête." He had so little feeling for what I liked best in the French character that I could see he must have lived only with those of that nation who "sit in the scorner's seat;" whereas, while he laughed at Germany, it was with "des larmes dans la voix." He also talked a good deal about his religious feelings; much displeased at the reports that he had turned Catholic. What he said about his own belief, hope, and trust would not be understood in England, nor ought I, I think, to betray the deeper feelings of a dying man. The impression he made on me was so deep that I had great difficulty to restrain my tears till I had left the room the last few times I saw him, and shall never forget the sad pale face and the eager manner of poor Heine.

My mother's health got worse and worse, and after trying Ventnor for two or three winters, she was advised to go a long sea voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. She went out in 1860 in a sailing vessel. Her letters from thence are here republished, and show the kindly nature and large-minded humanity which characterised her. In 1862 she returned rather better, but was persuaded to go the Eaux Bonnes, which did her great harm; from there she went to Egypt, and at first the fine dry climate seemed to arrest the progress of the malady. Her letters will tell of her life there better than I can, and will show why the Arabs still speak of her with such love and reverence. She returned to England once to see her family and her old friends, and my father went to visit her at Cairo. In 1866 she was very much altered by illness, but the old charm of manner, the eloquent talk, and the sympathy with everybody and everything, oppressed by suffering, still remained.

In 1867, through the kindness of Nubar Pasha, I was enabled to go up the Nile in a Government steamer, and say goodbye to my

mother prior to quitting Egypt for good. My husband and I left Cairo late in February, and stuck on various sand-banks, as the river was very low. On our arrival at the different coaling stations and stopping places, the villages seemed almost deserted, and there was very little food to be bought. Our servant, Mohammed, a sharp lad of about sixteen, at last solved the mystery by explaining that we, being in a Government steamer, were supposed to be people who would be more likely to distribute kicks than paras, and said he would soon set that to rights. So Mohammed tumbled over the steamer's side, and swimming like a fish, went ashore, and, cutting off a corner at a long bend of the river, he entered the next village, where we were to anchor, and proclaimed that in the steamer was the daughter of the "Sitt el Kebeer," *the* great lady (as the Arabs called my mother), who, like the Sitt, was just, and had a heart that loved the Arabs. From that time we had no more difficulties about food, save to make the people take money. In Egypt it is wonderful how fast news travels. In many places we found people

waiting with presents of milk and Arab bread, fowls and eggs. One had been cured by the "Sitt el Kebeer," another had a cousin to whom she had been kind, to some one else she had given a lift in her boat, and so on all the way up the Nile. At Thebes we were expected, a man from Keneh having ridden on to announce the glad tidings to my mother; and the Ulema actually sent the religious flags to decorate her house and meet us. The sakkas (water-carriers) had sprinkled a path for us from the river's bank to her house, and there was general rejoicing in the little village. Of course all the notabilities of the place came to have a look at the "Howagar" (gentleman, really merchant), and the daughter of the Sitt; and we had endless salaaming to do. The bedawees came and did fantasia under the balcony, galloping round, their lances stuck in the ground, and shouting wildly. They insisted too on accompanying us to the tombs of the kings in the valley opposite, and the ferryman would not let us pay him for taking us across the river.

Then we had to dine with Seleem Effendi,

the Maohn of Luxor, a pleasant man, with a dear old wife, who would serve us, in spite of my husband's presence. Our procession to dinner was very funny, and at the same time touching. My mother on her donkey, which I led, two servants in front with lanterns, and the faithful Omar, dressed in his best, carrying a sweet dish he had expended all his skill upon. My husband on the other side of my mother, and then more lantern-bearers. As we passed the people crowded round and called on Allah to bless us; and some threw down their cloaks for my mother to ride over, while the women lifted the hem of her dress to their lips and foreheads.

We had a most elaborate dinner of many courses, all very good, but very odd; and we made no end of pretty speeches to each other; and then we had chibouques and coffee, and the Maohn's wife actually came in and sat with us, notwithstanding the presence of the "Howagar." He belonged to the "Sitt el Kebeer," that was enough. We remained three days at Luxor, and then went up to Assouan, my mother accompanying us, and everywhere was the same

love and reverence shown her. We went to Philae, above the first cataract, in a little boat, and spent a whole day in that lovely island, sitting under the portico of an old temple and gazing far away into Nubia, talking of him who sleeps in Philae, and whom old Herodotus would not name.

On our return to Thebes, my mother hoped to find her own boat, which was let to some friends, and to be able to have the loan of it for two days, so as to go down the river with us as far as Keneh, and then sail back. But the *Urania* had not arrived, and we were much disappointed at having to give up our proposed trip, when a Nubian trader, who had heard from our crew that the "Sitt el Kebeer" wished for a boat, came to the house and asked for an audience. He left his shoes outside the door, and with many salaams said that he had turned out all his goods on the bank, had cleaned his boat well, and had come to offer her to the "Sitt el Kebeer," who during the cholera had saved a nephew of his who was passing by on his boat, and had been taken ill at Luxor. My mother refused unless the man

would take payment, saying it was not fair to detain him on his journey, and perhaps spoil the sale of his goods. He made a most eloquent speech, and ended by saying that of course his boat was not worthy of the honour of harbouring "Noor-ala-Noor" (another name they called my mother — "Light from the light"), but that he had hoped it might have been accepted, and that he was very sad and mortified, and, by Allah, did not care for his goods one para; that the "Sitt" had often accepted a bad donkey to ride from a poor man in order to do a courteous act, when she might have had the Maohn's white one; but that he was a "meskeen" (poor fellow), and his boat would certainly bring him ill luck henceforward. Then Omar stepped forward and spoke for the Nubian, and the end was that my mother accepted the boat, and Omar promised to make him accept a present.

So we started next morning for Keneh in the steamer, towing the boat behind us. Half the population of Luxor came to say good-bye, and every one brought a present. One had a chicken, another eggs, another milk and butter;

one had baked specially during the night in order to give us fresh bread. Dear Sheykh Yoosuf gave me some beautiful antiquities, and a Copt Teodoros, whose little boy my mother had nursed and taught to write and read English, wanted me to take an alabaster jar, out of a tomb, worth certainly twenty napoleons. He had already given me Scarabæi and other things, so I refused with many thanks, unless he would let me pay for it. He went away, but sent me down some other things by a friend some months after, worth double. One poor woman brought us the lamb she had reared for the Bairam feast, and when we said that we really could not take such a present, she ran away, leaving her lamb on board. He became a great pet and a regular fighting ram in Alexandria, and went out with the horses in the morning to bathe in the sea. I bought her another lamb at Keneh, and sent it back by my mother.

At Keneh, the Maohn sent his donkey splendidly caparisoned, with a sais, for my mother, and insisted on giving us an entertainment. First a dinner, excellent but endless, and afterwards

the two famous dancing girls, Zeyneb and Lateefeh, danced and sang for us. Zeyneb was very pretty, had a lovely figure, and was very fascinating in manner and voice.

The most amusing mistake occurred here. I had always heard the Maohn spoken of as "Oum Azeein," and addressed him so all dinner time with great civility. I saw Omar laugh behind my mother, and at last he said to me, "Oh, Sitt, that is not his name, but people call him so for laughing. 'Oum Azeein' means 'mother of beauty,' and seest thou not that he is ugly and has but one eye?" I was dreadfully put out, and did not know how to get out of my blunder; but Saeed Ahmad, with true Arab politeness, pretended not to have perceived anything. We rode back to the boat with great state, and next morning we left my mother to return to Cairo, while she sailed back to Thebes.

The last two years of my mother's life were a long struggle against deadly disease, but her kindness to, and interest in, the poor people who were devoted to her never flagged. My brother was with her, and my father and I

were going out to Egypt when we suddenly received the news of her death on the 14th July, 1869, at Cairo. She had wished to die and be buried "among my own people," as she said, at Thebes, where the Sheykh had prepared her tomb among those of his own family, who descend from the Prophet. Feeling, however, that she would not be able to go back to Thebes, she gave orders to be buried as quietly as possible in Cairo, where she lies in the English cemetery.

With all her old friends the memory of her talent, perfect simplicity, and almost Quixotic siding with those in trouble or oppressed, joined to singular beauty and great power of language, will remain; saddened by the recollection of the dire malady which forced her to leave home and friends, and called forth the almost Roman stoicism with which she bore very great pain uncomplainingly, and always found means to do good to all around her.

J. R.

# LAST LETTERS

FROM

# EGYPT.

THEBES, *25th Dec.* 1865.

I WISH you, "May all the year be good to thee," as we say here—and now for my history. We left Cairo on the 5th of December. I was not well. No wind as usual, and we were a week getting to Benisouef, where the Stamboolee Greek lady who was so kind to me last summer in my illness came on board with a well-bred Arab lady. I was in bed, and only stayed a few hours. On to Minieh another five or six days—walked about and saw the preparations for the Basha's arrival. Nothing so flat as these affairs here. Not a creature went near the landing-place but his own servants, soldiers, and officials. I thought

of the arrival of the smallest of German princes, which makes ten times the noise. Next on to Sioot. Ill again, and did not land or see any one. On to Girgeh, where we only stayed long enough to deliver money and presents which I had been begged to take for some old sailors of mine to their mothers and wives there.

Between Sioot and Girgeh an Abyssinian slave came and wanted me to steal him; he said his master was a Copt, and ill-used him, and the lady beat him: but Omar sagely observed to the sailors, who were very anxious to take him, that a bad master did not give his slave such good clothes and even a pair of shoes—*quel luxe!*—and that he made too much of his master being a Copt: no doubt he was a lazy fellow, and perhaps had run away with other property besides himself. Soon after I was sitting right on the pointed bow of the boat, with the Reis, who was sounding with his painted pole (*vide* antique sculptures and paintings) and the men towing, when suddenly something rose to the surface close to us: the men cried out "*Beni Adam!*" and the Reis prayed for the dead. It was a woman: the silver bracelets glittered on the arms raised and stiffened in the agony of death, and the knees were drawn up. I

shall never forget the horrid sight. "God have mercy upon her," prayed my men, and the Reis added to me, "Let us also pray for her father, poor man; you see, no robber has done this [on account of the bracelets]. We are in the Saeed now, and most likely she has blackened her father's face, and he has been forced to strangle her, poor man." I said, "Alas!" and the Reis continued, "Ah, yes, it is a heavy thing, but a man must whiten his face. Poor man! poor man! God have mercy upon him." Such is Saeedee point of honour. However, it turned out that she was drowned bathing.

Above Girgeh we stopped a while at Dishné, a large village. I strolled alone, *les mains dans les poches*, "*sicut meus est mos;*" and was soon accosted with an invitation to coffee and pipes in the strangers' place, a sort of room open on one side, with a column in the middle, like two arches of a cloister, and which in all the villages is close to the mosque: two or three cloaks were pulled off and spread on the ground for me to sit on, and the milk which I asked for, instead of the village coffee, brought. In a minute a dozen men came and sat round, and asked as usual, "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?" and my gloves, watch, rings, &c., are

handed round and examined; the gloves always call forth many "Mashallahs!" I said, "I come from the Frank country, and am going to my place near Abu 'l Haggag." Hereupon every one touched my hand and said, "Praise be to God that we have seen thee. Don't go on; stay here and take 100 feddans of land and remain here." I laughed and asked, "Should I wear the 'zaboot' (brown shirt) and the 'libdeh' and work in the field, seeing there is no man with me?" There was much laughing, and then several stories of women who had farmed large properties well and successfully. Such undertakings on the part of women seem quite as common here as in Europe, and more common than in England.

I took leave of my new friends who had given me the first welcome home to the Saeed, and we went on to Keneh, which we reached early in the morning, and I found my well-known donkey-boys putting my saddle on. The father of one, and the two brothers of the other, were gone to work on the railway for sixty days' forced labour, taking their own bread, and the poor little fellows were left alone to take care of the hareem. As soon as we reached the town, a couple of tall young soldiers in the Nizam uniform

rushed after me, and greeted me in English: they were Luxor lads serving their time. Of course they attached themselves to us for the remainder of the day. We then bought water jars (the *spécialité* of Keneh); and I went on to the Cadi's house to leave a little string of beads, just to show that I had not forgotten the worthy Cadi's courtesy in bringing his little daughter to sit beside me at dinner when I went down the river last summer. I saw the Cadi giving audience to several people, so I sent in the beads and my salaam; but the jolly Cadi sallied forth into the street, and "fell upon my neck" with such ardour that my Frankish hat was sent rolling by contact with the turban of Islam. The Cadi of Keneh is the real original Cadi of our early days; sleek, rubicund, polite—a puisne judge and a dean rolled into one, combining the amenities of the law and the church;—with an orthodox stomach and an orthodox turban, both round and stately. I was taken into the hareem, welcomed and regaled, and invited to the festival of Seyd Abd er Racheem, the great saint of Keneh. I hesitated, and said there were great crowds, and some might be offended at my presence, but the Cadi declared "by Him who separated us," that if

any such ignorant persons were present, it was high time they learnt better, and said that it was by no means unlawful for virtuous Christians, and such as neither hated nor scorned the Muslimeen, to profit by, or share in, their prayers, and that I should sit before the Sheykh's tomb with him and the Mufti; and that *du reste* they wished to give thanks for my safe arrival. Such a demonstration of tolerance was not to be resisted. So after going back to rest and dine in the boat, I returned at nightfall into the town and went to the burial-place. The whole way was lighted up and thronged with the most motley crowd, and the usual mixture of holy and profane, which we know at the Catholic *fêtes* also; but more *prononcé* here. Dancing girls, glittering with gold brocade and coins, swaggered about among the brown-shirted fellaheen, and the profane singing of the Alateeyeh mingled with the songs in honour of the Arab prophet chanted by the moonshids and the deep tones of the "Allah, Allah" of the zickeers. Rockets whizzed about and made the women screech, and a merry-go-round was in full swing And now fancy me clinging to the skirts of the Cadi ul Islam (who did not wear a spencer, as the Methodist parson threatened his congregation

he would do at the Day of Judgment) and pushing into the tomb of the Seyd Abd er Racheem, through such a throng. No one seemed offended or even surprised. I suppose my face is so well known at Keneh. When my party had said a fattah for me and another for my family, we retired to another Kubbeh, where there was no tomb, and where we found the Mufti, and sat there all the evening over coffee and pipes and talk. I was questioned about English administration of justice, and made to describe the process of trial by jury. The Mufti is a very dignified gentlemanly man, and extremely kind and civil. The Cadi pressed me to stay next day and dine with him and the Mufti, but I said I had a lantern for Luxor, and I wanted to arrive before the Moolid, or festival, was over, and only three days remained. So the Cadi accompanied me back to the boat, looked at my maps, which pleased him very much, traced out the line of the railway as he had heard it, and had tea.

Next morning we had the first good wind, and bowled up to Luxor in one day, arriving just after sunset. Instantly the boat was filled. Of course Omar and the Reis at once organized a procession to take me and my lantern to the tomb of Abu 'l Haggag—

it was the last night but one of his Moolid. The lantern was borne between two of my sailors; and the rest, reinforced by men from a steamer which was there with a Prussian prince, sung and thumped the Darabookeh, and we all marched up after I had undergone every variety of salutation, from Sheykh Yussuf's embrace to the little boys' kissing of hands. The first thing I heard was the hearty voice of the old Shereef, who praised God that "our darling" was safe back again, and then we all sat down for a talk; then more fattahs were said for me, and for you, and for the children; and I went back to bed in my own boat. I found that the guard of the French house had been taken off to Keneh to the works, after lying eight days in chains and wooden handcuffs, for resisting, and claiming his rights as a French *protégé*. So we waited for his return, and for the keys, which he had taken with him, in hopes that the Keneh authorities would not care to keep me out of the house. I wrote to the French Consular agent at Keneh, and to the Consul at Alexandria, and got the man back the third day. What would you think in Europe to see me welcome with enthusiasm a servant just out of chains and handcuffs? At the very moment, too, that Mohammed and I

were talking, a boat passed up the river with music and singing on board. It was a Sheykh el Beled, of a place above Esneh, who had lain in prison three years in Cairo, and whose friends were making all the fantasia they could to celebrate the end of his misfortune: of disgrace, *il n'en est pas question;* and why should it? So many honest men go to prison that it is no presumption at all against a man.

I dined with the Maohn, whose wife cooked me the best dinner I ever ate in this country, or almost anywhere. The maid, who was invited, rejoiced the kind old lady's heart by her Belgian appreciation of the excellent cookery. "Eat, my daughter, eat,"—and even I managed to give satisfaction. Such Bakloweh I never tasted. We removed to the house yesterday, and I have had company ever since.

I was delighted to get your letter, which arrived on New Year's Day, in the midst of the hubbub of the great festival in honour of the Saint of Luxor. I wish you could have seen two young Arabs (real Arabs from the Hegaz, in Arabia) ride and play with spears and lances. I never saw anything like it—a man who played the tom-fool stood in the middle, and they galloped round and round him with their spears crossed and the points resting on the ground, in so small a circle

that his clothes whisked round with the wind of the horses' legs. Then they threw jereeds and caught them as they galloped: but the most beautiful thing was the perfect mastery of the horses; they were "like water in their hands," as Sheykh Hassan remarked. I perceived I had never seen real horsemanship in my life before.

I am now in the "palace" at Luxor with my Dahabieh, "*arooset e ralee*" (the Darling Bride), under my windows; quite like a Basha. You would like the little boat, and neat smart little captain, Reis Mohammed. I have some black friends here, great Sheykhs of the Ababdeh, who want to take me up to Khartoom, but it would cost about 50*l.*: so with great self-denial, I have refused. Sheykh Alee, a very agreeable man from beyond Khartoom, has a takhterawan—a litter carried between two camels—and could take me comfortably. I should like to go and see the black country—Mustafa Aga, and Sheykh Yussuf would go, and a troop of the Ababdeh. Sheykh Alee is so clever and well-bred that I should enjoy it much, and the climate at this season is delightful. He has been in the Denka country, where the men are a cubit taller than Sheykh Hassan, whom you know, and who inquired tenderly after you.

Do you remember the Denka slave girl who was three inches taller than you?

In coming up the Nile, we had an alarm of robbers. Under the mountain called Gebel Foodah, we were entangled in shoals, owing to a change in the bed of the river, and forced to stay all night: and at three in the morning, the Reis sent in the boy to say that he had seen a man creeping on all fours—would I fire my pistol? As my revolver had been lost in Alexandria, I was obliged to beg him to receive any possible troop of armed robbers very civilly, and to let them take what they pleased. However, Omar blazed away with your old cavalry pistols, and whether the robbers were frightened, or the man was only a wolf, we heard no more of the affair. My crew were horribly frightened, and kept away till daybreak.

The last night before reaching Keneh, forty miles north of Luxor, my men held a grand fantasia on the bank. There was no wind, and we found a quantity of old maize stalks; so there was a bonfire, and no end of drumming, singing, and dancing. Even Omar relaxed his dignity so far as to dance the dance of the Alexandria young men; and very funny it all was. I laughed excessively; especially at the modest airs and graces of a great lub-

berly fellow — one Hezayin, who acted the bride—in a representation of a Nubian wedding festivity. The new song of this year is very pretty — a declaration of love to a young Mohammed, sung to a very pretty tune. There is another, rather like the air "Di Provenza al mar," in the "Traviata," with extremely pretty words. As in England, every year has its new song, which all the boys sing about the streets.

Now let me describe the state of things. From the Moudeeriat of Keneh only, 25,000 men are taken to work for sixty days without food or pay: each man must take his own basket, and each third man a hoe, not a basket. If you want to pay a substitute for a beloved or delicate son, it costs 1,000 piastres —600 at the lowest; 800, or even 1,000 in many cases: and about 300 to 400 for his food. From Luxor only, 220 men are gone; of whom a third will very likely die of exposure to the cold and misery (the weather is unusually cold). That is to say, that this little village, of at most 2,000 souls, male and female (we don't usually count women, from decorum), will pay in labour at least 1,320*l.* in sixty days. We have also already had eleven camels seized to go up to the Soodan; a camel is worth from 18*l.* to 40*l.* Remember this is

the second levy of 220 men within six months, each for sixty days, as well as the second seizure of camels; besides the conscription, which serves the same purpose, as the soldiers work on the Basha's works. The little district of Koos, including Luxor, has been mulcted of camels, food for them and drivers, to the amount of 6,000 purses last week—18,000*l.* I cast up the amount, and it tallied with what I heard. But in Cairo they are paid, and well paid. Wheat is now 400 piastres the ardebb up here; the little loaf, not quite so big as our penny roll, costs a piastre — about three-halfpence. I need not say what the misery is. The discontent is no longer whispered. Everyone talks aloud, and well they may.

Shall I tell you what became of the hundred prisoners who were sent away after the Gow business? As they marched through the desert the Greek memlook looked at his list each morning, and said, "Hoseyn, Achmet, Foolan (like the Spanish *Don Fuláno*, Mr. so and so), you are free; take off his chains." Well, the three or four men drop behind, where some arnoouts strangle them out of sight. This is banishment to Farzogs. Do you remember "*Le citoyen est élargi*" of the September massacres of Paris? Curious coincidence, is it not? Of the end of Hagee

Sultan I will not speak till I have absolute certainty, but I believe the proceeding was as I have described — set free in the desert and murdered by the way. Everyone is exasperated; the very hareem talk of it; it is in the air. I had not been five minutes in some of the villages up the Nile before I knew this and much more.

It is curious how news travels here. The people at Luxor knew the day I left Alexandria, and the day I left Cairo, long before I came. They say here that Abu 'l Haggag gave me his hand from Keneh, because he would not finish his moolid without me. I am supposed to be specially protected by him, as is proved by my health being so far better here than anywhere else.

By the by, Sheykh Alee Ababdeh told me that all the villages *close* on the Nile escaped the cholera almost completely, whilst those which were half or a quarter of a mile inland were ravaged. At Keneh 250 a day died; at Luxor one child was supposed to have died of it, but I know the child had diseased liver for a year or more. In the desert the Bisharеen and Abadeh suffered more than the people at Cairo, and you know the desert is usually the place of perfect health; but fresh Nile water seems to be *the* antidote. Sheykh

Yussuf laid the mortality at Keneh to the canal water, which the poor people drink there. I believe the fact is as Sheykh Alee told me.

Now I will say good-bye, for I am very tired, and will write anon to the rest. I was very poorly till I got above Sioot, and then gradually mended. I am very weak and very thin, but by the protection of Abu 'l Haggag I suppose I am already much better, and begin to eat again. I have not been out since the first day, having much to do in the house. I was very dreary on Christmas Day away from you all, and Omar's plum-pudding did not cheer me at all, as he hoped it would. He begs me to kiss your hand for him, and every one sends you salaam, and all lament you are not the new consul at Kebeer.

If the saddle comes, as I hope, I may very likely go up to Assouan, and leave the boat and servants, and go into the desert for a few days to see the place of the Bishareen. They won't take any one else; but you may be quite easy about me "in the face" of a Sheykh el Arab. Handsome Sheykh Hassan, whom you saw at Cairo, will go with me. But if my saddle does not come, I fear I should be too tired with riding a camel.

THEBES, 11*th Feb.* 1866.

I have just received your letter of Christmas Day, and am glad to answer it with a really amended report of myself. . . . Omar was so ill with chronic dysentery that I took on myself to forbid him to fast at Ramadan this year, whereby I incur the pains and penalties of his omission, if omission it be. Now he, too, has recovered, at least I hope so. I sent for one of the Arab doctors of the Azizeeyeh steamer to see Omar, and myself also, and he was very attentive, and took a note of medicines to send me from Cairo by a *confrère;* and when I offered a fee he said, "God forbid—it is only our duty to do anything in the world for you." Likewise a very nice Dr. Ingram saw some of my worst cases for me, and gave me good advice and help; but I want better books—Kesteven is very useful, as far as it goes, but I want something more *ausführlich* and scientific. Ramadan is a great trouble to me, though Sheykh Yussuf tells the people not to fast, if I forbid it; but many are ill from having begun it, and one fine old man of about fifty-five died of apoplexy on the fourth night. My Christian patient is obstinate, and fasts, in spite of me, and will, I think, seal his fate; he was so much better after the blistering and Dr. Ingram's mixture.

I wish you could have seen a lad of eighteen or so, who came here to-day for medicine. I think I never saw such sweet, frank, engaging manners, or ever heard anyone express himself better: quite *une nature distinguée*, not the least handsome, but the most charming countenance and way of speaking.

My friend the Maohn spent the evening with me, and told me all the story of his marriage. I wish I could tell it you as he told it, as it would give you an idea of the feelings of a Muslim *honnête homme*, which Seleem is through and through. He knew his wife before he married her, she being twenty-five or twenty-six, and he a boy; she fell in love with him, and at seventeen he married her, and they have had ten children, all alive but two, and a splendid race they are. He told me how she courted him with glasses of sherbet and trays of sweetmeats, and how her mother proposed the marriage, and how she hesitated, on account of the difference of age, but, of course, at last consented: all with the naïvest vanity in his own attractions, and great extolling of her personal charms, and of her many virtues. When Seleem was sent up here she could not, or would not, leave her children, and so he bought a black slave girl; on his wife's arrival the slave girl was arrogant, and

refused to kiss her hand, and spoke impertinently of her age, whereupon Seleem gave her in marriage to a black man, and pays for her support, as long as she chooses to suckle her child, which child will in due time return to his house. In short, the fundamental idea in it all, in the mind of an upright man, is, that if a man "takes up" with a woman at all he must make himself responsible for her before the world; and above all for the fate of any child he may have by her (you see the Prophet of the Arabs did not contemplate ladies *qui savent nager* so well in the troubled waters of life as we are now blessed with. I do not mean to say many men are as scrupulous as my excellent friend Seleem, either here or even in our moral society). He expatiated upon his wife's personal charms in a very quaint way; the good lady is now sixty, and looks it fully; but he evidently is quite as proud of her as ever. As a curious trait of primitive manners, he told me of her piety and boundless hospitality; how when some friends came late one evening, unexpectedly, and there was only a bit of meat, she killed a sheep and cooked it for them with her own hand. And this is a Cairene lady, and quite a lady, too, in manners and appearance. The day I dined there she was dressed in very

ragged, old cotton clothes, but scrupulously clean; and she waited on me with a kind, motherly pleasure that quite took away the awkwardness I felt of sitting down while she stood. In a few days she and her husband are to dine with me, a thing which no Arab couple ever did before (I mean dine out together), and the old lady was immensely amused at the idea. Omar will cook, and Marie will wait; and all male visitors will be sent to the kitchen. Now that I understand all that is said to me, and a great deal of the general conversation, it is much more amusing. Seleem Effendi jokes me a good deal about my blunders, especially my lack of "*politikeh*," the Greek word for what we should call flummery; and my saying *lazem* (you must, or rather *il faut*), instead of humble entreaties. I told him to teach me better, but he laughed heartily, and said, "No, no, when you say *lazem*, it is lazem, and nobody wants the stick to force him to say, *Hader* (ready) oh Sheykh el Arab oh Ameereh."

Fancy my surprise the other day just when I was dictating letters of introduction for some inspecting agents to Sheykh Yussuf with three or four other people here, in walked Miss N—— whom I had not seen since she was a child. She and her father were going up to the

second cataract. She had done some sketches which, though unskilful, were absolutely true in colour and effect, and are the very first that I have seen that are so. I shall see something of them on their return. Mr. N—— looked rather horrified at the turbaned society in which he found himself. I suppose it did look odd to English eyes.

We have had three days of the south wind, which the *Saturday Review* says I am not to call Samoom; and I was poorly, and kept in bed two days with a cold. By the way I will give you the Luxor contribution towards the further confusion of the Samoom (or Simoom) controversy. I told Sheykh Yussuf that an English newspaper, written by particularly clever men, said that I was wrong to call the bad wind "Samoom" (it was in an article on Palgrave's book, I think). Sheykh Yussuf said, "True, oh lady, no doubt those learned gentlemen" (politely saluting them with his hand) "thought one such as thou shouldst have written classical Arabic (*Arabi fossieh*), and called it '*al Daboor*;' nevertheless, it is proper to write it 'Samoom,' not, as some do, 'Simoom,' which is the plural of sim" (poison). I shook my head, and said, "I did not recollect *al Daboor*." Then my Reis, sitting at the door, offered his suggestion. "Probably the

English, who it is well known are a nation of sailors, use the name given to the land wind by *el Bacharieh* (the boatman), and call it *el mereeseh.*" "But," said I, "the clever gentlemen say that I am wrong altogether, and never can have seen a real Samoom, for that would have killed me in ten minutes." Hereupon Sheykh Mohammed el Ababdeh, who is not nearly so well polished as his brother Hassan, burst into a regular Bedawee roar of laughter, and said, "Yah! what! do the *Ganassil* (Europeans) take thee for a rat, oh lady? Who ever heard of *el Beni-Adam* (the children of Adam) dying of the wind? Men die quicker of thirst when the Samoom blows, and they have no water. But no one ever died of the wind alone, otherwise except the rats—they do." I give you the opinion of their "representative men"—scholar, sailor, and Bedawee; if that helps you to a solution of the controversy.

We have just had a scene, rather startling to notions about fatalism, &c. Owing to the importation of a good deal of cattle from the Soodan, there is an expectation of the prevalence of small-pox, and the village barbers are busy vaccinating in all directions to prevent the infection brought, either by the cattle or, more likely, by their drivers. Now, my

maid had told me she had never been vaccinated, and I sent for Haggi Mahmood to cut my hair and vaccinate her. To my utter amazement the girl, who has never shown any religious bigotry, and does not fast, or make any demonstrations, refused peremptorily. It appears that the priests and sisters appointed by the enlightened administration of Prussia instil into their pupils and penitents that vaccination is a "tempting of God." "*Oh, oui,*" she said, "*je sais bien que chez nous mes parents pouvaient recevoir un procès-verbal, mais il vaut mieux cela que d'aller contre la volonté de Dieu. Si Dieu le veut, j'aurai la petite-vérole, et s'il ne veut pas, je ne l'aurai pas.*" I scolded her pretty sharply, and said it was not only stupid, but selfish. "But what can one do?" as Haggi Mahmood said, with a pitying shake of his head; "these Christians are so stupid." He blushed, and apologized to me, and said, "It is not their fault; all this want of sense is from the priests who talk folly to them for money, and to keep them afraid before themselves. Poor things, they don't know the Word of God." This is the second contest I have had on this subject. Last year it was with a Copt, who was all *Abd ul Kerrim* and so on about his baby, with his child of four, dying of small-pox. "Oh, man," said Sheykh

Yussuf, "if the wall against which I am now sitting were to shake above my head, should I fold my feet under me, and say '*allah Kereem*,' or should I use the legs God has given me to escape from it?"

I had a visit the other day from a lady who, as I was informed, had led a loose life in Sioot. She has repented, and married a converted Copt. They are a droll pair of penitents, so very smart in their dress and manner. But no one *se scandalise* at their antecedents—"neither is it proper to repent in sackcloth and ashes, or to confess sins, except to God alone. You are not to *indulge* in telling them to others; it is an offence. Repent inwardly, and be ashamed to show it before the people—ask pardon of God only," such is Arab morality, and a little of this would do no harm in Europe methinks.

Here is a pretty story for you from the *Hadeth en Nebbee* (sayings of the Prophet). "Two prophets were sitting together, and discoursing of prayer and the difficulty of fixing the attention entirely on the act. One said to the other, 'Not even for the duration of two *rekahs* (prayers ending with the prostration and *allah akbar*) can a man fix his mind on God alone.' The other said, 'Nay, but I can do it.' 'Say then two *rekahs*,'

replied the elder of the two; 'I will give thee my cloak.' Now he wore two cloaks—a new red one and an old, shabby blue one. The younger prophet rose, raised his hands to his head, said *allah akbar*, and bent to the ground for his first *rekah*; as he rose again he thought 'will he give me the red cloak or the blue, I wonder?'" It is very stupid of me not to write down all the pretty stories I hear. Some day I must bring over Omar with me to England, and he will tell you stories like Scheherazade herself. A jolly Nubian alien told me the other night how in his village no man ever eats meat, except on Bairam day; but one night a woman had a piece of meat given her by a traveller; she put it in the oven, and went out. During her absence her husband came in and smelt it, and as it was just the time of the *eshé* (first prayer, one hour after sunset), he ran up to the hill outside the village, and began to chaunt forth the *Tekbeer* with all his might—*allah akbar, allahu akbar*, &c., &c., till the people ran to see what was the matter. "Why, to-day is Bairam," says he. "Where is thy witness, O man." "The meat in the oven."

THEBES, 13*th February*, 1866.

I await a saddle I can use for a horse, to go to visit the Ababdeh up the river, whose chief is a lady. Her son takes me. The cold weather is over now, and I continue to improve, not very fast, but still very sensibly.

A young French gentleman has arrived with letters from the French Consul. He turns out to be a "*grand prix de Rome*," an architect, and is a very nice fellow indeed, and a thorough gentleman. At first his manner was awkward at finding himself quartered on a stranger, and a woman; but we have made great friends, and I have made him quite happy by consenting that he should pay his share of the food. He goes out to the Temple at sunrise, and returns to dinner at dark, and works well, and his drawings are very clever. In short, I am much obliged to the French Consul for sending me such an intelligent man. An *homme sérieux* with an absorbing pursuit is always good company in the long run.

You will be amused and pleased to hear how Sheykh Yussuf was utterly puzzled and bewildered by the civilities he received from the travellers this year, till an American told Mustafa I had written a book which had made him (the American) wish well to the poor people of this country, and desire to behave

more kindly to them than would have been the case before.

To-morrow is the smaller Bairam, and I shall have all the Hareem here to visit me.

LUXOR, *22nd February*, 1866.

We have had a cold winter, but not trying. There has not been much wind, and the weather has been very steady and clear. It is just now beginning to get warm, and I of course to get better. There has been a good deal of nervous headache here this Ramadan. I had to attend the Cadi, and several more. My Turkish neighbour at Karnac has got a *shaitan* (devil), *i.e.*, epileptic fits, and I was sent for to exorcise him, which I am endeavouring to do with nitrate of silver; but I fear imagination will kill him, so I advise him to go to Cairo, and leave the devil-haunted house. My doctoring business has become quite formidable. I should like to sell my practice to any "rising young surgeon." It brings in a very fair income of vegetables, eggs, turkeys, pigeons, &c.

I am sending my maid home. I'll have no more Europeans out here. Of course an ignorant girl must be bored to death here—a land of no amusements and no flirtation is unbearable. I shall get an elderly Arab, or Abyssinian, who will be glad of a quiet life, and not plague

me at Cairo; meanwhile a neighbouring slave will do for me, as our people say, and Achmet is now quite a clever servant.

There have not been above twenty or thirty boats up this year—mostly Americans. There are some here now, very nice people, with four little children, who create quite a sensation in the place, and are "*mashallahed*" immensely. Their little fair faces do look very pretty here, and excite great admiration. I was so pleased to see two young men, your opposite neighbours in London, who said they saw you every morning go down the street—*ojala!* that I did so too! It gave me a terrible twinge of "*Heimweh.*" I am much better though still weakish, and very *triste* at my long separation.

THEBES, 17*th March*, 1866.

I went a few days ago out to Medamoot, and lunched in Mustafa's tent, among his bean harvest. I was immensely amused by the man who went with me on to Medamoot, formerly an illustrious robber, now a watchman and very honest man. He rode a donkey, about the size of Stirling's wee pony, and I laughed, and said, "The man should carry the ass," No sooner said than done, he dismounted, or rather let his beast down from between his legs, shouldered the donkey, and ran on. His

way of keeping himself awake is original; the nights are still cold, so he takes off all his clothes, rolls them up and lays them under his head, and the cold keeps him quite lively. I never saw so powerful, active, and healthy an animal. He was full of stories how he had had 1,000 stripes of the courbaj on his feet and 500 on his loins at once. "Why?" I asked. "Why, I stuck a knife into a cavass who ordered me to carry water-melons: I said I was not his donkey: he called me worse; my blood got up, and so!——and the Pasha to whom the cavass belonged beat me. Oh, it was all right, and I did not say *ach* once, did I?" (addressing another). He clearly bore no malice, as he felt no shame. He has a grand romance about a city two days' journey from Thebes, in the desert, which no one finds but by chance, after losing his way; and where the ground is strewed with valuable "*anteekehs*" (antiquities). I laughed, and said, "Your father would have seen gold and jewels." "True," said he, "when I was young, men spit on a statue or the like, when they turned it up in digging, and now it is a fortune to find one. . . ." By the way Mr. S. has given me such a lovely fragment of a nose, mouth and chin, in black granite, so soft and sweet you want to kiss her.

I again went to Mustafa's tent among the bean-gatherers. I think it does me good, and is not too long a ride. The weather has set in suddenly very hot, which rather tries everybody; but the air is gloriously fine and clear. By Sheriff's advice I drink camel's milk every morning.

THEBES, 31*st March*, 1866.

As for me I am much better again; the cough has subsided: I really think the Arab specific, camel's milk, has done me great good. I have mended ever since I took it. It has the merit of being quite delicious. I wish I could send you a jug of it every morning, such as I drink; it is better than any other milk, with thick froth like whipped cream. The Arabs think it very good for sick people; and a man called Sheriff brings his camel here every morning, and milks her for me; her baby camel is so funny, he looks all legs and big black eyes, with soft fluffy, buff-coloured hair, and so very little body to such tall legs. I wish, too, you could see the camels have their dinner; they are the only people who use a table-cloth. The camel driver spreads a cloth on the ground, and pours a heap of maize (dourra) upon it, and then old Mr. and Mrs. Camel sit down at the

top and bottom, very gravely, and the others all take their places in proper order, and eat quite politely, bowing their long necks up and down; only one was sulky, and went and had his dinner by himself, like a naughty boy, and sometimes, the man said, he would not eat at all.

Nothing amuses my Arab friends so much as the atlas I brought with me. Sheykh Hassan el Ababdeh, the black Sheykh, especially, sits on the carpet for hours, looking at the maps, and asking questions. He never saw any before, but he understands them very well, and I found that he knew that the world was round, before I told him so.

A Coptic boy brought me such a beautiful, big lizard, who lives in trees, about a yard long, but he scratched so much, and was so wild, that I let him go after a few days, as he would not eat, and I feared he might die; he was very handsome indeed. The house is full of little brown lizards who run on the ceilings, and catch flies, and chirrup very loud indeed; they have curious feet, with round tips to their toes, to stick tight to all the walls and ceilings, and run quite fast in that topsy-turvy way. I have just killed the first snake of this year.

Yesterday I was very much amused when I

went for my afternoon's drink of camel's milk, to find Sheriff in a great taking at having been robbed by a woman, under his very nose. He saw her gathering *hommuz* (chick peas) from a field under his charge, and went to order her off, whereupon she coolly dropped the end of her boordeh which covered the head and shoulders, effectually preventing him from going near her; made up her bundle and walked off. His respect for the "harem" did not, however, induce him to refrain from strong language.

The French architect has made very pretty drawings of the mosque here, both outside and in; it is a very good specimen of modern Arab architecture; and he won't believe it could be built, without ground plan, elevations, &c., which amuses the people here, who build without any such invention.

Mr. and Miss N. are here, working hard at sketching, and my French friend will take a place in their dahabieh (my old *zint el Bahreyn*), and leave me in six or seven days. I shall be quite grieved to lose his company—he is very clever, very hard-working, and a thoroughbred gentleman—we are quite low-spirited at parting with him after a month spent together at Thebes.

The harvest here is splendid this year, and

prices have fallen considerably; but meat, butter, &c., remain very dear. My fame as a "*Hakeehmeh*" has become far too great, and on market days I have to shut up shop—yesterday a very handsome woman came for medicine to make her beautiful, as her husband had married another who teazed her, and he rather neglected her. And a man offered me a camel-load of wheat, if I would read something over him and his wife to make them have children. I don't try to explain to them how irrational they are, but use the more intelligible argument that all such practices savour of the *Ebn er Rukkeh* (equivalent to black art), and are *haram* to the greatest extent; besides, I add being "all lies" into the bargain. The applicants for child-making and charm-reading are Copts or Muslims, quite in equal numbers, and appear alike indifferent as to what "Book;" but all but one have been women; the men are generally perfectly rational about medicine and diet.

To-day a man brought a deaf and blind boy; poor fellow, he was rapidly losing speech also, and memory as well it seemed. He used to know the Koran by heart before the illness which destroyed sight and hearing; but now he will not speak unless he is forced. He felt my hand with great attention, and at last

smelt it, and put it to his face several times. I wonder what difference he perceived! I remarked that he was far cleaner and better dressed than other children; and was touched to see how tenderly his uncle led him, and wrapped a cloak round him, and how the boy clung to the man, and rubbed his face against him with a fondling air. It is curious how kind these people are to anyone idiotic or utterly helpless like that boy. One would not expect it where life is of such small value or certainty.

The Patriarch has sent us a coadjutor in place of our Bishop, who has been imbecile these two years. Sheykh Yussuf told me the news to-day, and intimated that I ought to call on him, on the same principle that he always looks me up, and sends me to church, whenever there is English service here.

I find there is a good deal of discontent among the Copts with regard to their priests and many of their old customs. Several young men have let out to me at a great rate about the folly of their fasts, and the badness and ignorance of their priests. I believe many turn Muslim from a real conviction that it is a better religion than their own, and not as I at first thought merely from interest; indeed, they seldom gain much by it, and

often suffer tremendous persecution from their families; even they do not escape the rationalizing tendencies now abroad in Christendom. Then their early and indissoluble marriages are felt to be a hardship: a boy is married at eight years old, perhaps to his cousin aged seventeen (I know one here in that case), and when he grows up he wishes it had been left alone. A clever lad of seventeen propounded to me his dissatisfaction, and seemed to lean to Islam. I gave him an Arabic New Testament, and told him to read that first, and judge for himself whether he could not still conform to the Church of his own people, and inwardly believe and try to follow the Gospels. I told him it was what most Christians had to do, as every man could not make a sect for himself, while few could believe everything in any Church. I suppose I ought to have offered him the Thirty-nine Articles, and thus have made a Muslim of him out of hand. He pushed me a little hard about several matters, which he says he does not find in "the Book;" but on the whole he is well satisfied with my advice.

I shall wait to get a woman-servant till I go to Cairo, the women here cannot iron or sew; so, meanwhile, the wife of Abd el Kader, the cook, does my washing, and Omar

irons; and we get on capitally. Little Achmet waits, &c., and I think I am more comfortable so, than if I had a maid,—it would be no use to get a slave, as the trouble of teaching her would be greater than the work she would do for me.

My medical reputation has become far too great, and all my common drugs—Epsom salts, senna, aloes, rhubarb, quassia—run short. Especially do all the poor, tiresome, ugly old women adore me, and bore me with their aches and pains. They are always the doctor's greatest plague. The mark of confidence is that they now bring the sick children, which was never known before, I believe, in these parts. I am sure it would answer for a European doctor to set up here; the people could pay him a little, and there would be good profit from the boats in the winter. I got turkeys when they were worth six or seven shillings apiece in the market, and they were forced upon me by the Fellaheen.

BAIRAM, *April*, 1866.

Mr. Palgrave is here, and very amusing of course. He has been conducting an inquiry into some Consular business. His knowledge of languages is wonderful;—Sheykh Yussuf says few Ulema know as much of the literature and niceties of grammar and composition.

I have not yet got a woman-servant, but I have kept on the meek cook, Abd el Kader, whom I took when my French friend was here. I had not the heart to send him away; he is such a *meskeen* (poor fellow). He was a smart travelling waiter, but his brother died, leaving a termagant widow with four children, and poor Abd el Kader felt it his duty to bend his neck to the yoke, married her, and has two more children. He is a most worthy, sickly, terrified creature.

I went out this morning to the early prayer of Bairam day, held in the burial-place. Mahmood ibn Mustafa preached, but the boys and the hareem made such a noise that I could not hear the sermon. The weather has set in hot these last four days, and I am much the better. It seems so strange that what makes others languid seems to strengthen me. I have been weak and languid all the time, but the camel's milk has fattened me prodigiously,

to Sheriff's great delight; and the last hot days have begun to take away the miserable feeling of fatigue and languor.

Several people in the steamer are ill, but in Luxor there is no illness to speak of, only chronic old women, so old and ugly and achy, that I don't know what to do with them, except to listen to their complaints, which begin, "*Ya ragleh.*" *Ragel* is man, so *ragleh* is the old German *Mannin*, and is the civil way of addressing a Sacedee woman. To one old body I gave a powder, wrapped in a fragment of a *Saturday Review*. She came again and declared *Mashallah!* the *hegab* (charm) was a powerful one, for though she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a deal of good. I regret that I am not able to inform you what was the subject of the article in the *Saturday* which had so drastic an effect.

I must go and take a sleep before the time of receiving the visits of to-day (the great festival). I was up before sunrise to see the prayer, so must have siesta in a cool place.

THEBES, 10*th May*, 1866.

The real summer heat—the Shems al Kebeer (big sun) has fairly set in, and of course I am all the better. You would give my camel a good backsheesh if you saw how prodigiously fat I have grown on her milk: it beats cod-liver-oil hollow. You can drink a gallon without feeling it, so easy is it of digestion.

I have lent the Dahabieh to Mustafa, to go down to Keneh on business, and when she returns I shall make ready to depart too, and drop down stream. Omar wants me to go down to Damietta now, to "amuse my mind and dilate my stomach" a little; and I think of doing so. Palgrave was here about a fortnight ago, on some business. "By Allah, this English way is wonderful," said a witness. "That English Bey questioned me till my stomach came out."

I liked Mustafa Bey, who was with him; such a nice, kind, gentle creature, and very intelligent and full of good sense. I rejoice to find that he returns my liking, and has declared himself "one of my darweeshes." Talking of darweeshes reminds me of the Festival of Sheykh Gulnul this year. I had forgotten the day, but in the evening some people came for me to go and eat some of the meat of the Sheykh, who is also a good patron

of mine, they say; being a poor man's saint, and of a humble spirit, it is said, he favours me. There was plenty of meat and *melocheea* and bread; and then *zikrs* of different kinds, and a *Gama el Fokara* (assembly of the poor). *Gama* is the true word for Mosque—*i.e.*, Meeting, which consists in a great circle of men seated thick on the ground, with two poets facing each other, who improvise religious verses. On this occasion the rule of the game was to end each stanza with a word having the sound of *wahed* (one), or *el Had* (the first). Thus one sang: "Let a man take heed how he walks," &c., &c.; and "pray to God not to let him fall," which sounds like *Had.* And so they went on, each chanting a verse alternately. One gesticulated almost as much as an Italian and pronounced beautifully; the other was quiet, but had a nice voice, and altogether it was very pretty. At the end of each verse the people made a sort of chorus, which was sadly like the braying of asses. The *zikr* of the Edfoo men was very curious. Our people did it quietly, and the "moonsheed" sang very sweetly—indeed "the song of the 'moonsheed' is the sugar in the sherbet to the 'Zikkeer,'" said a man who came up when it was over, streaming with perspiration and radiant with smiles. Some day I will write to you

the whole "grund Idee" of a *Zikr*, which is, in fact, an attempt to make present "the communion of saints," dead or living. As I write arrives my Dahabieh, and her crew furl her big sail quite "Bristol fashion." My men have come together again, some from Nubia and some from the Delta; and I shall go down with my old lot.

Omar and Achmet have implored me not to take another maid at all; they say they live like Pashas now they have only the lady to please; that it will be a pleasure "to lick my shoes clean," whereas the boots of the "*Cameriera*" were intolerable. The feeling of the Arab servants towards European colleagues is a little like that of "niggers" about "mean whites"—mixed hatred, fear, and scorn. The two have done so well to make me comfortable that I have no possible reason for insisting on encumbering myself with "an old man of the sea," in the shape of a maid; and the difference in cost is immense. The one dish of my dinner is ample relish to their bread and beans, while the cooking for a maid, and her beer and wine, cost a great deal. Omar irons my clothes very tidily, and little Achmet cleans the house as nicely as possible. I own I am quite as much relieved by the absence of the "civilised element" as my retainers are.

Did I describe the Coptic Good Friday? Imagine 450 *Rekahs* in church! I have seen many queer things, but nothing half so queer as the bobbing of the Copts.

I went the other day to the old church six or eight miles off, where they buried the poor old Bishop who died a week ago. "Abu Khòm," a Christian *shaheed* (martyr), is buried there. He appeared to Mustafa's father when lost in the desert, and took him safe home. On that occasion he was well mounted, and robed all in white, with a *litham* over his face. No one dares to steal anything near his tomb, not one ear of corn. He revealed himself long ago to one of the descendants of Abu el Haggag, and to this day every Copt who marries in Luxor gives a pair of fowls to the family of that Muslim in remembrance of "Abu Khòm."

I don't know what to do with my sick: they come from forty miles off, and sometimes twenty or thirty sleep outside the house. I dined with the Maohn last night—"pot luck"—and was much pleased. The dear old lady was so much vexed not to have a better dinner for me that she sent me a splendid tray of *baklaweh* this morning to make up for it.

OFF BOULAK, CAIRO, *22nd June.*

I send you a Roman coin which a man gave me as a fee for medical attendance. I hope you will like it for your watch-chain. I made our Coptic goldsmith bore a hole in it. I am now living in my boat, and often wish for you to donkeyride about with me. We had a hurricane coming down the Nile, and a boat behind us sank. We only lost an anchor, and had to wait and have it fished up by the fishermen of a neighbouring village. In places the water was so shallow that the men had to push the boats over by main force, and all went into the river. The captain and I shouted out, "Islam el Islam," equivalent to, "Heave away, boys." There are splendid illuminations about to take place here, because the Pasha has got leave to make his son his successor, and people are ordered to rejoice, which they do with much grumbling.

OFF BOULAK, *July*, 1866.

I have got a very fine lion's head of granite, which I will send to Alexandria in a cargo boat; whenever there is a chance, you can have it over. I have also a lovely broken face, but I can't part with it, I love it so; likewise a little god, in black touch-stone, and some very good

scarabæi, and things, all presents from my patients at Luxor.

Achmet is very good and useful, and Omar lets me want nothing. I am perfectly comfortable now with my aquatic *ménage*. The Reis is very well behaved, and steady, and careful, and the sort of Caliban of a sailor is a very worthy savage. Omar is hard-worked —what with going to market, cooking, cleaning, ironing, and generally keeping everything in nice order; but he won't hear of a maid.

A clever old Reis has just come and overhauled the bottom of the boat, and says he can mend her without taking her out. We shall see; it will be great luck if he can. As I am the river doctor, all the sailoring men are glad to do me a civility. I have had to be very obdurate in order to get into practice among the river-side population here.

We have the hottest of summers; it is now 98° in the cabin. I have felt very unwell and above all horribly nervous and depressed, but my blue devils are quite gone, and I am altogether better.

What a miserable war it is in Germany! I am most anxious for the next papers. Here it is money misery. The Pasha is something like bankrupt, and no one has had a day's pay these three months; even pensions of sixty

piastres a month (seven shillings) to poor old female slaves of Mahommed Ali's are stopped.

I wish I had the children here to play with my black lamb and my white kitten, *Ablook* and *Biss*. Pussy uses the lamb as her bed every night, and all day they play together.

Five dead bodies floated past while we were lying out in the river at Ramleh—an Egyptian man and woman tied together among the number. The Greeks and the Maltese slaughter each other with perfect impunity.

OFF BOULAK, 10*th July*, 1866.

I have been shamefully lazy of late: what with feeling very unwell and what with finding such an alarming state of things . . . No one in Egypt is paid now; all pensions and salaries are three months in arrear; the soldiers and workmen unpaid; forced loans;—in short, universal ruin and distress.

Mr. Palgrave has left Egypt, and I am to inherit his little black servant, Mabrook, whom he left ill at Luxor, in Mustafa's house. I have sent for him.

I am much better again, only weak and nervous. I am very comfortable here, anchored off Boulak, with my Reis and one sailor. A bad *hashash*, or opium-eating boy, turned

Achmet's head, who ran away for two days and spent a dollar in riotous living; he returned penitent, and got no fatted calf, but dry bread and a confiscation of his new clothes.

The heat, when I left Luxor, was prodigious. I was detained three days by the death of Sheykh Yussuf's poor little wife and baby (in childbirth), so I was forced to stay and eat the funeral feast, and be present at the Khatmeh (reading of the Koran on the third night), or it would not have seemed kind. The Cadi gave me a very curious prayer-book, the Guide of the Faithful, written in Darfour! in beautiful characters, and with very singular decorations, and in splendid binding. It contains the names of all the prophets and of the hundred appellations of Mohammed, and is therefore a powerful *Hegab* or talisman. He requested me to keep it with me. Such books cannot be bought with money at all. I also bought a most beautiful *Hegab* of cornelian set in enamel, the verse of the Koran splendidly engraved, and dated 250 years ago.

It was so hot that I could not face the ride up to Keneh, when all my friends there came to fetch me, nor could I go to Sioot. I never felt such heat. At Benisouef I went to see our Maohn's daughter married to another Maohn there: it was a pleasant visit. The

master of the house was out, and his mother and wife received me like one of the family; such a pretty woman and such darling children! —a pale, little slight girl of five, a sturdy boy of four, and a baby boy of one year old. The eager hospitality of the little creatures was quite touching. The little girl asked to have her best frock, and then she stood before me seriously and diligently, and asked every now and then, "Shall I make thee a sherbet?" "Shall I bring thee a coffee?" And then questions about grandpapa and grandmamma, and Abd el Hameed and Abd el Fettah; while the boy sat on his heels before me and asked questions about my family in his baby talk, and assured me it was a good day to him, and wanted me to stay three days, and to sleep with them. Their father came in and gave each a small coin, which, after consulting together, they tied in the corner of my handkerchief, "to spend on my journey." The little girl took such care of my hat and gloves and shoes, all very strange garments to her, but politeness was stronger than curiosity with the little things. I breakfasted with them all next day, and found much cookery going on for me. I took a doll for my little friend Ayoosheh, and some sugar-plums for Mohammed, but they laid them aside in order to

devote themselves to the stranger, and all quietly, and with no sort of show-off or obtrusiveness. Even the baby seemed to have the instinct of hospitality, and was full of smiles. It was all of a piece with the good old lady their grandmother, at Luxor, who wanted to wash my clothes for me herself, because I said the black slave of Mohammed washed badly. Remember that to do "menial offices" for a guest is an honour and pleasure, and not derogatory at all here. The ladies cook for you, and say, "I will cook my best for thee." The worst is that they stuff one so. Little Ayoosheh asked after my children, and said, "May God preserve them for thee! Tell thy little girl that Mohammed and I love her from afar off." Whereupon Mohammed declared that in a few years, please God, when he should be *balal* (marriageable) he would marry her and live with me. When I went back to the boat the Effendi was ill with asthma, and I would not let him go with me in the heat (a polite man accompanies an honoured guest back to his house, or boat, or tent). So the little boy volunteered, and we rode off on the Effendi's donkey, which I had to bestride, with Mohammed on the hump of the saddle before me. He was delighted with the boat, of course, and romped

and played about until we sailed, when his slave took him home. Those children gave me quite a happy day with their earnest, gracious hospitality.

OFF BOULAK, *14th July*, 1866.

Since I wrote, I have had the boat topsy-turvy, with a carpenter and a *menegget* (cushion-stuffer), and had not a corner even to write in. . . . I am much better, and have got over the nervous depression which made me unable or ashamed to write. My young carpenter —a Christian—half Syrian, half Copt, of the Greek rite, and altogether a Cairene—would have pleased you. He would not work on Sunday, but, instead, came mounted on a splendid tall black donkey, and handsomely dressed, to pay me a visit, and go out with me for a ride. So he, I, and Omar went up to the Sittee (Lady) Zeyneb's mosque, to inquire for Mustafa Bey Soobky, the Hakeem Pasha, whom I had known at Luxor. I was told by the porter of the mosque to seek him at the shop of a certain grocer, his particular friend, where he sits every evening. On going there we found the shop with its lid shut down (a shop is like a box on its side, with the lid pulled up when open, and dropped when shut; as big as a cobbler's stall in Europe). The

young grocer was being married, and Mustafa Bey was ill. So I went to his house in the quarter (*Hara*)—such narrow streets!—and was shown up by a young eunuch into the harem, and found my old friend very poorly, but spent a pleasant evening with him, his young wife—a Georgian slave whom he had married,—his daughter by a former wife,—whom he had married when he was fourteen, and the female dwarf buffoon of the *Waddeh Bashe* (Ismail Pasha's mother), whose heart I won by rising to her, because she was so old and deformed. The other women laughed, but the little old dwarf liked it. She was a Circassian, and seemed clever. You see how the "Thousand and One Nights" are quite true and real; how great Beys sit with grocers, and carpenters have no hesitation in offering a civility to *naas omra* (noble people). This is what makes Arab society quite unintelligible and impossible to most Europeans.

My carpenter's boy was the son of a *moo-sheed* (singer in the mosque), and at night he used to sit and warble with his little baby-voice, and little round, innocent face, the most violent love-songs. He was about eight years old, and sang with wonderful finish and precision, but no expression, until I asked him for a sacred song, which begins, "I cannot

sleep for longing for thee, O Full Moon" (the Prophet), and then the little fellow warmed to his work, and the feeling came out.

I told you that Palgrave has left in my charge a little black boy of his, now at Luxor, where he left him very ill, with Mustafa Agha. The child told me he was a "*nyan-nyan*" (cannibal), but he did not look ogreish. I have written to Mustafa to send him me by the first opportunity. Achmet has quite recovered his temper, and I do so much better without a maid that I shall remain so. The difference in expense is enormous, and the peace and quiet a still greater gain: no more grumbling and *exigeances* and worry: anyhow, I would rather wear a sack than try the experiment again. An uneducated European is too disturbing an element in the family life of Easterns: the sort of filial relation, at once familiar and reverential, of servants to a master they like, is odious to English and still more to French servants. If I fall in with an Arab or Abyssinian woman to suit me I will take her; but of course it is rare; a raw girl can do nothing, nor can a *Fellaha*, and a Cairo woman is bored to death up in the Saeed. As to care and attention, I want for nothing, and the saving in wine, beer, meat, &c., is enormous; one feeds six or eight Arabs well with the money for one European.

While the carpenter, his boy, and two cushion stuffers were here, a very moderate dish of vegetables, stewed with a pound of meat, was put before me, followed by a chicken or a pigeon for me alone. The stew was then set on the ground to all the men, with two loaves, of a piastre each, and to every one a jar of water; and four men and two boys had dined handsomely. At breakfast a water-melon and another loaf a-piece, and a cup of coffee all round; and I pass for a true Arab in hospitality. Of course no European can live so, and they despise the Arabs for doing so, while the Arab servant is not flattered at seeing the European get all sorts of costly luxuries which he thinks unnecessary; besides, he has to stand on the defensive, in order not to be made a drudge by his European fellow-servant, and despised for being one; and so he leaves undone all sorts of things which he does with alacrity when it is for "the master" only.

OFF BOULAK, 15*th July*, 1866.

Last night came the two cushion-stuffers to pay a friendly visit, and sat and told stories; so I ordered coffee. One of them told a fisherman, who stopped his boat alongside for a little conversation, the story of two fishermen,

the one a Jew, the other a Muslim, who were partners in the time of the Arab Prophet (upon whom be blessing and peace!) The Jew, when he flung his nets, called on the prophet of the Jews, and hauled it up full of fish every time; then the Muslim called on our master Mohammed, &c., &c., and hauled up each time only stones, until the Jew said, "Depart, O man, thou bringest us misfortune; shall I continue to take half thy stones, and give thee half my fish? Not so." So the Muslim went to our master Mohammed, and said, "Behold, I mention thy name when I cast my net, and I catch only stones and calamity. How is this?" But the blessed Prophet said to him, "Because thy stomach is black inwardly, and thou thoughtest to sell thy fish at an unfair price, and to defraud thy partner and the people, while the Jew's heart was clean towards thee and the people, and therefore God listened to him rather than to thee." I hope the fisherman was edified by this fine moral. I also had good stories from the chief diver of Cairo, who came to examine the bottom of my boat, and told me, in a whisper, a long tale of his grandfather's descent below the waters of the Nile, into the land of the people who live there, and keep tame crocodiles to hunt fish for them. They gave him a sleeve-full of fishes' scales,

and told him never to return, and not to tell about them; and when he got home the scales had turned to money. But most wonderful of all was Haggi Hannah's story of her own life, and the journey of Omar's mother carrying her old mother in a basket on her head from Damietta to Alexandria, and dragging Omar, then a very little boy, by the hand. The energy of many women here is amazing.

The Nile is rising fast, and the "Bisheer" is come (the messenger who precedes the Hajj, and brings letters). "Bisheer" is "good-tidinger," to coin a word. Many hearts are lightened and many half-broken to-day. I shall go up to the Abassia to meet the Mahmal (holy carpet), and see the Hajjees arrive.

Next Friday I must take my boat out of the water, or at least heel her over, to repair the bad places. It seems I once cured a Reis of the Pasha's of dysentery at Minieh, and he has not forgotten it, though I had: so I shall have a good place on the Nile bank. I shall move out all the things and myself into a boat of Zubeydeh's for four or five days, and stay alongside to superintend my caulkers.

I want to read Baker's book very much. I am much pleased with Abd el Kader's book which Dozon sent me, and want the original dreadfully for Sheykh Yussuf, to show him that

he and I are supported by such an authority as the great Ameer in our notions about the real unity of the Faith. The book is a curious mixture of good sense and credulity — quite "Arab of the Arabs." I will write a paper on the popular belief of Egypt: it will be curious, I think. By the way, I see in the papers and reviews speculations as to some imaginary Mohammedan conspiracy, because of the very great number of pilgrims last year from all parts to Mecca. *C'est chercher midi à quatorze heures.* Last year the day of Abraham's sacrifice,—and therefore *the* day of the pilgrimage —(the sermon on Mount Arafat) fell on a Friday, and when that happens there is always a rush, owing to the popular notion that the "Hajj-el-Gumma" (pilgrimage of the Friday) is seven times blessed, or even equivalent to making it seven times in ordinary years. As any beggar in the street could tell a man this, it may give you some notion of how absurdly people make theories out of nothing for want of a little conversation.

The "Moolid en Nebbee" (Festival of the Prophet) has just begun. I am to have a place in the great Derweesh's tent to see the "Doseh."

The Nile is rising fast: we shall kill the poor little Luxor black lamb on the day of the

opening of the canal, and have a fantasia at night; only I grieve for my little white pussy, who sleeps every night on Ablook's (the lamb's) woolly neck, and loves him dearly. Pussy ("Biss" is Arabic for puss) was the gift of a Coptic boy at Luxor, and is wondrous funny, and as much more active and lissom than an European cat as an Arab is than an Englishman. She and Achmet and Ablook have fine games of romps. . . .

Here comes such a bouquet, a great *rond* of scarlet, surrounded with white and green and with tall reeds, on which are threaded single tuberose flowers, rising out of it so as to figure a huge flower with white pistils. Arab gardeners beat French flower-girls in bouquets.

I must finish this endless letter. I am much better. We have a broiling summer on the Nile. I could not think how my men could row.

OFF BOULAK, *4th August*, 1866.

The heat is something fearful: we are all fainting and puffing. I can't think what Palgrave meant about my being tired of poor old Egypt. I am very happy and comfortable, only I have felt rather weak and poorly this year, and sometimes, I suppose, rather dis-

heartened, and rather "wacham," as the Arabs say, after you and the children. The heat, too, has made me lazy—it is 110 in the cabin, and 96 at night.

I saw the "Moolid en Nebbee" (Festival of the Prophet), and the wonderful "Doseh;" it is an awful sight; so many men drunk with religious ardour. I also went into a Turkish harem, where my Derweesh friends sent me; it is just like a tea party at Hampton Court, only handsomer, not as to the women, but the clothes, furniture and jewels, and not a bit like the description in Mrs. Lott's most extraordinary book. But, oh, how dull and trite it all seemed! One nice lady said to me, "If I had a husband and children like thee, I would die a hundred times rather than leave them for an hour;" another envied me the power of going into the street and seeing the "Doseh." She had never seen it, and never would.

To-morrow a friend will dine and spend the night here, to see the cutting of the canal, and the "Bride of the Nile" on Monday morning. We shall sail up to old Cairo in the evening with the Bride's boat; also Haggi Hannah is coming for the Fantasia; after the high Nile we shall take the boat out and caulk her, and then, if the excessive heat continues,

I rather think of a month's jaunt to Beyroot. Hagg-Ali is there, with all his travelling materials and tents, so I need only take Omar and a bath and carpet-bag. If the weather gets cool I shall stay in my boat. The heat is far more intense here than it was at Luxor two years ago; it is not so dry. There is a great deal of diarrhœa about, and the Viceroy is afraid of cholera, so the poor Hajjees this year are put under rigorous quarantine regulations. The "Mahmal" was smuggled into Cairo before sunrise, without the usual honours, and all sightseers and holyday makers disappointed, and all good Muslims deeply offended.

OFF BOULAK, 20*th August*, 1866.

Since I last wrote I have had a bilious attack and congestion of the liver. Everyone has had the same, and most far more than I; but I was very wretched and most shamefully cross. Omar said, "That is not you, but the sickness, that says that," when I found fault with everything, and it was very true. Also I am beyond measure exasperated about my boat. I went up to the "Ata el Khalig" (cutting of the canal), to see the great sight of the "Bride of the Nile," a lovely spectacle; and on returning we all but sank. I got out into a boat of Zubeydehs

with all my goods; and we hauled up my boat, and found her bottom rotten from stem to stern. So here I am in the midst of wood merchants, sawyers, &c., rebuilding her bottom. My Reis said, he had "carried her on his head all this time," but what could such a one as he say against the wood of a *Hawagah*. . . . Omar buys the wood and superintends, together with the Reis; and the builders seem very good workmen, and very fair-dealing. I pay day by day, and have a scribe to keep the accounts; every atom has to be new. I never saw anything so rotten afloat. If I had gone up the cataract, I should never have come down alive.

Palgrave's servant, Mabrook, has arrived, and turns out well. He is a stout lubberly boy, with infinite good-humour, and not at all stupid, and laughs a good real nigger guffaw, which brings the fresh breezes and lilac mountains of the Cape before me when I hear it. When I tell him to do anything he does it with strenuous care, and then asks "Tayib?" and if I say "Tayib" (well), he goes off, as Omar says, "like a cannon in ladyship's face," in a loud guffaw. Achmet, who is half his size, orders him about and teaches him, with an air of extreme dignity, and says pityingly to me, "You see, oh lady, he is quite new,

quite green." Achmet, who had never seen a garment or any article of European life two years ago, is now a smart "walet," with very distinct ideas of waiting at table, arranging my things, &c., and cooks quite cleverly. Arab boys are amazing! I have promoted him to wages—one napoleon a month—so now he will keep his family. He is about a head taller than a child of eight.

I intend to write a paper on the various festivals and customs of Copts and Muslims; but I must wait to see Abu-Seyfegn, near Luxor, the great Christian Saint, where all go to be cured of possession—all mad people. The Viceroy wages steady war against all festivals and customs. The "Mahmal" was burked this year, and the fair at Tantah forbidden. Then the Europeans spoil all: the Arabs no longer go to the "Ata el Khalig," and at the "Doseh," the Frangee carriages were like the Derby-day. It is only up the country that the true thing remains.

To-morrow my poor black sheep will be killed over the new prow of the boat; his blood "straked" upon her, and his flesh "sodden" and eaten by all the workmen, to keep off the evil eye; and on the day she goes into the water, some "Fikees" will read the Koran in the cabin, and again boiled

mutton and bread. The Christian "Ma-állimeen" (skilled workmen) hold to the ceremony of the sheep quite as much as the others, and always do it over a new house, boat, mill, water-wheel, &c.

Omar's wife and babies are to come up from Alexandria to see him, for he will not leave me for a day on account of my being so ailing and weak. I cannot conceive what I should do without his faithful and loving care of me. He never goes out, except to market each morning; and now and then to the boat, which lies by on the shore, and never seems to have a thought but for my comfort or advantage. . . . How pleasant it would be if you could come—if you do not come I go to Luxor early in October. I hear from up the country that the people are running away from the land, unable to pay triple taxes, and eat bread: the ruin is universal. . . .

I have not been out for an age, or seen anyone. Would you know the wife of your bosom in a pair of pink trousers and a Turkish *Tob?* Such is my costume as I write. The woman who came to sew could not make a gown, so she made me a pair of trousers instead. Farewell! I dare hardly say how your hint of possibly coming has made me wish it, and yet I dread to persuade you.

The great heat is quite over with the high Nile, and the air on the river fresh and cool—cold at night even.

OFF BOULAK, *27th August*, 1866.

The last two or three days we have been in great tribulation about the boat. On Saturday all her ribs were finished, and the planking and caulking ready to put on, when in the night up came the old Nile with a rush, and threatened to carry her off; but by the favour of Abu el Haggag and Sheykh el Bostawee she was saved. You remember the tall steersman who went with us to Bedreeshayn, and whom we thought so ill-conditioned; well, he was in charge of a dahabieh close by, and he called up all the Reises and steersmen to help. "O men of El Bostawee, this is *our* boat" (that is, we are the servants of her owner), "and she is in our faces;" and then he set the example, stripped, and carried dust and hammered in piles all night, and by morning she was surrounded by a dyke breast-high. The "long-shore" men of Boulak were not a little surprised to see dignified Reises working for nothing like Fellaheen. Meanwhile my three Ma-állimeen, the chief builder, caulker, and foreman, had also stayed all night with Omar and my Reis, who worked like the rest,

and the Sheykh of all the boat-builders went to visit one of my Ma'allims, who is his nephew, and hearing the case, came down too at one in the morning and stayed till dawn. Then, as the workmen passed, going to their respective jobs, he called them, and said, "Come and finish this boat; it must be done by to-morrow night." Some men who objected, and said they were going to various places, got a beating *pro formâ*, and the end of it was, that I found forty-six men under my boat working "like Afreets and Shaîtans," when I went to see how all was going on in the morning. The old Sheykh marked a piece to each four men, and then said, "If that is not done to-night, O dogs! to-morrow I'll put on the hat"—that is, being interpreted, "To-day I have beaten moderately, like an Arab, but to-morrow, please God, I'll beat like a Frank, and be mad with the stick." In short, the boat which yesterday morning was a skeleton, is now, at 4 p.m. to-day, finished, caulked, pitched, and all capitally done; so, if the Nile carries off the dyke, she will float safe. The shore is covered with *débris* of other people's half-finished boats. I believe I owe the ardour of the Ma'allims and the Sheykh of the builders to one of my absurd pieces of Arab civility. On the day when Omar killed poor Ablook

my black sheep, over the bows, and "straked his blood" upon them, the three Ma-állimeen came on board this boat to eat their dish, and I followed the old Arab fashion and ate out of the wooden dish with them and the Reis "for luck," or rather "for a blessing," as we say here; and it seems that this gave immense satisfaction.

My Reis wept at the death of the poor sheep, who used to follow him to the coffee-shop and the market, and "was to him as a son," he said, but he ate of him, nevertheless. Omar surreptitiously picked out the best pieces for my dinner for three days, with his usual eye to economy; then lighted a fire of old wood, borrowed a cauldron of some Derweeshes, cut up the sheep, added water and salt, onions and herbs, and boiled the sheep. Then the big washing copper (a large flat round tray, like a sponging-bath) was filled with bread broken in pieces, over which the broth was slowly poured, till the bread was soaked. Next came a layer of boiled rice; on the top of that the pieces of boiled meat; over all was poured butter, vinegar, and garlic boiled together. This is called a "Fettah," and is the orthodox dish of Derweeshes and other semi-religious, semi-festive, semi-charitable festivities. It is excellent, and not expensive. I asked how

many had eaten, and was told 130 men had "blessed my hand." I expended 160 piastres on bread, butter, vinegar, &c.; the sheep was worth two napoleons—three napoleons in all, or less, for I ate for two days of the mutton.

The three "Ma'alims" came on board this boat, and ate; and it was fine to hear us—how polite we were. "A bit more, oh Ma'alim?" "Praise be to God, we have eaten well—we will return to our work;" "By the Prophet, coffee and a pipe!" "Truly thou art of the most noble people." "Oh, Ma'alim, ye have honoured us and rejoiced us;" "Verily this is a day white among days," &c.

A very clever Egyptian engineer, a pupil of Whitworth's, who is living in a boat alongside mine, was much amused, and said, "Ah, you know how to manage them."

I have just heard that my boxes have arrived, and are in quarantine. Yesterday the Pasha had up several trucks full of newly-landed goods for his harem, and after they were unloaded, the men were sent off to do quarantine at Suez. Is not that characteristic?

I have learnt the story of the two dead bodies that hitched in my anchor-chain. They were not Europeans, but Circassians—a young man and his mother. The mother used to take him to visit an officer's wife, who had

been brought up in the harem of the Pasha's mother. The husband caught them, killed them, tied them together and flung them into the Nile, near Rhoda, and gave himself into the hands of the police. All was of course hushed up. He goes to Fazoghlu; and I don't know what becomes of the slave-girl, his wife. These sort of things happen every day (as the bodies testify) among the Turks; but the Europeans never hear it. I heard it by a curious chance.

I never saw men do a better day's work than those at the boat. It is pretty to see the carpenter holding the wood with one hand and one foot while he saws it, sitting on the ground — just like the old frescoes. Do you remember the picture of boat-building in the tomb at Sakkara? Well, it is just the same; all done with the adze; but it is stout work they put into it I can tell you.

I have a neighbour now, one Goodah Effendi, an engineer, who studied and married in England. His wife is gone there with the children, and he is living in Haref Effendi's boat; so he comes over in the evening very often; and I am glad of his company: he is a right good fellow, and very intelligent.

My love to all at home. I have got a wonderful waist clasp for A——, whenever I

have a chance to send it; brought from Jerusalem; also a log of the cedars of Lebanon. My Moslem carpenter who smoothed the broken end, swallowed the sawdust, because he believed "our Lady Mary" had sat under the tree with "our Lord Jesus."

OFF BOULAK, 21*st Sept.*, 1866.

Omar is from dawn till night at work in my boat, overlooking the work and the wood, nails, hemp, &c., which the careless Arabs would waste. So I have only Mabrook and Achmet, and you would wonder to see how well I am served. Achmet cooks a very good dinner, serves it, and orders Mabrook about. Sometimes I whistle and hear "Hader" from the water, and in tumbles Achmet, with the water running "down his innocent nose," and looking just like a little bronze triton off a renaissance fountain, with a blue shirt and white skull-cap added. Mabrook is a big lubberly negro lad of the laugh-and-grow-fat breed,—clumsy, but not stupid, and very good and docile. He is a most worthy savage, the very picture of good nature. If he is of a cannibal tribe, his people must eat men from a perverted feeling of philanthropy. But his ugliness is more than can be told. Evidently his father was an Afreet. You would delight

in his guffaws, and the merry laughter of my *ménage* is very pleasant to me. Another boy swims on board from Goodah's boat (his Achmet), and then there are games at piracy, and much stealing of red pots from the potter's boats. The joke is to snatch one under the owner's very nose, and swim off brandishing it, whereupon the boatman uses eloquent language, and the boys out-hector him, and everyone is much amused. I only hope that Palgrave won't come back from Sookum Kaleh to fetch Mabrook just as he has got clever—not at stealing jars, but in his work. He already washes my clothes very nicely indeed; his stout black arms are made for a washerboy. Achmet looked forward to your coming with great eagerness. He is mad to go to England, and in his heart planned to ingratiate himself with you, and go as a "general servant." He is very little, if at all, bigger than a child of eight, but an Arab boy *ne doute de rien*, and does serve admirably. What would an English respectable cook say to seeing "two dishes and a sweet" cooked over a little old wood on a few bricks, by a baby in a single blue shirt?—and very well cooked too, and followed by incomparable coffee.

The carpenter will finish in the boat to-day, then the painter begins, and in a week I shall

be in my own boat again. I am in one of poor Zubeydeh's, which is not comfortable.

OFF BOULAK, 21*st Sept.*, 1866.

I am a good deal better again; the weather is delightful, and the Nile at full flood, which makes the river scenery from the boat very beautiful.

I have seen nothing and nobody but my "next boat" neighbour, Goodah Effendi (an Arab-English engineer on the railway, a very clever fellow), as Omar has been at work all the day in the boat, and I felt lazy and disinclined to go out alone. Big Hassan of the donkeys has grown too lazy to go about, and I don't care to go with a small boy here. However, I am out in the best of air all day, and am very well off. My two little boys are very diverting. Achmet's cookery is wonderful. Mabrook is the jolliest of fat, rollicking, good-humoured blacks, very awkward, but not at all stupid, and a very good boy.

The news from Europe is to my ignorant ideas *désolant*, a *dégringolade* back into military despotism, which would have excited indignation with us in our fathers' days. I get plenty of newspapers, which afterwards go to an Arab grocer, who reads the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* in his shop in the bazaar—

what next? The cargo of books which you sent will be most acceptable for winter consumption; and I will soon begin to write down my superstitious lore, and send it to you to lick into shape.

If I were a painter I would take up the Moslem traditions of Joseph and Mary. He was not a white-bearded old gentleman at all, you must know, but young, lovely, and pure as our Lady herself. They were cousins, brought up together, and she avoided the light conversation of other girls, and used to go to the well with her jar, hand in hand with Joseph, carrying his. After the angel Gabriel had announced to her the will of God, and blown into her sleeve, whereby she conceived "the Spirit of God," Joseph saw her state with dismay, and resolved to kill her, as was his duty, as her nearest male relation. He followed her, knife in hand, meaning always to kill her at the next tree, and each time his heart failed him, until they reached the well and the tree under which the Divine messenger stood once more, and said, "Fear not, oh Joseph, the daughter of thy uncle bears within her Issa, the Messiah, the Spirit of God." Joseph married his cousin without fear. Is it not pretty? the two types of youthful purity standing hand in hand before the angel. I think a

painter might make something out of the soft-eyed Syrian boy with his jar on his shoulder (hers on the head), and the grave, modest maiden, who shrank from all profane company.

I now know all about Sheykh Saleem, and why he sits naked; from high authority (a great Sheykh to whom it has been revealed). He was entrusted with the care of some of the holy she camels, like that on which the prophet rode to Jerusalem in one night, and which are invisible to all but the elect (*welees*), and he lost one, and now he is God's prisoner till she is found.

A letter from home all about little R——'s country life, school feasts, &c., made me quite cry, and brought before me—oh, how vividly—the difference between East and West, not quite *all* to the advantage of home however, though mostly. What is pleasant here are the primitive ways. Three times since I have been here lads of most respectable families at Luxor have come to ask hospitality, which consists in a place on the deck of the boat, and liberty to dip their bread in the common dish with my black boy and Achmet. The bread they brought with them, "bread and shelter" were not asked, as they slept *sub dio*. In England I must have refused the hospitality, on account of *gêne* and expense.

The chief object to the lads was the respectability of being under my eye while away from their fathers, as a satisfaction to their families; and while they ate and slept like beggars, as we should say, they read their books and chatted with me when I was out on the deck on perfectly equal terms, only paying the respect proper to my age. I thought of the "orphanages and institutions" and all the countless difficulties of that sort, and wondered whether something was not to be said for this absence of civilisation in knives, and first and second tables above all. Of course, climate has a good deal to do with it, as well as the facility with which widows and orphans are absorbed here.

OFF BOULAK, 15*th October*, 1866.

I have been back in my own boat four days, and most comfortable she is. I enlarged the saloon, and made a good writing table, and low easy divans instead of benches, and added a sort of pantry and sleeping cabin in front; so that no one has to come through the saloon to sleep; and I have all the harem part to myself. Inside, there is a good large stern cabin, with beds airy enough even for you. I intend to sail up the Nile in ten days.

We had a very narrow escape of being flooded this year. I fear a good deal of damage

has been done to the dourra and cotton crops. It was sad to see the villagers close by here trying to pull up a little green dourra as the Nile slowly swallowed up the fields.

I was forced to flog Mabrook yesterday for smoking on the sly, a grave offence here on the part of a boy; it is considered disrespectful; so he was ordered, with much parade, to lie down, and Omar gave him two cuts with a rope's end, an apology for a flogging which would have made an Eton boy stare. The stick here is quite nominal, except in official hands. I can't say Mabrook seemed at all impressed, for he was laughing heartily with Omar in less than ten minutes; but the affair was conducted with as much solemnity as an execution.

Sheykh Stanley's friend, Chizawee, has married his negro slave to his own sister, on the plea that he was the best young man he knew. What would a Christian family say to such an arrangement?

As soon as I can I shall go up to Luxor; my Reis is very eager to let the boat and make her earn some money. He is a very honest fellow, though cross-tempered, but very hard-working and neat. *Le défaut de ses qualités* is his temper. He went to Alexandria to divorce his wife there, and found her with child,

so there was an end of the divorce; with us it would be *raison de plus.* But my worthy Reis is apparently not given to making calculations, and was mightily attentive to her when she came here to visit him for a few days.

My boat is beautifully buoyant now, and has come up by the bows in fine style. I have not sailed her yet, but have no doubt she will "walk well," as the Arabs say. We had a mighty narrow escape of sinking, the night of the cutting of the canal, in which case we must all have been drowned like rats in a cistern between the high-walled banks. The rebuilding, caulking, pitching, adding to cabin, painting and new awning, and upper deck, have cost 260*l.*, and Omar got back 10*l.* by the sale of old wood and nails. He also gave me 2,000 piastres, nearly 12*l.*, which the workmen had given him as a sort of backsheesh. They all pay one, two, or three piastres daily to any "wakeel" (agent) who superintends; that is his profit, and it is enormous at that rate. I said, "Why did not you refuse it?" But Omar said they had pay enough after that deduction, which is always made from them, and that in his opinion therefore, it came out of the master's pocket, and was "cheatery." He has every reason to be proud of his performances, for the boat is as good as new, and everything well done,

except the outside paint, in which he was cheated; but that is a very small affair. I have accordingly paid his wife's and children's railway fare to and from Alexandria, and told him to take a little meat and sinnet from here to Ali's house (at my expense), as is usual for visitors to do where the hosts are not rich.

I am interested in all the talk about Jamaica, and Sir Samuel Baker's blacks like tigers—and whites too, for the matter of that. I myself have seen at least five sorts of blacks (negroes) not Arabs, more unlike each other than Swedes are unlike Spaniards; and many are just like ourselves. Of course they want governing with a strong hand, like all ignorant, childish creatures. But I am fully convinced that custom and education are the only real difference between one set of men and another; their nature is the same all the world over.

My Reis spoke such a pretty parable the other day that I must needs write it. A Coptic Reis stole some of my wood, which we got back by force, and there was some reviling of the Nazarenes in consequence from Hosein and Ali; but Reis Mohammed said: "Not so; Girgis is a thief, it is true, but many Christians are honest; and behold, all the people in the world are like soldiers, some wear red and some blue; some serve on foot, others on horseback,

and some in ships; but all serve one Sultan, and each fights in the regiment in which the Sultan has placed him, and he who does his duty best is the best man, be his coat red or blue or black." I said, "Excellent words, oh Reis, and fit to be spoken from the best of pulpits." It is surprising what happy sayings the people here hit upon; they cultivate talk for want of reading, and the consequence is great facility of narration and illustration. Everybody enforces his ideas, like Christ, in parables. Haggi Hannah told me two excellent fairy tales, which I will write for little R——, and several laughable stories, which I will leave unrecorded, as savouring too much of Boccaccio's manner, or of that of Marguerite of Navarre. I told Achmet to sweep the floor after dinner just now. He hesitated, and I called again: "What manner is this, not to sweep when I bid thee?" "By the most high God," said the boy, "my hand shall not sweep in thy boat after sunset, oh lady; I would rather have it cut off than sweep thee out of thy property." I found you must not sweep at night, nor for three days after the departure of a guest whose return you desire, or of the master of the house. "Thinkest thou my brother would sweep away the dust of thy feet from the floor of Luxor," continued Achmet;

"he would fear never to see thy fortunate face again." If you *don't* want to see your visitor's face again, you break a "gulleh" (water jar) behind him as he leaves the house, and sweep away his footsteps.

I won't write any politics, it is all too dreary; and Cairo gossip is odious, as you may judge by the productions of Mesdames Odouard and Lott. Only remember this, there is no law nor justice but the will, or rather the caprice of one man. It is nearly impossible for any European to conceive such a state of things as it really is; nothing but perfect familiarity with the governed, *i.e.*, oppressed class will teach it. However intimate a man may be with the rulers he will never fully take it in. If the farce of a constitution ever should be acted here it will be superb.

OFF BOULAK, 19*th Oct*, 1866.

I shall soon sail up the river. Yesterday Seyd Mustafa arrived, who says that the Greeks are all gone, and the poor Austrian at Thebes dead, so I shall represent Europe in my single person from Sioot to, I suppose, Khartoom.

You would delight in Mabrook; a man asked him the other day after his flogging, if he would not run away, to see what he would say, as he alleged. I suspect he meant to steal

and sell him. "I run away, to eat lentils like you? when my effendi gives me meat and bread every day, and *I eat such a lot.*" Is not that a delicious practical view of liberty? The creature's enjoyment of life is quite a pleasure to witness, and he really works very well and with great alacrity, and is an inexhaustible source of amusement.

I hear bad accounts from the Saeed: the new taxes and the new levies of soldiers are driving the people to despair, and many are running away from the land, which will no longer feed them after paying all exactions, to join the Bedaween in the desert, which is just as if our peasantry turned gipsies.

Omar's and Ali's wives, the two babies, and Ali's wife's sister came here yesterday. Mabrookah, Omar's wife, is a very nice young woman, and the babies very fine and pretty children, and sweet-tempered. Mabrookah told me that the lion's head which I sent down by Abu 'l Eymeen was in her room, when a neighbour of hers, who had never had a child, saw it, and at once conceived. The old image worship survives in the belief, which is all over Egypt, that the "Anteeks" (antiques) can cure barrenness. The women were, of course, very smartly dressed, and the reckless way in which Eastern women treat their clothes gives

them a grand air, which no Parisian duchess could ever hope to imitate,—not that I think it a virtue, mind you; but some vices are genteel.

I have got a photograph for you of a great singing woman of Damascus. I'll send it when I get a chance. Also a beautiful little sphinx, sitting up, and a god, and some Scarabæi! Do you care for any? The sphinx would make a lovely pin.

Last night was a great Sheykh's *fete*, such drumming and singing, and ferrying across the river. The Nile is running down unusually fast, and I think I had better go soon, as the mud of Cairo is not so sweet, I fancy, as the mud of the upper land.

OFF BOULAK, 25*th Oct.*, 1866.

I have got all ready, and shall sail on the 27th. My men have baked their bread and received their wages to go to Luxor and bring the boat back to Cairo to be let for me. Mabrookah, Omar's wife and children, and her brother returned to Alexandria. I am glad to go. I have had a dreary worrying time here, and am tired of hearing of all the meannesses and wickedness which constitute the *on dits* here. Not that I hear much, but there is nothing else. Anyhow, I shall be best

at Luxor now the winter has begun so early. You would laugh at such winter when I sit out all day under an awning in English summer clothes, and want only two blankets at night; but all is comparative *ici bas*, and I call it cold, and Mabrook ceases to consider his clothes such a grievance as they were to him at first, and takes kindly to a rough capote for the night.

I have just been interrupted by my Reis and one of my men, who came in to display the gorgeous printed calico they have bought; one for his Luxor wife and the other for his betrothed up near Assouan. (The latter is about eight years old, and Hosein has dressed her and paid her expenses these five years, as is the custom up in that district.) The Reis has bought a silk headkerchief for nine shillings, but that was in the marriage contract. So I must see, admire, and wish good luck to the finery and to the girls who are to wear it. Then we had a little talk about the prospects of letting the boat, and making some money for *el gemma*, i.e. "all our company," or "all of us together." The Reis hopes that the "Hawagah" will not be too outrageous in their ways or given to use the stick, as the solution of every difficulty.

Some young Shurafa came to-day to bid

me good-bye and bring their letters. I asked them about the rumours that the Ulema are preaching against the Franks (which is always being said), but they had heard nothing of the sort, and said they had not heard anything the Franks had done lately which could signify to the Muslims at all. I will end now, and will soon write again. I feel like the wandering Jew and long for home and rest, without being dissatisfied with what I have and enjoy, God knows. If I could get better and come home next summer!!

LUXOR, 21*st Nov.*, 1866.

I write in answer to yours by the steamer, to go down by the same. I fancy I should be quite of your mind about Italy and Germany. I hate the return of Europe to

> "The good old rule and simple plan,
> That he should take who has the power,
> And he should keep who can,"

nor can I ever be bullied into looking on "might as right." Many thanks for the papers. I am anxious to hear about the Candia business. All my neighbours who have sons growing up, are sick at heart—the poor wretches are miserable indeed.

I am glad you liked the old lion. I stole him for you from a temple where he served as footstool for people to mount their donkeys. If you see the Prussian consul, I wish you would tell him I strongly recommend the Copt Teodoros to be his consular agent; he has fulfilled the duties to everyone's satisfaction for several years, and is a very worthy man. His son is my pupil, and a sweet boy; he is one of the best I have.

I arrived at Luxor on the morning of the 11th, and meant to have written sooner, but I caught cold after four days, and have really not been well. We came up best pace, as my boat is a flyer now, fourteen days to Thebes, and to Keneh only eleven. Then we had bad wind, and my men pulled away at the rope, and sang about the "Reis el Arees" (bridegroom) going to his bride. We were all very merry, and played practical jokes on a rascal who wanted a pound to guide me to the tombs: we made him run miles, fetch innumerable donkeys, and then we laughed at his beard. Such is boatmen fun. On arriving at Luxor I heard a *charivari* of voices, and knew I was "at home," by the shrill pipe of the little children, "el sitt, el sitt, el sitt" (the lady, the lady, the lady). Visitors all day, of course, —at night comes up another dahabieh—great

commotion, as it had been telegraphed from Cairo (which I knew before I left, and was to be stopped).

The dahabieh contained an Indian walee (a saint), with a large hareem, and suite. He huffs Pashas and Moodirs ruthlessly, and gives away immense charity to the poor. The Government have him watched, though I can't conceive why, as he is perfectly outside of all that could affect Egyptian politics, as his estates are at Hyderabad. After Assouan he will be dogged by Arnouts, or something of that sort. He is a good, straightforward sort of fellow, whether saint or magician. He gave me some sort of pills to take; and some men urge me to take them, and others tell me on no account to take them, but to throw them into the Nile, lest they should turn me into a mare or donkey. I shall keep them till I find a chemist to analyse them.

When the dahabieh arrived, I said, "Oh, Mustafa, the Indian saint is in thine eye, seeing that an Indian is all as one with an Englishman." "How did I know there was an Indian and a saint?" &c. Meanwhile, the saint had a bad thumb, and some one told his slave that there was a wonderful English doctress, so in the morning he sent for me, and I went inside the hareem. He was very

friendly, and made me sit beside him, told me he was fourth in descent from Abd el Kader el Gylamee of Bagdad, but his father settled at Hyderabad, where he has great estates. He said he was a walee or saint, and would have it that I was in the path of the Derweeshes; gave me the pills I have mentioned for cough; asked me many questions, and finally gave me five dollars, and asked me if I wanted more. I thanked him heartily, kissed the money politely, and told him I was not poor enough to want it, and would give it in his name to the poor of Luxor, but that I would never forget that the Indian Sheykh had behaved like a brother to an Englishwoman in a strange land. He then spoke in great praise of the "laws of the English," and said many more kind things to me, adding again, "I tell thee thou art a Derweesh, and do not thou forget me." Another Indian from Lahore, I believe the Sheykh's tailor, came to see me—an intelligent man, and a Syrian doctor. The people here said he was a Bahlawar (a rope-dancer or gymnast). The authorities detained the boat with fair words till orders came from Keneh to let them go up further. Meanwhile, the

* Abd el Kader is the saint of Bagdad. The Bedouins firmly believe in him and occasionally see him. He appears once a year mounted on a splendid horse and fully armed.

Sheykh came out and performed some miracles, which I was not there to see, perfuming people's hands by touching them with his, and taking English sovereigns out of a pocketless jacket; and the doctor told wonders of him. Anyhow, he spent 10*l.* in one day here, and he is a regular Derweesh. He and all the hareem were poorly dressed, and wore no ornaments whatever. I hope Seyd Abdurachman will come down safe again. It is the first time I ever saw an Oriental travelling for pleasure. He had about ten or twelve in the hareem, among them his three little children, and perhaps twenty men outside, Arabs from Syria I fancy.

Next day I moved into the old house, and found one end in ruins, owing to the high Nile and want of repair. However, there is plenty more safe and comfortable. I settled my accounts with my men, and made an inventory in Arabic, which Sheykh Yussuf wrote for me, and which we laughed over hugely. How to express a sauce-boat, a pie-dish, &c., in Arabic, was a poser. A genteel Effendi, who sat by, at last burst out in uncontrollable amazement; "There is no God but God: is it possible that four or five Franks can use all those things to eat, drink, and sleep, on a journey?" (N.B. I fear the Franks will think the stock very

scanty.) Whereupon Master Achmet, with the swagger of one who has seen cities and men, held forth: "Oh, Effendim, that is nothing: our lady is almost like the children of the Arabs. One dish or two, a piece of bread, a few dates, and Peace" (as we say there is an end of it). "But thou shouldst see the merchants of Scandareeh: three tablecloths, forty dishes; to each soul seven plates of all sorts, seven knives and seven forks, and seven spoons, large and small, and seven different glasses for wine and beer and water." "It is the will of God," replied the Effendi, rather put down; "but," he added, "it must be a dreadful fatigue to them to eat their dinner."

Then came an impudent merchant who wanted to go down to Cairo with his bales and five souls in my boat for nothing. But I said, "Oh, man, she is my property, and I will eat from her of thy money as of the money of the Franks." Whereupon he offered 1*l.*, but was bundled out amid general reproaches for his avarice and want of shame. Then all the company said a Fattah for the success of the voyage, and the Reis Mohammed was exhorted to "open his eyes," and he should have a tarboosh if he did well.

Then I went to visit my friend, the Maohn's wife, and tell her all about her charming daugh-

ter and grandchildren. I was, of course, an hour in the streets salaaming, &c. "Sheerafteenee Baladna, thou hast honoured our country on all sides." "Blessings come with thee," &c.

Everything is cheaper than last year, but there is no money to buy with, and the taxes have grown beyond bearing: as a "Fellah" said, "a man can't sneeze without a cavass being ready to levy a tax on it." The ha'p'orth of onions we buy in the market is taxed on the spot, and the fish which the man catches under my window. I paid a tax on buying charcoal, and another on having it weighed. People are terribly beaten to get next year's taxes out of them, which they have not the money to pay.

The Nubian M.P.'s passed the other day in three boats, towed by a steamer, very frightened and sullen. I fell in with some Egyptians on my way, and tried the European style of talk. "Now you will help to govern the country: what a fine thing for you," &c. I got such a look of rueful reproach. "Laugh not thou at our beards, oh Effendim. God's mercy, what words are these? and who is there on the banks of the Nile who can say anything but 'Hadar?' (ready) with both hands on the head and a salaam to the ground even to a Mudir; and thou talkest of speaking before Effendina!" "Art thou mad, Effendim?" and the wretched

delegates to the Egyptian chamber (God save the mark) are going down with their hearts in their shoes.

The first steamer full of travellers has just arrived (27th November), and with it the bother of the ladies all wanting my side-saddle. I forbade Mustafa to send for it, but they intimidate the poor old fellow, and he comes and kisses my hand not to get him into trouble with one old woman who says she is the relation of a consul and a great lady in her own country. I am what Mrs. Grote calls "cake" enough to concede to Mustafa's fears what I had sworn to refuse henceforth. Last year five women all sent for my saddle, besides other things—camp-stools, umbrellas, beer, &c.

The big people are angry with the Indian saint, because he treated them like dirt everywhere. One great man went to see him, and asked him to sell him a memlook (a pretty boy). The Indian, who had not spoken or saluted, burst forth, "Be silent, thou wicked one! dost thou dare to ask me for a soul to take it with thee to hell?" Fancy the surprise of the "distinguished" Turk. Never had he heard such language. The story has travelled all up the river, and is of course much enjoyed.

Last night Sheykh Yussuf gave an entertainment, killed a sheep, and had a reading of

the "Sirat er Russool." It was the night of the prophet's great vision, and is a great night in Islam. I was sorry not to be well enough to go. Now that there is no Cadi here, Sheykh Yussuf has much business to settle; and he came to me and said, "Expound to me the laws of marriage and inheritance of the Christians, that I may do no wrong in the affairs of the Copts, for they won't go and be settled by the priest out of the Gospels, and I can't find any laws, except about marriage in the Gospels." I set him up with the text of the tribute money, and told him to judge according to his own laws, for that Christians had no laws other than that of the country they lived in. Poor Yussuf was sore perplexed about a divorce case. I refused to "expound," and told him all the learned in the law in England had not yet settled which text to follow.

Do you remember the German story of the lad who travelled "*um das gruseln zu lernen*" (to learn how to tremble)? Well, I, who never *gruselte* (quaked) before, had a touch of it a few evenings ago. I was sitting here quietly drinking tea and four or five men were present, when a cat came to the door. I called "*bis, bis,*" and offered milk, but puss, after looking at us, ran away. "Well dost thou, lady," said a quiet, sensible man, a merchant here; "to be kind to

the cat, for I dare say he gets little enough at home; *his* father, poor man, cannot cook for his children every day." And then in an explanatory tone to the company, "That is Alee Nasseeree's boy Yussuf—it must be Yussuf, because his fellow twin Ismaeen is with his mule at Negadeh." *Mir gruselte* (I shivered), I confess; not but what I have heard things almost as absurd from gentlemen and ladies in Europe; but an "extravagance" in a *kuftan* has quite a different effect from one in a tail coat. "What! my butcher's boy who brings the meat,—a cat?" I gasped. "To be sure, and he knows well where to look for a bit of good cookery, you see. All twins go out as cats at night, if they go to sleep hungry; and their own bodies lie at home like dead meanwhile, but no one must touch them, or they would die. When they grow up to ten or twelve they leave it off. Why your own boy Achmet does it. Oh, Achmet!" Achmet appears. "Boy, don't you go out as a cat at night?" "No," said Achmet tranquilly, "I am not a twin—my sister's sons do." I enquired if people here were not afraid of such cats. "No, there is no fear, they only eat a little of the cookery; but if you beat them they will tell their parents next day, 'So and so beat me in his house last night,' and show their bruises. No, they are not Afreets;

they are *beni Adam*; only twins do it, and if you give them a sort of onion broth and camel's milk the first thing when they are born, they don't do it at all." Omar professed never to have heard it, but I am sure he had, only he dreads being laughed at. One of the American missionaries told me something like it, as belonging to the Copts, but it is entirely Egyptian, and common to both religions. I asked several Copts, who assured me it was true, and told it just the same. Is it a remnant of the doctrine of transmigration? However, the notion fully accounts for the horror the people feel at the idea of killing a cat.

A poor pilgrim from the far black country was taken ill yesterday at a village six miles hence; he could speak a few words of Arabic only, and begged to be carried to the Ababdeh. So the Sheykh el Beled put him on a donkey and sent him and his little boy, and laid him in Sheykh Hassan's house. He called for Hassan and begged him to take care of the child, and to send him to an uncle somewhere in Cairo. Hassan said, "Oh, you will get well, &c., and take the boy with you." "I cannot take him into the grave with me," said the black pilgrim. Well, in the night he died, and the boy went to Hassan's mat and said, "Oh, Hassan! my father is dead." So the two Sheykhs and several men

got up and went and sat with the boy till dawn, because he refused to lie down or to leave his father's corpse. At daybreak he said, "Take me now and sell me, and buy new cloth to dress my father for the tomb." All the Ababdeh cried when they heard it, and Hassan went and bought the cloth, and some sweet-stuff for the boy who remains with him. Such is death on the road in Egypt. I tell it as Hassan's slave told it me, and somehow we all cried again at the poor little boy rising from his dead father's side to say, "Come, now, sell me to dress my father for the tomb." These strange black pilgrims always interest me. Many take four years to Mecca and home, and have children born to them on the road, and learn a few words of Arabic.

I must leave off, for Mahboobeh has come to rub me after the fashion of her country with her soft brown hands and with oils, to take the pains out of my bones. Kiss my R—— for me. What would I give to see her face?

LUXOR, 31*st December*, 1866.

I meant to have sent you a long letter by the consul-general's steamer, but ever since he went up to Assouan I have been in my bed. The weather set in colder than I ever felt it here. . . . An Egyptian doctor, who has studied in

Paris, wants me to spend the summer up here, and take sand baths, *i.e.* bury myself up to the chin in the hot sand, and to get a Dongola girl to rub me. A most fascinating Derweesh from Esneh gave me the same advice; he wanted me to go and live near him at Esneh, and let him treat me.

I wish you could see a friend of mine—he is a sort of remnant of the Mamlook Beys—a Circassian, who has inherited his master's property, and married his master's daughter. The master was one of the Beys, also a slave inheriting from his master. After being a terrible *Shaitan* (devil) after drink, women, &c. my friend has repented and become a man of pilgrimage and prayer and perpetual fasting; but he has retained the exquisite grace and charm of manner which must have made him irresistible in his *Shaitan* days, and also the beautifully delicate style of dress—a dove-coloured cloth *sibbeh* over a pale blue silk *kuftan*, a turban like a snow-drift, under which flowed the silky fair hair and beard, and the dainty white hands under the long muslin shirt sleeve made a picture; and such a smile, and such ready graceful talk! He was brought to me as a sort of doctor, and also to try to convert me on one point. A Christian had made some of my friends quite miserable, by telling them of the

doctrine that all unbaptized infants went to eternal fire; and as they knew that I had lost a child very young, it weighed on their minds that perhaps I fretted about this, and so they could not refrain from trying to convince me that God was not so cruel and unjust as the Nazarene priests represented Him, and that all infants whatsoever, as well as all ignorant persons, were to be saved. "Would that I could take the cruel error out of the minds of all the hundreds and thousands of poor Christian mothers who must be tortured by it," said he, "and let them understand that their dead babies are with Him who sent and took them." I own I did not resent this interference with my orthodoxy, especially as it is the only one I ever knew my friends attempt.

Another Arab doctor came up in the passenger boat, a Shereef and eminently a gentleman. He called on me and spent all his spare time with me. I liked him better than the bewitching Derweesh; he is so like my old love, Don Quixote. He was amazed and delighted at what he heard here about me. "*Ah, madame, on vous aime comme une sœur, et on vous respecte comme une reine; cela réjouit le cœur des honnêtes gens de voir tous les préjugés oubliés et détruits à ce point.*" We had no end of talk about things in general. My friend is the

only Arab who has read a good deal of European literature and history. He said, "*Vous seule dans toute l'Egypte, connaissez le peuple et comprenez ce qui se passe : tous les autres Européens ne savent absolument rien que les dehors ; il n'y a que vous qui ayez inspiré la confiance qu'il faut pour connaitre la vérité.*" I don't repeat this as a boast, but it is a proof of the kind thoughts people have of me, simply because I am decently civil to them.

In Egypt we are eaten up with taxes; there is not a penny left to anyone. I saw one of the poor dancing girls the other day. Each woman is made to pay according to her presumed gains, *i.e.*, her good looks. It is left to the discretion of the official who farms the taxes, and thus these poor girls are exposed to all the caprices and extortions of the police. This taxing the women has excited more disgust than any. The wages of sin are unclean, and this tax renders all Government salaries unlawful according to strict law. The capitation tax, too, which was remitted on the Pasha's accession to the people of Cairo, Alexandria, and Damietta, is now called for. You may conceive the distress this must cause among artisans, &c., who have spent this money, and forgotten it.

There was a meeting here the other day of

the notables to fix the amount of tax each man was to pay towards the increased police tax; and one said he had heard that one man had asked me to lend him money, and that he hoped such a thing would not happen again. Everyone knew I had had heavy expenses this year, and most likely had not much money; that my heart was soft, and that as everyone was in distress it would be "breaking my head;" and in short that he should think it unmanly if anyone tried to trouble a lone woman with his troubles. I did offer one man two pounds that he might not be forced to run away to the desert, but he refused it and said, "I had better go at once and rob out there, and not turn rogue towards thee — never could I pay it back." The people are running away in all directions; altogether everyone is gloomy, and many desperate. I never saw the aspect of a population so changed.

When the Moolid, or festival, of the Sheykh came the whole family of Abu 'l Haggag could only raise 620 piastres among them to buy the buffalo cow, which by custom—strong as the laws of the Medes and Persians—must be killed for the strangers who come; and a buffalo cow is worth 1,000 piastres. So the stout old Shereef (aged 87) took his neboot (quarter-staff) and the 620 piastres, and sallied forth to walk to

Erment and see what God would send them; and a charitable woman in Erment did give a buffalo cow for the 620 piastres, and he drove her home the twenty miles rejoicing.

To turn to my own affairs. My boat is let, but I am wroth with my reis, who took seventeen days to go down, and unless he can prove quite clearly what he was about I shall dismiss him. Food is cheap here: that is, meat and poultry, because everyone is forced to sell in order to pay the new taxes; and the market is glutted with turkeys. Omar bought nine fine ones for one pound sterling.

There is a notion of some one coming here to open a drinking shop; if so I shall resign the house. Luckily all Mustafa's hareem are away, except dear old black Mahboobeh; and I shall go and live with her, and be very comfortable. My Arab friends are rabid at the notion of a Frangee—a seller of arrakee—being quartered on their Sitt.

*12th January*, 1867.

The weather has changed for the better, and it is not at all cold now. We shall see what the warm weather does for me. It has been a colder winter than I have seen at all in Egypt. You make my heart yearn with your account of R——. If we only had Prince

Achmet's carpet, and you could all come here for a few months.

We were greatly excited here last week; a boy was shot, out in the sugar-cane field: he was with four Copts—and at first it looked ugly for the Copts. But the Maohn tells me he is convinced they are innocent, and that they only prevaricated from fear—it was robbers who shot the poor child. What struck and surprised me in the affair was the excessive horror and consternation it produced: the Maohn had not had a murder in his district at all in eight years. The market-place was thronged with wailing women. The horror of killing seems greater here than ever I saw it. Palgrave says the same of the Arabian Arabs in his book: it is not one's notion of oriental feeling, but a murder in England is as nothing compared with the scene here. I fear there will be robberies, owing to the distress and the numbers who are running away from their land unable to pay the taxes. Don't fear for me, for I have two watchmen in the house every night—the regular guard and an amateur—a man whose boy I took down to Cairo to study in Gama 'l Azhar.

To-day the four Copts have again changed their story, and after swearing that the robbers were strangers, have accused a man who has

shot birds for me all this winter: and the poor fellow is gone to Keneh in chains.

You would have been amused to see me carried out in my own arm-chair, high up on the shoulders of four men, like a successful candidate, or more like one of the Pharaohs in an ancient bas-relief on the walls of the temple; before me went torch-bearers, with cressets flaming, and a miscellaneous suite of ragged attendants brought up the rear. In such state did I go to dine with the English Consul.

Ismaeen, Belzoni's old servant, is dead, aged over 100; when he was young he walked from Cairo to Luxor in twelve days; rested one day and walked to Abu-Simbel (near the second cataract) in eight more. He served Belzoni, and when he grew doting he was always wanting me to go with him to join Belzoni at Abu-Simbel. He was not ill—he only went out like a candle: he would have made a beautiful picture of old Isaac as he lay dying. His great-grandson brought me a bit of the meat cooked at his funeral, and begged me to eat it, that I might live to be very old, according to the superstition here. When they killed the buffalo for the Sheykh Abu 'l Haggag, the man who had a right to the feet kindly gave them to Omar, who wanted to make calves'-foot jelly for me. I had a sort of profane feeling, as if I

were eating a descendant of the bull Apis. I will send over a little collection of things; there is the flail (which antiquaries have called a scourge, but it is manifestly a flail) of Osiris, taken from some very aristocratic mummy—very curious indeed—and other odds and ends.

I wish I could show you a new friend of mine, an Arab, who studied medicine five years in Paris. My heart warmed to him directly, because, like most high-bred Arabs, he is so like Don Quixote,—only Don Quixote in his senses. The sort of innocent sententiousness and profusely natural love of fine language and fine sentiments is unattainable to any European, except, I suppose, a Spaniard. It is quite unlike Italian fustian or French sentiment. I suppose to most Europeans it is ridiculous, but I used to cry when the Yanguesan carriers beat the most noble of all knights, when I was a little girl and read "Don Quixote;" and now I felt as it were like Sancho, when I listened to my friend reciting bits of heroic poetry, or uttering "wise saws and modern instances" with that peculiar mixture of strong sense of "*exaltation*" which stamps the great Don: the insults my friend had to endure—a Shereef and an educated man—from coarse Turks; it was the carriers

over again. He told me he had often cried like a woman at night in his own room at the miseries he was forced to witness, and could do nothing to relieve; all the men I have particularly liked I find are more or less pupils of a certain Sheykh now dead, who seemed to have had a gift of inspiring honourable feeling.

The travellers are beginning to come now, but I believe there are very few this year: not a tenth of what there used to be.

THEBES, *22nd January*, 1867.

The weather has been lovely for the last week, and I am therefore somewhat better. My boat arrived to-day, with all the men in high good humour, and all in good order, only the people in Cairo gave her the evil eye, and broke the iron part of the rudder, which had to be repaired in Benisouef; otherwise all is prosperous. The tenants of my boat have sent me some wild geese; they are mighty hunters before the Lord. They go to Wady Halfeh, and we are all to pray desperately that she may come down the cataract safe; also the authorities here have written to those of Assouan to do all in their power to make the cataract men do their best. Mr. Lear, the artist, has been here the last few days, and is

just going up to the second cataract; he has done a little drawing of my house for you—a new view of it. Americans swarm in the steamboats, and a good many in dahabiehs.

Such a queer fellow came here the other day—a stalwart Holsteiner—I should think a man of 50, who had been four years up in the Soudan and Sennaar, and, being penniless, had walked all through Nubia, begging his way. He was not the least "down upon his luck," and spoke with enthusiasm of the hospitality and kindness of Sir Samuel Baker's "tigers"—"Ja, das sind die rechten Kerls! das ist das glückliche Leben." (Those indeed are the right sort of fellows! that is a glorious life.) His account is that if you go with an armed party, the blacks naturally show fight, as men with guns, in their eyes, are always slave-hunters; but if you go alone and poor, they kill an ox for you, unless you prefer a sheep, give you a hut, and generally anything they have to offer, "merissey" (beer) to make you as drunk as a lord, and young ladies to pour it out for you—and you need not wear any clothes. If you had heard him you would have started for the interior at once. I gave him a dinner and a bottle of common wine, which he emptied, and a few shillings, and away he trudged merrily towards Cairo. I wonder

what the Nubians thought of a "hawagah," (gentleman) begging. He said they were very kind, and that he often ate what he was sure they pinched themselves to give—dourrah-bread and dates.

In the evening we were talking of this man's stories, and of "anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow" to a prodigious height, by means of an edifice woven of their own hair, and other queer things, when Hassan told a story which pleased me particularly. "My father," said he, "Sheykh Mohammed (who was a taller and handsomer man than I am), was once travelling very far up in the black country, and he and the men he was with had very little to eat, and had killed nothing for many days; presently they heard a sort of wailing out of a hole in the rock, and some of the men went in and dragged out a creature,—I know not, and my father knew not, whether a child of Adam or a beast. But it was like a very foul-faced and ill-shaped woman, and had six toes on its feet. The men wished to slay it, according to the law declaring it to be a beast and lawful food; but when it saw the knife, it cried sadly, and covered its face with its hands in terror, and my father said, 'By the Most High God, ye shall not kill the poor woman-beast, which thus begs its life. I tell

you it is unlawful to eat one so like the children of Adam;' and the beast or woman clung to him, and hid under his cloak; and my father carried her for some time behind him on his horse, until they saw some creatures like her, and then he sent her to them, but he had to drive her from him by force, for she clung to him. 'Thinkest thou, Lady, it was really a beast, or some sort of children of Adam?'"

"God knows, and He only," said I, piously, "but by His indulgent name, thy father, oh Sheykh, was a true nobleman." Sheykh Yussuf chimed in, and gave a decided opinion, that a creature able to understand the sight of the knife, and to act so, was not lawful to kill for food. You see what a real Arab Don Quixote was. It is a picture worthy of him,—the tall, noble-looking Ababdeh sheltering the poor "woman-beast"—most likely a gorilla or chimpanzee, and carrying her *en croupe.*

THEBES, 24*th January*, 1867.

I am a good deal better since the weather has got warmer, but I fear that I ought to stay here. The risk of the journey to Europe would be very great. I wish you could take November, December, January, and February here with M——, and go up the Nile; there

is the boat all so nice, and only the crew to pay. Do think of it; or are you too possessed with the idea that the Nile is a bore? Ask Mr. Lear, who was here the other day. He was in raptures.

I think I told you that a sort of *commis voyageur* is going to open a grog-shop here. Of course I shall turn out and go and live with old Mustafa, who has the best Arab house here, and whose hareem is all gone to Alexandria, except old black Mahboobeh, who would be a comfort to me. Sheykh Yussuf's nice new wife was eager to have me with her; but the house is small and has no windows, and it is not yet warm enough for me to sleep *al fresco*. I wish I could betray dear Yussuf's confidence, and tell you his love story; but the things of the hareem are very sacred. I should much like to go to India, but I fear any change at present; and if I dare move I would go homewards and towards you. The weather is lovely now, and I am better; but I dare hardly think yet of moving this summer. I have a great idea of trying the Arab sand bath.

My boat has gone up to-day with two very nice young Englishmen in her. Their young Maltese dragoman, aged 24, told me his father often talked of my father and George Lewis,

the commissioners at Malta, and all the good they had done, and how things were changed for the better. He also appeared to hate the Italians with ferocity. He said all decent people in Malta would ten times rather belong to the Mohammedans than to the Italians. Is that a new feeling? He was a very respectable young man, and being a dragoman, and the son of a dragoman, he has seen the world, and particularly the Muslims. I suppose it is the Pope that makes the Italians so hateful to them.

Everything spiritual and temporal has been done for my boat's safety in the cataract—urgent letters to the Maohn el Bandar and him of Assouan to see to the men, and plenty of prayers and vows to Abu 'l Haggag on behalf of the "lady," or — kurzweg — (our boat), as she is commonly called in Luxor.

Here we have the other side of the misery of the Candian business; in Europe, of course, the obvious thing is the sufferings of the Cretans, but really I am equally sorry for the poor "fellah" lads who are dragged away to fight in a quarrel they had no hand in raising, and with which they have no sympathy. The *Times* suggests that the Sultan should relinquish the island, and that has been said in many an Egyptian hut long before. The Sultan is worn

out, and the Muslims here know it, and say it would be the best thing for the Arabs if he were driven out; that after all a Turk never was the true "Ameer el Moomeneen" (Commander of the Faithful). Only in Europe people talk and write as if it were *all* Muslim *versus* Christian, and the Christians were *all* oppressed, and the Muslims *all* oppressors. I wish they could see the domineering of the Greeks and Maltese as Christians. The Englishman domineers as a free man and a Briton, which is different, and that is the reason why the Arabs wish for English rule, and would dread that of Eastern Christians. Well they may; for if ever the Greeks do reign in Stamboul the sufferings of the Muslims will satisfy the most eager fanatic that ever cursed "Mahound." I know nothing of Turkey, but I have heard and seen enough to know that there are plenty of other divisions besides that of Christian and Muslim. Here in Egypt it is clear enough: it is Arab *versus* Turk, and the Copt siding with the stronger for his interest, while he rather sympathises with his brother "fellah." At all events the Copt don't want other Christians to get power; he would far rather have a Muslim than a heretic ruler, above all, the hated Greek. The Englishman he looks upon as a variety of

Muslim—a man who washes, has no pictures in church, who has married bishops, and, above all, who does not fast from all that has life for half the year, and thus heresy is so extreme as not to give offence unless he tries to convert.

The little boy I mentioned is still with the Ababdeh, who will not let him travel to Cairo till the weather is warmer and they find a safe person to be kind to him. Rachmeh says, "Please God he will go with the Sitt, perhaps." Hassan has consoled him with sugar-cane and indulgence; and if I lose Mabrook, and the little boy takes to me, he may fall into my hands, as Achmet has done. I hear he is a good boy, but quite a savage; that, however, I find makes no difference—in fact, I think they learn service faster than those who have ways of their own.

LUXOR, *February 3rd*, 1867.

There is a man here from Girgeh, who says he is married to a *ginneeyeh* (fairy) princess. I have asked to be presented to her, but I suspect there will be some hitch about it. Do you remember Alexis saying to me, "Allez, Madame, vous êtes trop incrédule"! The unintelligible thing is the motive which prompts wonders and miracles

here, seeing that the wonder-workers do not get any money by it; and, indeed, very often give, like the Indian "welee" I told you of, who gave me five dollars. His miracles were all gratis, which was the most miraculous thing of all in a saint. I am promised that the "ginneeyeh" shall come through the wall. If she should do so I shall be compelled to believe in her, as there are no mechanical contrivances in Luxor. All the hareem believe it, and the man's human wife swears she waits on her like a slave, and backs her husband's lie or delusion fully. I have not seen the man, but I should not wonder if it were a delusion, —real *bonâ fide* visions and revelations are so common, and I think there is but little downright imposture. Meanwhile, familiarity breeds contempt. Ginns, Afreets, and Shaitans inspire far less respect than the stupidest ghost at home, and the Devil (Iblees) is reduced to deplorable insignificance. He is never mentioned in the pulpit, or in religious conversation, with the respect he enjoys in Christian countries. I suppose we may console ourselves with the hope that he will pay off the Muslims for their neglect of him, hereafter.

I cannot describe to you the misery here now; indeed, it is wearisome even to think

of: every day some new tax. Now every beast, camel, cow, sheep, donkey, horse, is made to pay. The fellaheen can no longer eat bread; they are living on barley meal, mixed with water and raw green stuff, vetches, &c., which to people used to good food is terrible, and I see all my acquaintance growing seedy and ragged and anxious. The taxation makes life almost impossible—100 piastres per feddan,—a tax on every crop, on every animal first, and again when it is sold in the market; on every man, on charcoal, on butter, on salt. I wonder I am not tormented for money—not above three people have tried to beg or borrow.

Thanks for the Westminster epilogue; it always amuses me much. So Terence was a nigger! I would tell Rachmeh so, if I could make him understand who Terence was, and that he—Rachmeh—stood in need of any encouragement; but this worthy fellow never imagined that his skin is in any way inferior to mine. There is no trace of the nigger boy in Terence's Davus.

My nigger boy, Mabrook, has grown huge, and has developed a voice of thunder. He is of the elephantine rather than the tiger species; a very mild young savage. If he goes, I am tempted to take Yussuf's nice

little Dinka girl to replace him. But a girl is such an impossibility where there is no regular hareem. In the boat Achmet is enough under Omar; but in this huge dusty house, and with errands to run, and comers and goers to look after, pipes and coffee and the like, it takes two boys to be comfortable. It is surprising how fast these boys learn, and how well they do their work. Achmet, who is quite little, would be a perfectly sufficient servant for a man alone; he can cook, wash, clean the rooms, make the beds, do all the table service, knife and plate cleaning, all very fairly well. Mabrook is slower, but has the same merit our poor Hassan had; he never forgets what he has been told to do, and he is clean in his work, though hopelessly dirty as to his clothes. He cannot get used to them, and takes a roll in the dust, or leans against a dirty mud wall, oblivious of his clean-washed blue shirt. Achmet is quicker and more careless, but they are both good boys, and very fond of Omar. "Uncle Omar" is the form of address, though he scolds them pretty severely if they misbehave; and I observe that the high jinks take place chiefly when only I am in the way, and Omar gone to market or to the mosque. The little rogues have found out that their

laughing does not "affect my nerves," and I am often treated to a share in the joke. How I wish R—— could see the children: they would amuse her. Yussuf's girl, "Meer en Nezzil," is a charming child, and very clever: her emphatic way of explaining everything to me, and her gestures, would delight you. Her cousin and future husband, aged five (she is six) broke the doll which I had given her, and her description of it was most dramatic, ending with a wheedling glance at the cupboard, and "Of course there are no more dolls there; oh no, no more." She is a fine little creature, far more Arab than "Fellaha;" quite a "Shaitan" (demon), her father says. She came in full of making cakes for Bairam, and offered her services. "Oh, my aunt, if thou wantest anything I can make," said she, tucking up her sleeves.

Mabrook implores me to get him from Palgrave, and send another boy in his stead. I shall propose to do so, as he just suits me and I suit him. It is humiliating to find how much more I am to the taste of savages than of the "polite circles." If Mabrook stays with me, perhaps I'll buy him a wife some day; it would be an eminently respectable and pious transaction, and he could keep her in order. The babies shall be sent to you.

The heat has now set in (7th March), and, of course, with it my health has mended, but I am a little weak and afraid of tiring myself. I want to nurse up and be better by next Thursday, when J—— and R—— are expected here, as they telegraphed they were leaving Cairo in a steamer to-morrow. The people will insist on making great dinners and fantasias for her. I hope they will go on to Assouan and take me with them. The change will do me good, and I should like to see as much as I can of her before she leaves Egypt for good. I must arrange with R—— too, about letters, &c.

Mustafa has found me a milk camel at last; no easy matter, as all our camels are taken to work. You can't think what the war in Crete is to the people here. They who take no sort of pleasure in killing Christians, and only hate leaving their families; and the cold and misery.

It is long since I have heard of you, and I am getting anxious for letters; pray tell me all the family news. I am much amused at your Dublin antiquary, who wants to whitewash Miss Rhampsinitus, and to identify her with the beloved of Solomon (or Saleem); my brain quite spun round as I read his letter.

A dragoman gave me an old broken

travelling arm-chair, and Yussuf sat in an arm-chair for the first time in his life. "May the soul of the man who made it find a seat in Paradise!" was his exclamation, which strikes me as singularly appropriate on sitting down in a very comfortable arm-chair. Yussuf was thankful for small mercies in this case.

The state of business here is curious. The last regulations have stopped all money-lending, and the prisons are full of "Sheykhs el Beled," whose villages can't pay the taxes. Most respectable men have offered me to go partners with them now in their wheat, which will be cut in six weeks, if only I would pay their present taxes; I to take half the crop and half the taxes, with interest out of their half—some such trifle as 30 per cent. per month. A Greek at Koos is doing this business, but, as he knows the people here, he accepts none but such as are vouched for by good "Cadees," and he will not lose a "faddah" (farthing). Our prison is full of men, and we send them their dinners in turns. The other day a woman went with the big wooden bowl on her head, full of what she had cooked for them, accompanied by her husband. A certain Effendi, a new Vakeel here, was there, and said, "What dost thou ask here, thou ——?" calling her by an opprobrious name. Her husband said.

"She is my wife, oh Effindim!" whereupon he was beaten till he fainted, and then there was a lamentation; they carried him down past my house, with a crowd of women all shrieking like mad creatures, especially his wife, who yelled and beat her head and threw dust over it, "more majorum," as you may see in the tombs. Such are the humours of tax-gathering in this country. The distress in England is terrible, but, at least, it is not the result of extortion, as it is here, where everything from nature is so abundant and glorious, and yet mankind so miserable. It is not a little hunger, it is the cruel oppression which maddens the people now. They never complained before, but now whole villages are deserted, and thousands have ran away into the desert between this and Assouan.

LUXOR, *March 6th*, 1867.

The warm weather has set in, and I am already as much the better for it as usual. But I have been very ill. Dear Sheykh Yussuf was with me the evening I was attacked, and sat up all night. At the prayer of dawn, an hour and a half before sunrise, I watched him wash and pray, and heard his supplications for my life and health and for you and all my family; and I thought of

what I had lately read, how the Greeks massacred their own patriots because the Turks had shown them mercy—a display of temper which I hope will enlighten Western Christendom as to what the Muslims have to expect if they (the Western Christians) help the Eastern Christians to get the upper hand. Yussuf was asking about a traveller the other day who had turned Catholic. "Poor thing," he said, "the priests have drawn the brains through the ears, no doubt: but never fear, the heart is good and the convert's charity is great, and God will deal lightly with those who serve Him with their hearts, though it is sad they should bow down before images. But look at thy slave Mabrook; can he understand one hundredth part of the thoughts of thy mind? Nevertheless, he loves thee, and obeys thee with pleasure and alacrity; and wilt thou punish him because he knows not all thy ways? And shall God, who is as much above us as thou art above thy slave, be less just than thou?" I pinned the Mufti at once, and insisted on knowing the orthodox belief; but he quoted the Koran and the decisions of the Ulema to show that he stretched no point as far as Jews and Christians are concerned, and even that idolaters are not to be condemned by man. Yussuf wants me to write a short notice of

the faith from his dictation. I wonder if anyone would publish it. It annoys him terribly to hear the Muslims constantly accused of intolerance, and he is right—it is not true. They show their conviction that their faith is the best in the world with the same sort of *naïveté* that I have seen in very innocent and ignorant English women: in fact, display a sort of religious conceit; but it is not often bitter or *haineux*, however much they are in earnest.

Achmet, who was always hankering after the fleshpots of Alexandria, got some people to take him, and came home and picked a quarrel and departed. Poor little fellow; the "Sheykh el Beled" put a stop to his fun by informing him he would be wanted for the Pasha's works, and must stay in his own place. Since he went, Mabrook has come out wonderfully, and does his own work and Achmet's with the greatest satisfaction. He tells me he likes it best so; he likes to be quiet.

The old lady of the Maohn proposed to come to me, but I would not let her leave her home, which would be quite an adventure to her. I knew she would be exclamatory, and lament over me, and say every moment, "Oh my liver! oh my eyes! The name of

God be upon thee; and never mind! to-morrow, please God, thou wilt be quite well," and so forth. People send me such odd dishes—some very good. Zeynib—Yussuf's wife—packed two calves' feet tight in a little black earthen pan, with a seasoning of herbs, and baked it in the bread oven, and the result was excellent. Also she made me a sort of small macaroni, extremely good. Now, too, we can get milk again, and Omar makes "kishta," *alias* clotted cream.

My boat is not yet down stream; it, and one other, are the last boats of the year. I hear the cataract is in very good order for shooting, and I know the cataract men will do their best. She will then go to Cairo, and return here, which will be an affair of six or seven weeks. My two hawagas (gentlemen) like to take their time.

I am going to buy a horse cheap, for sixteen pounds. I cannot find a good donkey here, unless at a monstrous price. All the good donkeys are sold to pay taxes, and the imported ones at Keneh are very dear, so the horse will be best. I shall take one of Abdallah's men as sais to groom him and run by my side; these men run like greyhounds, and don't mind how far. I wish I were well enough to go into the desert for a while.

Yussuf is so sorry I have not health, nor he money enough, to go together to India: when I told him I had been invited, he said he should like to go with me, and we could visit the Ulema and hear all about everything. There would be a chance of hearing something instructive. A Mufti from the Gama 'l Azhar in Cairo, and a Shereef to boot, is revered in the whole Muslim world, and with this guarantee one would hear all sorts of things.

An American whom I saw tells me there is a very handsome illustrated edition of my letters published in America. I should like to see it. I saw in a catalogue of Williams and Norgate, to be sold cheap, a good edition of the "Arabian Nights" in Arabic. I should much like to have it, and I should also much like to give Yussuf Lane's Arabic Dictionary. He is very anxious to have it, but I fear it is not published yet. I can't read the "Arabian Nights," but it is a favourite amusement to make one of the party read aloud; a stray copy of "Kamar-es-Yeman and Sitt Boodoora" went all round Luxor, and was much coveted for the village *soirées*. But its owner departed, and left us to mourn over the loss of his MSS.

I must tell you a black standard of respectability (it is quite equal to the English one of

the gig, or the ham for breakfast). I was taking counsel with my friend Rachmeh, a negro, about Mabrook, and he urged me strongly to try and keep him, because he saw that the lad really loved me. "Moreover," said he, "the boy is of a respectable family, for he told me his mother wore a cow's tail down to her heels (that, and a girdle to which the tail is fastened, and a tiny leathern apron in front, constituting her whole wardrobe), and that she beat him well when he told lies or stole his neighbour's eggs." Poor woman; I wish this abominable slave trade had spared her and her boy. What folly it is to stop the Circassian slave trade (if it is stopped) and to leave this. The Circassians take their own children to market, as a way of providing for them handsomely; and both boys and girls like being sold to the rich Turks; but the blacks and Abyssinians fight hard for their own liberty and that of their cubs. Mabrook swears that there were two Europeans in the party which attacked his village and killed he knew not how many, and carried him and others off. He was not stolen by Arabs, or by Barrabras, like our former servant, Hassan, but taken in "war" from his home by the seaside, a place called Bookee, and carried in a ship to Jeddah, and thence back to Kosseir

and Keneh, where he was sold. I must say that once here the slaves are happy and well off, but the waste of life and misery caused by the trade must be immense.

The slaves are coming down the river by hundreds every week, and are very cheap—twelve to twenty pounds for a fine boy, and nine pounds and upwards for a girl. I heard that the last "gellab" (or slave dealer) who called, offered a woman and baby for anything anyone would give for them, on account of the trouble of the baby. By-the-bye, Mabrook displays the negro talent for babies, now that Achmet is gone, who scolded them and drove them out; Mohammed's children, quite babies, are for ever trotting after "Maboo," as they pronounce his name, and he talks incessantly to them. He is one of the sons of Anak, and already as big and strong as a man.

I wish I could hope to get to see you, but I fear I shall hardly be strong enough this summer for a long journey. . . . I am drinking camel's milk again. Every morning the "naga" (she-camel) comes with her son, and gives a huge jug of warm foaming milk, better than that of any beast I know. Don't be uneasy about me as to care. Omar knows exactly what to do, and if I were to be ill enough to want more help, Yussuf would always sit up alter-

nate nights; but it is not necessary. Arabs make no grievance about broken rest; they don't "go to bed properly," but lie down half dressed, and have a happy faculty of sleeping at odd times and anyhow, which enables them to wait on one day and night, without distressing them as it distresses us. Omar continues to protest against any more servants; he says he and Mabrook are plenty, and certainly I find it so. If a very good black woman comes in my way, perhaps I might take her. There are excellent black slave women, but they are not often to be had, only when a man dies or is ruined, or his wife forces him to sell his slave, or the like. I fear to take the responsibility of a girl who would be a savage, and want teaching everything besides.

I am a special favourite with all the young lads; they must not talk much before grown men, so they come and sit on the floor round my feet, and ask questions and advice, and enjoy themselves amazingly. Hobble-de-hoy-hood is very different here from what it is with us; they care earlier for the affairs of the grown-up world, and are more curious and more polished, but lack the fine animal gaiety of our boys. The girls are much more *gamin* than the boys, and more romping and joyous.

It is very warm now. I, who worship "Amun Ra," love to feel the "Shems el Kebeer" (the big sun) in his glory. It is long since I have had letters. I long to know how you all are.

LUXOR, *April 12th*, 1867.

This has been a bad winter even here; I never knew such coughs and colds in Luxor. I am better at last, having begun to sleep again, and am fetching up arrears by sleeping all night and again in the day, and I hope I shall get stronger.

J——'s visit was quite a "red" (festival), as the people said. When I got up on the morning she was expected, I found the house decked with palm branches and lemon blossoms, and the holy flags of Abu 'l Haggag waving over my balconies. The mosque people had brought them, saying all the people were happy to-day, because it was a fortunate day for me. I suppose if I had had a mind to *testify*, I ought to have indignantly torn down the banners which bear the declaration, "there is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." But it appeared to me that if Imauns and Muezzins could send their banners to decorate a Christian house, the Christian might manage to endure the kindness. Then there was fantasia on horseback, and all the "notables" to meet the

boat, and general welcome and jubilation. Next day I went on with R—— and J—— in the steamer, and had a very pleasant time to Assouan and back, and they stayed another day here, and I hired a little dahabieh to go down with them to Keneh, where they stayed a day; after which Sheykh Yussuf and I sailed back again to Luxor. As bad luck would have it, we had hot weather just the week they were here: since then it has been quite cool.

J—— has left me her little black and tan terrier, called "Bob," a very nice little dog, but I can't hope to rival Omar in his affections. He sleeps in Omar's bosom, and Omar spoils and pets him all day, and tells the people how the dog drinks tea and coffee and eats dainty food, and the people say, "Mashallah," whereas I should have expected them to curse the dog's father. The other day a scrupulous person drew back with an air of alarm from "Bob's" approach, whereupon the dog stared at him and forthwith plunged into Sheykh Yussuf's lap, from which stronghold he "yapped" defiance at whosoever should object to him. I never laughed more heartily, and Yussuf went into a fou rire. The mouth of the dog only is unclean, and Yussuf declares he is a very well-educated dog, and does not attempt

to lick: he pets him accordingly, and gives him tea in his own saucer, only *not* in the cup.

I am to inherit another better blackie from some people in Keneh: the funniest little fellow. I hope he will be as good and innocent as Mabrook. I can't think why I go on expecting so-called savages to be different from other people. Mabrook's simple talk about his village, and the animals and the victuals; and how the men of a neighbouring village stole him in order to sell him for a gun (the price of a gun is a boy), but were prevented by a razzia of Turks, &c., who killed the first aggressors and took all the children—all this he tells just as an English boy might tell of bird-nesting. He has the same general notions of right and wrong; and yet his tribe know neither bread nor any sort of clothes, nor cheese nor butter, nor have they even milk to drink, nor even the African beer (mereessah); and it always rains there, and is always deadly cold at night, so that without a fire they would die. They have two products of civilization—guns and tobacco, for which they pay in boys and girls, whom they steal. I wonder where the country is; it is called "Sowaghli," and the next people are "Mueseh" on the sea-coast, and it is not so hot as Egypt. It must

be in the southern hemisphere. The new "negrillon" is from Darfoor. Won't M—— be amused by his attendants? the Darfoor boy will trot after him, as he can shoot and clean guns, tiny as he is. I wish he may stay the winter here; I really think he would enjoy it.

The post here is dreadful; I would not mind their reading my letters if they would only send them. I receive the *Athenæum* very often, and have received reviews from you and been very grateful for them. I will write again soon. I suppose you will have heard from J—— about her excursion. What I liked best was shooting the cataract in a little boat; it was fine "fantasia."

LUXOR, *April 19th*, 1867.

Since the hot weather has come I am mending. I expect my boat up in two or three weeks, and next month I will start down the river; it will be time to make plans for next winter when I am in Cairo. Mustafa will go down with me, and, in return, will send my horse and sais in a boat with his two horses. I shall be very glad of his company, and it will be very convenient. Perhaps Yussuf will come too.

I have been much amused lately by a new acquaintance, who, in romances of the last

century, would be called an "Arabian sage." Sheykh Abdurrachman lives in a village half a day's journey off, and came over to visit me and to doctor me according to the science of Galen and Avicenna. Fancy a tall, thin, graceful man, with a grey beard and liquid eyes, absorbed in studies of the obsolete kind, a doctor of theology, law, medicine and astronomy. We spent three days in arguing and questioning; I consented to swallow a potion or two which he made up before me, of very innocent materials. My friend is neither a quack nor superstitious, and two hundred years ago would have been a better physician than most in Europe. Indeed, I would rather swallow his physic now than that of many a M.D. I found him like all the learned theologians I have known, extremely liberal and tolerant. You can conceive nothing more interesting and curious than the conversation of a man learned and intelligent, and utterly ignorant of all modern Western science. If I was pleased with him, he was enchanted with me, and swore by God that I was a Mufti indeed, and that a man could nowhere spend time so delightfully as in conversation with me. He said he had been acquainted with two or three Englishmen who had pleased him much, but that if all Englishwomen were like

me the power must necessarily be in our hands, for that my "akl" (brain, intellect) was far above that of the men he had known. He objected to our medicine, that it seemed to consist in palliatives, which he rather scorned, and aimed always at a radical cure. I told him that if he had studied anatomy he would know that radical cures were difficult of performance, and he ended by lamenting his ignorance of English or some European language, and that he had not learned our "Ilm" (science) also. Then we plunged into sympathies, mystic numbers, and the occult virtues of stones, &c., and I swallowed my mixture (consisting of liquorice, cummin, and soda) just as the sun entered a particular house and the moon was in some favourable aspect. He praised to me his friend, a learned Jew of Cairo. I could have fancied myself listening to Abu Sulyman of Cordova, in the days when we were barbarians and the Arabs were the learned race. There is something very winning in the gentle, dignified manners of all the men of learning I have seen here, and their homely dress and habits make it still more striking. I longed to photograph my Sheykh as he sat on my divan pulling MSS. out of his bosom to read to me the words of "El Hakeem Lokman," or to overwhelm me

with the authority of some physician whose very name I had never heard.

The hand of the government is awfully heavy upon us. All this week the people have been working night and day cutting their unripe corn, because 310 men are to go to-morrow to work on the railway below Sioot. This green corn is, of course, valueless to sell and unwholesome to eat; so the magnificent harvest of this year is turned to bitterness at the last moment. From a neighbouring village all the men are gone, and seven more are wanted to make up the corvée. The population of Luxor is 1,000 males of all ages; so you can guess how many strong men are left after 310 are taken.

The poor Copts are working away to-day at their 450 "rekahs" (prostrations), which take place on Good Friday: how tired and faint they will be to start to-morrow for the works, after fifty-five days' hard fasting, too.

The new black boy who is coming to me is, I am told, a Coptic Christian, which is odd, as he is from Darfoor, which is a Mohammedan country. Mabrook suits me better and better: he has a very good, kind disposition; I have grown very fond of him. I am sure you will be pleased with his pleasant,

honest face. I don't like to think too much about seeing you and M—— next winter, for fear I should be disappointed. If I am too sick and wretched I can hardly wish you to come, because I know what a nuisance it is to be with one always coughing and panting, and unable to do like other people. But if I pick up tolerably this summer I shall be very glad to see you and him once more.

This house is falling sadly to decay, which produces snakes and scorpions. I sent for the "hawee," or charmer, who caught a snake, but who can't conjure the scorpions out of their holes. One of my fat turkeys has just fallen a victim, and I am in constant fear for my little dog Bob, only he is always in Omar's arms. I think I described to you the festival of Sheykh Gibricel: the dinner, and the poets who improvised; this year I had a fine piece of declamation in my honour. A real calamity is the loss of our good Maohn. The Mudir hailed him from his steamer to go to Keneh directly, with no further notice. We hoped some good luck for him, and so it would have been to a Turk. He is made "Nazer el Gism" over the poor people at the railroad work. He only gets two pounds five shillings per month additional, and has to keep a horse and a donkey, and to buy them, and keep a sais,

and he does *not* know how to squeeze the fellaheen. It is true, "however close you skin an onion, a clever man can always peel it again," which means that even the poorest devils at the works can be beaten into giving a little more; but our dear Maohn, God bless him, will be ruined and made miserable by his promotion. I had a very woful letter from him yesterday.

THEBES, *May 15th*, 1867.

All the Christendom of Upper Egypt is in a state of excitement, owing to the arrival of the Patriarch of Cairo, who is now in Luxor. My neighbour, Mikaeel, entertains him, and Omar has been busily decorating his house, and arranging the illumination of his garden, and to-day is gone to cook the confectionary, he being looked on as the person best acquainted with the customs (terteeb) of the great. Last night the Patriarch sent for me, and I went to kiss his hand, but I won't go again. It was a very dull caricature of the thunders of the Vatican. Poor Mikaeel had planned that I was to dine with the Patriarch, and had borrowed my silver spoons, &c., &c., &c., in that belief. But the representative of St. Mark is furious against the American missionaries, who have converted some twenty Copts at Koos,

and he could not bring himself to be decently civil to a Protestant. I found a coarse-looking man seated on a raised divan, smoking his chibouk : on his right were some priests on a low divan ; I went up and kissed his hand, and was about to sit by the priests, but he roughly ordered a cawass to put a wooden chair off the carpet to his left, at a distance from him, and told me to sit there. I looked round to see whether any of my neighbours were present, and I saw the consternation in their faces, so not wishing to annoy them, I did as if I did not perceive the affront, and sat down and talked for half-an-hour to the priests, and then took leave. Mikaeel's servant brought a pipe, but the Patriarch bawled at him to take it away, and then poor Mikaeel asked his leave to give me a cup of coffee, which was granted. I was informed that the Catholics were (naas mesakeen) poor, inoffensive people, and that the Muslims at least were of an old religion, but that the Protestants ate meat all the year round, "like dogs," — "or Muslims," put in Omar, who stood behind my chair, and did not relish the mention of dogs and the "English religion" in one sentence. As I went the Patriarch called for dinner; it seems he had told Mikaeel he would not eat with me. It is evidently "a judgment" of a most signal

nature that I should be snubbed for the offences of missionaries, but it has caused some ill blood; the Cadee and Sheykh Yussuf, and the rest, who all intended to do the civil to the Patriarch, now won't go near him, on account of his rudeness to me. He has come up in a steamer, at the Pasha's expense, with a guard of cawasses, and, of course, is loud in praise of the Government, though he failed in getting the Mudir to send all the Protestants of Koos to the public works, or the army.

From what he said before me about the Abyssinians, and, still more, from what he said to others about the English prisoners up there, I am convinced that the place to put the screw on is at the "batrarchane" (palace) at Cairo, and that the priests are at the bottom of that affair. He boasted immensely of the obedience and piety of "El Habbesh" (Abyssinia).

Yesterday I heard a little whispered murmuring about the money demanded by the "Father." One of my Copt neighbours was forced to sell me his whole provision of cooking butter to pay his quota. This a little damps the exultation caused by seeing him so honoured by the Pasha. Keneh gave him 200 purses (600*l.*) I do not know what Luxor has given yet, but it falls heavy on the top of all the other taxes. One man who had heard that

he called the American missionaries "beggars," grumbled to me, "Ah, yes! beggars, beggars; they did not ask me for any money." I really do think that there must be something in this dread of the Protestant movement. Evidently the Pasha is backing up the Patriarch, who keeps his church well apart from all other Christians, and well under the thumb of the Turks. It was pretty to hear the priests talk so politely of Islam, and curse the Protestants so bitterly. We were very nearly having a row about a woman, who formerly turned Moslimeh to get rid of an old blind Copt husband, who had been forced upon her, and was permitted to recant, I suppose in order to get rid of the Muslim husband in his turn. However, he said, "I don't care; she is the mother of my two children, and whether she is Muslim or Christian she is my wife, and I won't divorce her, but I'll send her to church as much as she likes." Thereupon the priests of course dropped the wrangle, much to the relief of Yussuf, in whose house she had taken up her quarters after leaving the church, and who was afraid of being drawn into a dispute.

My new little Darfoor boy is very funny and very intelligent. I hope he will turn out well; he seems well disposed, though rather lazy. Mabrook quarrelled with a boy belonging

to the quarter close to us about a bird, and both boys ran away. The Arab boy is missing still, I suppose, but Mabrook was brought back by force, swelling with passion, and with his clothes most scripturally "rent." He had regularly "run amuck." Sheykh Yussuf lectured him on his insolence to the people of the quarter, and I wound up by saying, "Oh, my son! whither then dost thou wish to go? I cannot let thee wander about like a beggar, with torn clothes and no money, that the police may take thee and put thee in the army; but say where thou desirest to go, and we will talk about it with discretion." It at once broke in upon him that he did not want to go anywhere, and he said, "I repent; I am but an ox, bring the courbash, beat me, and let me go to finish cooking the Sitt's dinner." I remitted the beating, with a threat that if he bullied the neighbours again, he would get it at the police, and not from Omar's very inefficient arm. In half-an-hour he was as merry as ever. It was a curious display of negro temper, and all about nothing at all. As he stood before me he looked quite grandly tragic; and swore he only wanted to run outside and die; that was all!

I must get you to send me stuff to clothe my boys: not yet, but towards the winter; stout unbleached calico, a horse cloth each,

and a piece or two of strong print, and some coarse red flannel or serge. Little Darfoor, of course, is very chilly, and requires flannel shirts; I have cut up some old clothes to make them.

We have had a curiously cool season, but the winds have been infernal; the heat only began yesterday. I have been very ailing indeed; never ill enough to be laid up and never well enough to get out. I hope soon to feel better. I have never been in any danger all the winter, but I have never been at all well; chiefly a feeling of horrid weakness and fatigue. I have never been well enough to get on the horse, which is provoking, but can't be helped.

I wish you could have heard (and understood) my *soirées*, "au clair de la lune," with Sheykh Abdurrachman and Sheykh Yussuf. How Abdurrachman and I wrangled, and how Yussuf laughed and egged us on! Abdurrachman was wroth at my want of faith in physic generally, as well as his in particular, and said I talked like an infidel, for had not God said, "I have made a medicine for every disease?" I said, "Yes; but he does not say that he has told the doctors which it is: and meanwhile I say, 'hekmet Allah'—God will cure—which can't be called an infidel sentiment." Then we

got into alchemy, astrology, magic, and the rest; and Yussuf vexed his friend by telling gravely stories palpably absurd. Abdurrachman intimated that he was laughing at "el Ilm el Muslimeen," the science of the Muslims; but Yussuf said, "What is the 'Ilm el Muslimeen?' God has revealed religion through his prophets, and we can learn nothing new on that point; but all other learning he has left to the intelligence of men, and the Prophet Mohammed said, 'All learning is from God, even the learning of idolaters.' Why then should we Muslims shut out the light, and want to remain ever like children. The learning of the Franks is as lawful as any other." Abdurrachman was too sensible a man to be able to dispute this, but it vexed him.

I am tired of telling all the "plackereien" of our poor people, how 310 men were dragged off on Easter Monday with their bread and tools, how in four days they were all sent back from Keneh, because there were no orders about them, and made to pay their boat hire. Then in five days they were all sent for again. Meanwhile the harvest was cut green, and the wheat is lying out unthrashed to be devoured by the birds and rats, and the men's bread was wasted and spoiled with the hauling in and out of the boats. I am obliged to send camels

twenty miles for charcoal, because the Ababdeh won't bring it to market any more, the tax is too heavy. Butter, too, we have to buy secretly, none comes into the market. When I remember the lovely smiling landscape which I first beheld from my windows, swarming with beasts and men, and look at the dreary waste now, I feel the "foot of the Turk" heavy indeed. Where there were fifty donkeys there is but one. Camels, horses, all are gone; not only the horned cattle, even the dogs are more than decimated, and the hawks and vultures seem to me fewer; mankind has no food to spare for hangers-on. The donkeys are sold, the camels confiscated, and the dogs are dead (the one sole advantage). Meat is cheap, as everyone must sell to pay taxes, and no one has money to buy. I am implored to take sheep and poultry for what I will give. Excuse my being idle, I am still so shaky, although really better.

THEBES, *May 23rd*, 1867.

I have only time for a few words by Giafar Pasha, who goes early in the morning. The little Darfoor boy has been brought to me; he is very intelligent. I hope he will do well; he has quite lost his air of solemnity, and seems very happy and inclined to be affectionate, I think; I have had to scold him for

dirtiness and bad language, in which he indulged most profusely; but he is quite childish, and I hope will soon lose it. My boat arrived all right. She brought me all sorts of things; the books and toys were very welcome. The latter threw little Darfoor into ecstasies, and he got into disgrace for "playing with the Sitt," instead of minding some business in hand. I fear I shall spoil him, he is so extremely engaging, and such a baby. He is still changing his teeth, so cannot be more than eight; at first I did not like him, and feared he was sullen, but it was the usual "khoss" (fear), the word that is always in one's ears, and now that is gone, he is always coming hopping in to play with me. He is extremely intelligent, and has a pretty baby nigger face. The Darfoor people are, as you know, an independent and brave people, and by no means "savages." I can't help thinking how pleased R—— would be with the child. He asked me to give him the picture of the English Sultaneh out of the *Illustrated London News*, and has stuck it inside the lid of his box.

I am better, as usual, since the heat has set in, the last six days. I shall leave this in a week, I think, and Mustafa and Yussuf will go with me to Cairo. Yussuf was quite enchanted with your note to him; his eyes glistened, and

he took a stout envelope to keep it carefully. Omar said such a letter is like a Hegab (amulet), and Yussuf said, "Truly it is, and I could never have one with more 'baraka' (blessing, or more like the virtue which went out of Jesus), if ever I wore one at all; I will never part with it."

We had a very pretty festival for the Sheykh, whose tomb you have a photograph of, and I spent a very pleasant evening with Sheykh Abd el Mootooal, who used to scowl at me, but now we are "like brothers." I found him very clever, and better informed than any Arab I have met, who is quite apart from all Franks. I was astonished to find that he "abondait dans mon sens" in my dispute with Sheykh Abdurrachman, and said that it was the duty of Muslims to learn what they could from us, and not to stick to the old routine.

On Sunday the Patriarch snubbed me, and would not eat with me, and on Monday a "walee" (saint) picked out tit-bits for me with his own fingers, and went with me inside the tomb. The Patriarch has made a blunder with his progress. He has come ostentatiously as the *protégé* and *prôneur* of the Pasha, and he has "eaten" and beaten the fellaheen, and wanted to maltreat a woman for mentioning divorce. The Copts of Luxor have had to pay forty

pounds for the honour of his presence, besides no end of sheep, poultry, butter, &c. If I were of a proselytising mind, I could make converts of several whose pockets and backs are smarting, and the American missionaries will do it. Of course the Muslims sympathize with the converts to a religion which has no "idols," and no monks, and whose priests marry like other folk, so they are the less afraid. I hear there are fifty Protestants at Koos, and the Patriarch was furious because he could not beat them. Omar very civilly cooked a grand dinner for him last night for Mikaeel, a neighbour of ours, and the eating was not over till two in the morning. Our government should manage to put the screw on him about the Abyssinian prisoners. I dare not say who told me all that I heard, but he was a truthful man, and a Christian. The Patriarch answered me sharply when I asked about the state of religion in Abyssinia, that "they were lovers of the faith, and his obedient children." Whenever there is mischief among the Copts, the priests are at the bottom of it. If the Patriarch chose, those people would be let go; and so it would be, but he hates all Europeans bitterly.

I should like to have the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of all things, but I don't know how it is

to come here, or what the postage would cost. They send nothing but letters above Cairo by post, as all goes on men's backs. "'Inshallah!' I am the bearer of good news," cries the postman, as he flings the letter over the wall. I am so glad of getting news to you quick. Giafar Pasha came here like a gentleman, alone, without a retinue; he is on his way from two years in the Soodan, where he is absolute Pasha. He is much liked and respected, and seems a very sensible and agreeable man, quite unlike any Turkish big-wig I have seen. Great potentate as he is, he made Yussuf, Mustafa, and Abdallah sit down, and was extremely civil and simple in his manners. I believe he is a real Turk, and not a memlook like the rest. I will write again soon. Now you will soon know that I am much better, and all is prospering with me.

BENISOUEF, *June 30th*, 1867.

I write on the chance that this may go safe by post, that you may not think me lost. I left Luxor on the 31st May, got to Sioot (half way) in a week, and have ever since been battling with an unceasing furious north and north-east wind. I feel like the much travelled Odysseus, and have seen "villages and men;" unlike him, however, "my companions" have neither grumbled nor deserted, though it is a bad busi-

ness for them, having received their money at the rate of about twenty days' pay, for which they must take me to Cairo. They have eaten all, and are now obliged to stop and make bread here, but they are as good-humoured as if all were well.

My fleet consisted of my dahabieh, flag ship; tender, a "kyasseh" for my horse and "sais," wherein were packed two extremely poor shrivelled old widows, going to Cairo to see their sons, now in garrison there, lots of hard bread, wheat, flour for all the lads of "my family" studying at "Gama 'l Azhar," besides queer little stores of long-hoarded money in my box for those "megowareen." Don't you wish you could provide for M—— with a sack of bread, a basket of onions, and one pound sixteen shillings?

The handsome brown Sheykh el Arab Hassan wanted me to take him, but I knew him to be a "fast" man, and asked Yussuf how I could avoid it without breaking the laws of hospitality, so my "father," the old Shereef, told Hassan that he did not choose his daughter to travel with a wine-bibber, and a frequenter of loose company.

Under my convoy sailed two or three little boats with family parties. One was very pretty, whose steersman was a charming little fat girl of five years old. All these hoped to escape

being caught and worked by the way, by belonging to me, and they dropped off at their several villages.

I am very tolerably well, better than when I sailed, in spite of the wind. We have had no heat this year till to-day; I mean compared to other years.

Poor Reis Mohammed had a very bad attack of ophthalmia, and sat all of a heap, groaning all day and night, and protesting "I am a Muslim," equivalent to "God's will be done." At one place I was known, and had a lot of sick to see, and a civil man killed a sheep and regaled us all with meat and fateereh. The part of the river in which we were kept is made cheerful by the custom of the hareem being just as free to mix with men as Europeans, and I quite enjoyed the pretty girls' faces, and the gossip with the women who came to fill their water jars and peep in at the cabin windows, which, by the way, they always asked leave to do.

The Sheykh al Hawarii gave me two sheep, which are in the "kyasset" with four others, all presents, and which Omar intends you to eat at Cairo. The Sheykh is very anxious to give you an entertainment at his palace, if you come up the river, with horse riding, feasting, and dancing girls. In fact I am charged with many messages to "el kebeer" or the master.

I must send this off now, as my men are coming back with their bread.

CAIRO, *July 8th*, 1867.

I arrived to-day, after thirty-eight days' voyage; one month of ceaseless, furious wind. My poor men had a hard pull down against it. However, I am feeling better than when I left Luxor, and was quite fairly, spite of dust and wind.

BOULAK, *July 28th.*

Your letter just arrived is an unspeakable relief to me, after the great anxiety I have been in ever since the news of your illness, which I found on arriving here. I know I can write nothing more to please and comfort you than that I am a good deal better.

It has been intensely hot, and the wind very worrying, but I am better, and I do not feel nearly so weak as I did. I am anchored here in the river at my old quarters. I have not yet been ashore, owing to the hot wind and dust, which of course are far less troublesome on the river. I have seen very few people, and have but one neighbour, in a boat anchored near me, a very bewitching Circassian, the former slave of a rich Pasha, now married to a very respectable dragoman, and staying in his boat for a

week or two. She is young and pretty, and very amiable, and we visit each other often, and get on very well indeed. She is a very religious little lady, and was much relieved when I assured her it was not part of my daily devotion to curse the prophet and revile the noble Koran.

My eight "megowareen" (students of Gama 'l Azhar) are coming as soon as there is a good moon to read the Koran here, for my benefit, one night, and to have a good dinner of boiled mutton. We shall kill one of the Luxor sheep for them. I told the young Shereef if he found any Cape Town Malay to bring him with them.

I am extremely glad that the English have given a hearty welcome to the "Ameer el Moorneneen" (Commander of the Faithful); it will have a good effect in all Mussulman countries. A queer little Indian from Delhi, who had got converted to Islam, and spent four years at Mecca acting as dragoman to his own countrymen, is now settled at Karnac. I sent for him, and he came shaking in his shoes. I asked why he was afraid. "Oh, perhaps I was angry about something, and he was my 'rayah,' and I might have him beaten." I cried out at him, "Ask pardon of God, oh man! How could I beat thee any more than

thou couldst beat me? Have we not laws? and art thou not my brother, and the 'rayah' of our Queen, as I am and no more?" "Mashallah!" exclaimed the six or eight fellaheen who were waiting for physic, in prodigious admiration and wonder; "and did we not tell thee that the face of the Sitt brings good fortune and not calamity and stick?" I found the little Indian had been a hospital servant in Calcutta, and was practising a little physic on his own account. So I gave him a few drugs especially for bad eyes, which he knew a good deal about, and we became great friends, and he was miserable when I left, and would have liked me to have taken him as a volunteer servant. If I had not already the two black boys I think I should have given him a trial.

I have come to a curious honour. "*Ich bin bei lebendigem Leibe besungen*"—(my praises have been sung). Several parties of real Arabs came with their sick on camels from above Edfou. I asked at last what brought them, and they told me that a shaer (bard or poet) had gone about *singing* my praises, as how the daughter of the English was a flower on the heads of the Arabs, and those who were sick should go and smell the perfume of the flower and rejoice in the brightness of the

light (nooreen) — my name. Rather a high-flown way of mentioning the "exhibition" of a black dose. But we don't feel that a man makes a fool of himself here when he is romantic in his talk even about an old woman. I hope J —— told you how the Luxor folk received her and R——, and how the people of the mosque sent the holy flags to decorate my house all over in honour of the joy of her arrival, and to show that they wished us every blessing from God.

It is no use to talk of the state of things here; all classes are suffering terribly under the fearful taxation, the total ruin of the fellaheen and the destruction of trade. My head workmen of last year came to see me, and to express their joy that I had had such good luck with the boat, and that no evil had happened to her. My grocer is half ruined by the "improvements" making "*à l'instar de Paris*" — long military straight streets cut through the heart of Cairo. The owners are expropriated, and there is an end of it. Only those who have half a house left are to be pitied, because they are forced to build a new front to the street on a Frankish model, which renders it uninhabitable to them and unsaleable.

The river men are excited about the crews gone to Paris, for fear they should be forcibly

detained by the Sultaneh Franzaweeh. I assured them that they will all come back safe and happy, with a good backsheesh from him. Many of them think it a sort of degradation to be taken for the Parisians to stare at like an "anteeka," a word which here means what our people call a "curiosity."

I go on very well with my two boys. Mabrook washes very well, and acts as *marmiton*. Darfoor is housemaid and waiter in his very tiny way. He is only troublesome as being given to dirty his clothes in an incredibly short time; but he is sweet-tempered and clever. His account of the "Schulwesen" (school system) of Darfoor is curious. How when the little boy has achieved excellence he is carried home in triumph to his father's house, who makes a festival for the master and boys. I suppose you will be surprised to hear that the Darfoor "niggers" can nearly all read and write. I have a beautiful "Guide of the Faithful," written in Darfoor long ago. It was given me by the Cadi at Luxor. Poor little Darfoor apologised to me for his ignorance; he was stolen, he said, when he had only just begun to go to school. I wish an English or French servant could hear the instructions given by an alim here to serving men. How he would resent them! "When

thou hast tired out thy back do not put thy hand behind it," (*i.e.*, don't shirk the burthen). "Remember that thou art not only to obey, but to please thy master, whose bread thou eatest;" and much more of the like. In short, a standard of religious obedience and fidelity fit for the highest Catholic idea of the "religious life." Upon the few who seek instruction it does have an effect—but of course they are few; and those who don't seek it themselves get none. It is curious to see how all children here are left utterly without any religious instruction. I don't know whether it is in consequence of this that they grow up so very devout.

A—— seems to doubt whether he will come, and to fear that M—— will be bored. Was I different to other children and young people, or has the race changed? When I was of M——'s age I should have thought anyone mad who talked of a Nile voyage as possibly a bore, and would have embarked in a washing tub if anyone would have offered to take me, and that with rapture. All romance and all curiosity too seems dead and gone. Even old and sick, and not very happily placed, I still cannot understand the idea of not being amused and interested. If M—— wishes to see the Nile let him come, because it is worth

seeing; but if he is only to be sent because of me, let it alone. I know I am oppressive company now, and am apt, like Mr. Woodhouse in "Emma," to say "Let us all have some gruel."

We know nothing at Boulak of a prohibition of gunpowder, only at this moment four Europeans are popping away incessantly at Embabeh just opposite.

Evidently the Pasha wants to establish a right of search on the Nile. That speech about slaves he made at Paris shows that. With so many in his hareem, several slave regiments, and gangs on all his sugar plantations, this speech is wonderful. My lads are afraid to go out alone for fear of being snapped up by cavasses and taken to the army or the sugar works.

You will be sorry to hear that your stalwart friend Hassan has had fifty pair of courbash (*i.e.*, fifty blows on each foot-sole), and had to pay six pounds. He was taking two donkeys to Shepherd's hotel before sunrise for a French lady and gentleman, to go to the Pyramids, when a cavass met him, seized the donkeys, and on Hassan's refusal to give them up, spat on the side-saddle and reviled Hassan's own hareem, and began to beat him with his courbash. Hassan got impatient, took the cavass up in his arms and threw him on the ground,

and went on. Presently four cavasses came after him, seized him and took him to the Zaptieh (police office), where they all swore he had beat them, torn their clothes, and robbed one of an imaginary watch — all valued at twenty-four pounds. After the beating he was carried to prison in chains, and there sentenced to be a soldier. Some one, however, interfered and settled the affair for six pounds. Hassan sends you his salaam.

I hope the horrid rumour you mention about Maximilian is false. God grant his poor wife may die as she is, without returning to this life at all. To me nothing is more depressing than the Sheffield inquiry. How dare we talk of *savages*, forsooth, and abuse the Abyssinians after that? If such is the result of freedom and Christian civilisation, I begin to be reconciled to the Turkish rule. It is less dreadful to see men suffer oppression than to see them so deeply degraded, and to see educated men tacitly approving such corruption.

Last night was very pretty—all the boats starting for the Moolid of Seyd el Bedawee at Tanta. Every boat had a sort of pyramid of lanterns, and the Derweeshes chaunted, and the worldly folks had profane music and singing, and I sat and looked and listened, and thought how many thousand years ago just the same

thing was going on in honour of Bubastis. There is to be a great illumination, by which the Cairenes are ordered to show their joy at their master's return home.

I feel as if I had told you nothing like what I want to say. I can't find words, and writing is rather *choky* work, especially when one feels what one does not know how to write.

BOULAK, *7th August*, 1867.

My pretty neighbour has gone back into the town. She was a nice little woman, and amused me a good deal. I see that a good, respectable Turkish hareem is an excellent school of useful accomplishments—needlework, cookery, &c. But it must be rather a bore to have to educate little girls for her husband's use, as my friend's "lady" did. I observed that she did not care a bit for the Pasha, by whom she had a child, but was extremely fond of "her lady," as she politely called her; also that, like every Circassian I ever knew, she regarded being sold as quite a desirable fate, and did not in the least complain of being stolen, or seem sorry for her parents, as the negroes always do. I believe that if we do stop the Circassian slave trade it will be a great hardship to them. The African is quite another matter.

The heat has been prodigious, but I am a good deal better, having got up a good appetite again; and I am getting fatter; but it has been too hot to move. Yesterday the Nile had risen above ten cubits, and the cutting the kalig took place. The river is pretty full now, but they say it will go down fast this year. I don't know why. The high wind keeps on, and now it has blown three months without more than six hours' intermission. They say such a year was never known. It is very disagreeable, but the river looks very beautiful now, blood-red and tossed into waves by the north wind fighting the rapid stream.

I don't know how this country is to go on; there is no money, and I hear the debt is enormous. No one has been paid, and Daira bonds are at discount. This war has ruined the country. There is now an additional tax on all animals, and a poll-tax to include women and children is impending. You cannot conceive the distress and discontent; and, as if in mockery, a huge illumination is ordered to be ready to celebrate the master's return.

Two sailors of mine went to Paris in the dahabieh (Nile boat) for the Empress, and are just come back. When I see them I expect I shall have some fun out of their account of their journey. Poor Adam's old father died of grief

at his son's going; nothing would persuade him that Adam would come back safe, and having a heart complaint, he died. And now the lad is come back well and with fine clothes, but is much cut up, I hear, by his father's death. I hear they are dreadfully shocked by the dancing and by the French women of the lower class generally. They sit in the coffee-shops like shaers (poets), and tell the wonders of Paris to admiring crowds. They are enthusiastic about the courtesy of the French police, who actually did not beat them when they got into a quarrel, but scolded the Frankish man instead, and accompanied them back to the boat quite politely. The novelty and triumph of not being beaten was quite intoxicating.

There is such a curious sight of a crowd of men carrying huge blocks of stone up out of a boat. One sees exactly how the stones were carried in ancient times; they sway their bodies all together like one great lithe animal with many legs, and hum a low chant to keep time. It is quite unlike any carrying heavy weights in Europe.

It is getting dusk and too windy for candles, so I must say good-night and eat the dinner which Darfoor has pressed on me two or three times. The little fellow is much improved; he is a pleasant little creature, so lively and so gentle.

It is washing day. I wish you could see Mabrook squatting out there, lathering away at the clothes with his superb black arms. He is a capital washer and a fair cook, but an utter savage.

BOULAK, *28th August*, 1867.

There is great excitement here now; all government *employés* are cut down one-fifth of their pay, and half are to be dismissed. Every artizan to pay twenty-five tariff piastres for leave to pursue his trade, and the hated "Firdeh" (poll tax) to be reimposed, and, they say, to be extended to women and children. No one has had a farthing from government for nine months. The poorer employés are in rags and really starving; and the Jews will not lend on the hopes of their arrears ever being paid up.

I received a present from Luxor yesterday—a basket of onions and a bag of lentils. Is not that Egyptian with a vengeance? And I hear that a man I knew there has killed himself on account of money he owed to a company. I never knew an Arab do such a thing before.

There is a pretty white house behind mine at Luxor. The owner, a Copt, is going to open an hotel there. I daresay it will answer very well.

Bob, the dog, is growing old; he was very troublesome while Omar was away at Alexandria for a week, and took to being perversely dirty. He hates everybody except Omar and Reis Mohammed, and is very peevish, but I respect his indomitable pluck in attacking any number of Arab dogs of any size. He has been bitten again, and the doctor sewed him up, and he seems not a bit the worse.

Omar is so enchanted by your kind message, that he swears by Allah that whenever you come to Alexandria his wife shall kiss your hand. You can hardly understand Egyptian ideas enough to feel the force of the sentiment.

I have a great want; if you have an opportunity of sending, if not I will buy at Alexandria. I want a supply of powdered opium and of ipecacuanha. My reputation for curing dysentery leads to a constant call for these; but they must be perfectly dry and well stoppered, or they get mouldy on the way. Your people don't fasten their bottles well; tell them corks are of no use in Egypt; they dry away to nothing; all should be in stoppered bottles.

There is such a group all stitching away at the new big sail—Omar, the reis, two or three volunteers, old sailors of mine, students of theology, &c., and little Darfoor. I am very fond of little Darfoor; he is the jolliest little

fellow, and has a perfectly imperturbable temper and plenty of pluck. He is idle and dirty, as most small boys are, but very intelligent. If I die I think you must have that tiny black boy over; he is such a merry little soul, I am sure you would love him, and he is really very handy and clever. Mabrook is too mere a savage, and will do very well here as he is big and strong and a very fair cook; but the little Darfoor is quite a civilized being, and has a charming temper, and he seems very small to be left alone in the world; he is about eight, judging by his teeth.

I hear nothing more of M——'s coming here. I hope he is not of the faction of "Les Ennuyés" of this generation. I am more and more of Omar's opinion, who said with a pleased sigh as we sat on the deck of the *Urania*, under some lovely palm-trees in the bright moonlight, moored far from all human dwellings—"How sweet are the quiet places of the world!"

I wonder when Europe will drop the absurd delusion about Christians being persecuted by Muslims. It is absolutely the other way,—here at all events. The Christians know that they will always get backed by some Consul or other, and it is the Muslims who go to the wall invariably. The old brute of a Patriarch is

resolved to continue his persecution of the converts, and I was urged the other day by a Sheykh to go to the "Sheykh-ul-Islam" himself and ask him to demand equal rights for all religions, which is the law, on behalf of these Coptic protestants. Everywhere the Ulema have done what they could to protect them, even at Sioot, where the Americans had caused them a good deal of annoyance on a former occasion. No one in Europe can conceive how much the Copts have the upper hand in the villages. They are backed by the government, and they know that the Europeans will always side with them. I have a strong suspicion that it is much the same in Turkey, if one knew the truth.

BOULAK, 18*th September*, 1867.

You may imagine how glad I was to receive your last letter, from which I conclude that M—— is coming here, though you say nothing about yourself. If M—— really comes, let me know by what boat, that I may send Omar to meet him, for I well remember the horrid desolation of being landed in Alexandria without any help whatever.

My notion is for M—— to see all Cairo well, first, and then to start for four or five months, so as to go to Wady Halfeh (the second

cataract) and not come down too soon for me. Omar is crazy with delight at the idea of M——'s arrival, and Reis Mohammed keeps planning what men to take who can make "fantasia," and not ask too much wages.

Omar begs me to give you and Sitti R—— his best "salaam," and his assurance that he will take great care of the young master and "keep him very tight." He objects to my taking another servant, and says he can manage for us all very well with the boys, and a handy sailor to wash the clothes. I think M—— will be delighted with Mabrook. The young cannibal really cooks very fairly now under Omar's directions, and washes very well, but he is beyond belief uncouth and utters the wildest howls now that his voice is grown big and strong like himself. Moreover, he "won't be spoken to," as our servants say, but he is honest, clean, and careful. I should not have thought any human creature could remain so completely savage in a civilized community. I rather respect his "savage *hauteur*," especially as it is combined with truth and honesty.

BOAT "MARIE LOUISE," *17th October*, 1867.

You must not be wroth with me because I have not written for a long time. I have been ill, but am much better. . . . . Omar will go

down on Sunday if possible, to Alexandria, to meet M——.

My boat is being painted, but is nearly finished; as soon as it is done he will move me back and go. . . . . I got out of my boat into a little cangia, but it swarmed with bugs and wasps, and was too dirty, so I moved into a good boat of Mohammed Omar's, a respectable dragoman, and hope to be back in my own by Sunday. But, heavens! I got hold of the Barber himself, turned painter; and as the little cangia was moored alongside the *Urania* in order to hold all the mattresses, carpets, &c., I was his victim. First, it was a request for three pounds to buy paint. "None but the best of paint is fitting for a noble person like thee, and that thou knowest is costly, and I am thy servant and would do thee honour." "Very well," say I, "take the money and see, oh man, that the paint is of the best, or thy backsheesh will be bad also." Well, he begins and then rushes in to say: "Come, oh Bey, oh Basha! and behold the brilliancy of the white paint, like milk, like glass, like the full moon!" I go and say, "Mashallah! but now be so good as to work fast, for my son will be here in a few days, and nothing is ready." Fatal remark! "Mashallah Bismillah! may the Lord spare him, may God prolong thy days, let me advise

thee how to keep the eye from him, for doubtless thy son is beautiful as a memlook of 1,000 purses. Remember to spit in his face when he comes on board, and revile him aloud that all the people may hear thee, and compel him to wear torn and dirty clothes when he goes out: and how many children hadst thou, and our master, thy master?" &c., &c. "Shukr Allah! all is well with us," I say; "but by the Prophet, paint, oh Maalim (exactly the German *Meister*), and do not break my head any more." But I was forced to take refuge here at a distance from Hagg' Alee's tongue. Read the story of the Barber, and you will know exactly what Maalim Hagg' Alee is. Also just as I got out of my boat and he had begun, the painter whom I had last year, and with whom I was dissatisfied, went to the Sheykh of the painters and persuaded him to put my man in prison for working too cheap—that was at daybreak. So I sent up my reis to the Sheykh to inform him that if my man did not return by next day at daybreak, I would send for a European painter and force the Sheykh to pay the bill. Of course my man did come.

My steersman Hassan, and a very good man Hoseyn, who can wash, and is generally nice and pleasant, arrived from El Bastowee a few days ago, and are waiting here till I want them.

Poor little ugly black Hassan has had his house burnt down in his village, and lost all the clothes which he had bought with his wages; they were very good clothes, some of them, and were a heavy loss. He is my reis's brother, and a very good man indeed; clean and careful and quiet, better than my reis even—they are a respectable family. Big stout Hazazin owes me two hundred piastres which he is to work out, so I have still five men and a boy to get. I hope a nice boy, called "Hederbee" (the lizard) will come. They don't take pay till the day before we sail, except the reis and Abdeel Sadig, who are permanent. But Hassan and Hoseyn are working away as merrily as if they were paid. People growl at the backsheesh, but they should also remember what a quantity of service is got for nothing here, and for which oddly enough no one dreams of asking backsheesh. Once a week we shift the anchors, for fear of their silting over, and six or eight men work for an hour; then the mast is lowered —twelve or fourteen men work at this,—and stopped again—as many more work, and nobody gets a farthing.

The other day Omar met in the market an "agreeable merchant," an Abyssinian fresh from his own country, which he had left because of the tyranny of Kassa, *alias* Todoros, the Sultan.

The merchant had brought his wife and hareem to live here. His account is that the mass of the people are delighted to hear that the English are going to conquer them, as they hope, and that every one hates the king except two or three hundred scamps who form a bodyguard. He had seen the English prisoners, who, he says, are not ill treated, but certainly in danger, as the king is with difficulty restrained from killing them by the said scamps, who fear the revenge of the English; also that there is one woman imprisoned with the native female prisoners. Hassan the donkey boy, when he was a *marmiton* in Cairo, knew the Sultan Todoros: he was the only man who could be found to interpret between the king of Abyssinia and Mohammed Ali Pasha, whom Todoros had come to visit. This merchant also expressed a great contempt for the Patriarch, and for their "Matraam" or Metropolitan, whom the English papers call the "Abuna." "Abuna" is Arabic for "our Father." The man is a Cairene Copt, and was a hanger-on of the English or rather German missionaries here, and he is more than commonly a hypocrite. Pray what was all that nonsense about the Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem writing to Todoros? what could he have to do with it? The Coptic Patriarch, whose place is Cairo, could do it if he were forced.

At last my boat is finished, so to-morrow Omar will clean the windows, and on Saturday move in the cushions, &c., and me, and on Sunday go down to Alexandria.

Well, I must go to bed, and this will go to-morrow. I hear the dreadful voice of Hagg' Alee, the painter, outside, and will retire before he gets to the cabin door, for fear he should want to bore me again. I do hope M—— will enjoy his journey; everyone is anxious to please him. The Sheykh of the Hawara sent his brother to remind me to stop at his "palace" near Girgeh, that he might make a "fantasia" for my son. So M—— will see real Arab riding, and jereed, and sheep roasted whole, and all the rest of it. The Sheykh is the last of the great Arab chieftains of Egypt, and has thousands of fellaheen and a large income.

BOAT "URANIA," BOULAK, *October 21st*, 1867.

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. Many thanks. As you said that the *Sumatra* was to sail on the 10th, I hurried Omar off yesterday morning, thinking she might arrive in ten days. Mabrook is a capital cook, under Omar's orders; little Darfoor is waiter, and Omar will be housemaid, and chaperon M——. I suppose he will not be very *difficile*.

I quite forgot to thank you for the boxes and all their contents. My slaves are enchanted at all that the "great master" sent. One piece and a quarter of that capital brown calico was forthwith cut out by Haggi Hannah into twelve baggy breeches and two "gellabiehs" (the long Arab shirts), which last are gone to be dyed blue, as is the custom here, after they are sewn. Darfoor hugged the horsecloth in ecstacy that he should never again be cold at night. I also presented five yards to poor little Hassan, my steersman, whose clothes were all burnt. The waistcoats of printed stuff, and the red flannel shirts, are gone to be made, so my boys will be like Pashas this winter, as they told the reis. I regret the grand silk skirt you sent, but all the rest is perfection. One cannot buy a scrap of anything here, nothing but shoddy in all its branches.

My reis is awfully perturbed about the evil eye. "Thy boat, Mashallah, is such as to cause envy from beholders; and now when they see a son with thee, Bismillah! like a flower, verily I fear. I fear greatly from the eye of the people." We have brought a tambourine and a darabouka, and are on the look-out for a man who can sing well, so as to have "fantasia" on board. I gave the boat ten men last year for the English travellers, but I shall take

only eight for myself. I had to make a new sail this year and buy a boom. Our sail was ragged and too small, and the boom not tall enough. So we made a new mainsail, and the best of the old made a new mizen and completed the awnings, which were too few. I expect the *Urania* will fly with her great white wing.

I hear that an old Copt of high character in Koos, many years in government employ, was put in chains and hurried off within twenty minutes to Fazoghlu,* with two of his friends, for no other crime than having turned Presbyterian. This is quite a new idea in Egypt, and we all wonder why the Pasha is so anxious to "brush the coat" of the Copt Patriarch. We also hear that the people up in the Saeed are running away by wholesale, utterly unable to pay the new taxes and do the work exacted. Even here the beating for this year's taxes is awful.

BOULAK, *November 3ra*, 1867.

M—— arrived on Friday week, and is as happy and well as can be. Little Blackie's amusement at the boy is boundless; he grins at him all the time he waits at table; he marvels

* See page 174.

at his bathing, at his much walking out shooting, at his knowing no Arabic.

The dyke burst the other day up at Bahr Yussuf, and we were nearly all swept away by the furious rush of water. My little boat was upset while three men in her were securing the anchor, and two of them were nearly drowned, though they swim like fish; all the dahabiehs rattled and pounded; and in the middle of the fracas, at noonday, a steamer ran into us quite deliberately. I was rather frightened when the steamer bumped us and carried away the iron supports of the awning; and they cursed our fathers into the bargain, which I thought needless. However, the "Shorl el Basha" is an answer to all. The English have fallen into such utter contempt here that one no longer gets decent civility from anything in the "Meeree."

*November 19th*, 1867.

Here we are still at Cairo. M—— is extremely well and very happy, and I am sure so am I. I feel it like a new life to me to have the boy with me; he is so kind and thoughtful. . . . O—— has lent us a lovely little skiff, which I have had repaired and painted, so M—— is set up for shooting and boating. Darfoor calls him the "son of a crocodile," because he loves

the water; and generally delights in him hugely, and all my men are enchanted with him. You must not grudge him to me this winter, even if it is waste of time.

THEBES, *December 20th*, 1867.

We arrived here all safe three days ago. M—— is as blooming as a rose, and is getting fat with early hours and a quiet life. We think of starting for Nubia directly after Christmas Day, which we propose to keep here. We have lovely weather. Among other calamities the cock of your gun was knocked off, but Ali Kamooree has got it to mend (by special permission from the Maohn, who gave me a "teskereh"), but I fear he will not make an elegant job of it. M—— and C—— are going with a friend of my friends, a Bedawee, to shoot. I hope among the Ababdeh in Nubia he will get some gazelle shooting. I shall stop at Syaleh to visit the Sheykh's mother, and with them M—— could go for some days into the desert. As to crocodiles, Inshallah, we will eat their hearts, and not they ours. You may rely on it that M—— is "on the head and in the eye" of all my crew, and will not be allowed to bathe in "unclean places." Reis Mohammed stopped him at Gebel Abu 'l Foda. You would be delighted to see how

different the boy looks; all his clothes are too tight now, across the chest especially. . . . He says he is thoroughly happy, and that he never was more amused than when with me, which I think flattering. He is beginning to pick up a little Arabic, and has got a fancy to stay on with me and learn French, Arabic, and Turkish. For many reasons I think it would be a good thing for him. . . .

Half of the old house at Luxor fell down into the temple beneath, six days before I arrived here; so there is an end of the "Maison de France," I suppose. It might be made very nice again at a small expense, but probably the consul will not do it, and certainly I shall not unless I want it again. Nothing remains solid but the small front rooms and the big hall with the two rooms off it. All the part I lived in is gone, and the steps, so one can't get in. Luckily Yussuf had told Mohammed to move my little furniture to the part which is solid, having a misgiving of the rest.

We have the most divine weather, like a beautiful summer at home. Sheykh Yussuf has the most beautiful baby, an exact miniature of himself. He is in a manner my godson, being named "Noor-ed-Deen, Hisham Abu 'l Haggag"; to be called "Noor" like me.

I conclude. The mudir of Keneh beat all the Sheykhs el Beled awfully—one died under the stick, and the Sheykh of the Ababdeh two hours after, of resentment at the insult of being ordered to be beaten—for it was not done: nevertheless the mudir failed to get the money for the taxes, and has been turned off and replaced by a new man. Nobody has any money. I don't know where it has gone: the misery of the government *employés* in Cairo was terrible: no pay for from nine to twelve months.

ON BOARD THE "URANIA," *January* 1868.

Your letter of the 10th December most luckily came on to Edfoo by the American Consul-General, who overtook us there in his steamer and gave me a lunch. M—— was as usual up to his knees in a distant swamp, trying to shoot wild geese. Now we are up close to Assouan, and there are no more marshes: but *en revanche* there are quails and "kata," the beautiful little sand grouse. I eat all that M—— shoots, which I find very good for me; and as to M——, he has got back his old, round, boyish face: he eats like an ogre, walks all day, sleeps like a top, bathes in the morning, and has laid on flesh so that his clothes won't button. At Esneh we fell in with handsome Hassan,

who is now Sheykh of the Ababdeh, as his elder brother died. He gave us a letter to his brother at Syaleh, up in Nubia, ordering him to get up a gazelle hunt for M——, and I am to visit his wife. I think it will be pleasant, as the Bedouin women don't veil or shut up, and to judge by the men ought to be very handsome. Both Hassan and Abu Goord, who was with him, preached the same sermon as my learned friend Abdurrachman had done at Luxor—"why, in God's name, I left my son without a wife," &c. They were sincerely shocked at such indifference to a son's happiness.

ASSOUAN, *Saturday evening, Ramadan.*

I have no almanac, but you can know the date by your own red pocket book, which determined the beginning of Ramadan at Luxor, this year. They received a telegram fixing it for Thursday, but the authorities said that they were sure the astronomers in London knew best, and made it Friday. To-morrow we shall make our bargain, and next day go up the cataract, Inshallah, in safety. The water is very good, as Jesus the black pilot tells me. He goes to the second cataract and back. I intend to stay nearly two months up in Nubia. The weather here is perfect heaven now. We have been most lucky in a lovely mild winter

hitherto: about 72° by day and 60° by night. We are very comfortable, having a capital crew, who are all devoted to M——: likewise Mabrook has conceived a great affection for him. The Sheykh of the Ababdeh has promised to join us if he can, when he has convoyed some 400 Bashi-bazooks up to Wady Halfeh, who are being sent up because the English are in Abyssinia.

LUXOR, *April 28th*, 1868.

I received your letter of the 27th March a few days ago, and was really too weak to write, but the heat set in three days since, and took away my cough, and I feel much better. M—— also flourishes in the broil, and protests against moving yet. He speaks a good deal of Arabic, and is friends with every one. It is "Salaam aleykoom ya màris" on all sides. He has got as far as learning his letters, and I hope will learn more. You would rejoice to see his fat rosy cheeks and increased breadth and vigour. I never beheld such a change for the better in any human being.

A Belgian has died here, and his two slaves, a very nice black boy and an Abyssinian girl, got my little varlet, Darfoor, to coax me to take them under my protection, which I have done, as there appeared to me a strong probability

that they would be "annexed" by a Copt who is French consular agent at Keneh. I believe the Belgian has left money for them, which of course they would never get without some one to look after it; and so I have got Ramadan, the boy, with me, and shall take the girl when I go, and carry them both to Cairo, settle their business, and let them present a sealed-up book which they have to their consul there, according to their master's desire, and then marry the girl to some decent man. I have left her in Mustafa's hareem till I go: it was better so.

I enjoyed Nubia immensely, and long to go and live with the descendants of a great *Ras* who entertained me at Ibreem, and who said, like Ravenswood: "Thou art come to a fallen house, and there is none to serve thee left but me." It was a paradise of a place, and the Nubian had the grand manners of a very old, proud nobleman. I had a letter to him from Sheykh Yussuf.

Since I wrote the above it has turned quite chilly again, so we agreed to stay till the heat really begins. M—— is so charmed with Luxor that he does not want to go. I wish you could see your son barelegged and footed, in a shirt and a pair of white Arab drawers, rushing about with the "fellaheen." He is everybody's 'brother" or "son," and gets even "Salaam

aleykoom." I only want to get to Cairo to see after a sort of teacher for him: he picks up a little talk very fast.

MINIEH, *May* 1868.

We are just arriving at Minieh, whence the railway will take letters quickly. We dined at Keneh and at Sioot with some friends, and had "fantasia." You would have been amused to hear the girl who came to dance at Esneh lecture M—— about evil ways, but she was an old friend of mine, and gave good and sincere advice.

M—— is stronger and better than ever I saw him. I shall look out for some decent young Armenian at Cairo to teach him Arabic and French.

Every one is delighted about Abyssinia. "Thank God our Pasha will fear the English more than before, and the Sultan also." And when I lamented the expense, they all exclaimed, "Never mind the expense, it is worth more than ten millions to you; your faces are whitened and your power enlarged before all the world; but why don't you take us on your way back?"

I saw a very interesting man at Keneh, a Copt who has turned Presbyterian, and has induced a hundred others at Koos to do likewise: an American missionary is their *minister*. The pervert was sent off to the Soudan by the

Patriarch, but brought back. He is a splendid old fellow, and I felt I looked on the face of a Christian martyr, a curious sight in the nineteenth century: the calm, fearless, rapt expression was like what you see in a noble old Italian picture, and he had that perfect absence of "doing pious" which shows the undoubting faith. He and the Mufti, also a noble fellow, sparred about religion in a jocose and friendly tone which would be quite unintelligible in Exeter Hall. When he was gone the Mufti said, "Ah! we thank them, for though they know not the truth of Islam, they are good men, and walk straight, and would die for their religion: their example is excellent; praise be to God for them."

Well, I must say good-bye. I send you an Arab story like "Tannhäuser."

Arab Story resembling "Tannhäuser."—There was once a man who loved a woman that lived in the same quarter. But she was true to her husband, and his love was hopeless, and he suffered greatly. One day as he lay on his carpet sick with love, one came to him and said, "Oh, such-a-one, thy beloved has died even now, and they are carrying her out to the tomb." So the lover arose and followed the funeral, and hid himself near the tomb; and when all were gone, he broke it open and uncovered the face of his be-

loved and looked upon her, and passion overcame him, and he kissed her repeadedly on the mouth and eyes. But he went back to the city and to his house in great grief and anguish of mind, and his sin troubled him. So he went to a Cadee, very pious, and learned in the noble Koran, and told him his case, and said: "Oh my master, the Cadee, can such a one as I obtain salvation and the forgiveness of God? I fear not." And the Cadee gave him a staff of polished wood, which he held in his hand, and said, "Who knoweth the mercy of God and his justice, but God alone? take then this staff, and stick it in the sand beside the tomb where thou didst sin, and leave it the night, and go next morning, and come and tell me what thou shalt find, and may the Lord pardon thee, for thy sin is great." And the man went and did as the Cadee had desired, and went again at sunrise, and behold, the staff had sprouted, and was covered with leaves and fruit; and he returned and told the Cadee what had happened, and the Cadee replied, "Praise be to God the merciful, the compassionate!"

CAIRO, *July 3rd*, 1868.

M—— is gone to Alexandria, and Omar nearly cried. "I seem to feel how dull we shall be without him when he goes away,"

said he. Darfoor expresses his intention of going with M——. "Thou must give me to the young man backsheesh, because I have plenty of sense and shall tell him what to do." That is the small rascal's *sauce.* Terence's slaves are true to the life here. You would have stared to see old Achmet Agha Abdel Sadig, a very good friend of ours at Assouan, coaxing and patting the "weled" (boy), when he dined here the other day, and laughing immoderately at M——'s nonsense. He is one of the M.P.'s for Assouan, and a wealthy and much respected man in the Saeed. The Abyssinian affair is an awful disappointment to the Pasha; he had laid his calculations for something altogether different, and is furious. The Coptic clergy are ready to murder us. The Arabs are all in raptures. "God bless the English general! he has frightened our Pasha."

Giafar Pasha invited M—— to Khartoom, and proposed to send a party to fetch him, from Koorosko, on the Nile. He is governor of the Soudan, and a very quiet man, who does not "eat the people." He is the only Turk I think highly of.

We have settled to go to Beyroot on Saturday, by a Russian steamer. I am very weak, but perhaps the change may do me good. I take Omar and little Darfoor. My men are

delighted with the chair you have sent, and say they can carry me like a Sultan.

CAIRO, *October 22nd*, 1868.

The unlucky journey to Syria almost cost me my life. The climate is absolute poison to consumptive people. In ten days after I arrived the doctor told me to settle my affairs, for I had probably only a few days to live, and certainly should never recover. However, I got better, and was carried on board the steamer, but am too weak for anything. We were nearly shipwrecked coming back, owing to the Russian captain having his bride on board and not minding his ship. We bumped and scraped and rolled very unpleasantly. At Beyroot the Sisters of Charity wouldn't nurse a Protestant, nor the Prussians a non-Lutheran. But Omar and little Blackie nursed me better than Europeans ever do. Little Darfoor was as sharp about the physic as a born doctor's boy, when Omar was taking his turn of sleep. I did not like the few Syrians I saw at all.

CAIRO, *November 6th*, 1868.

I am sure you will rejoice to hear that I at last feel really better. Luckily I found two bottles of cod-liver oil, and have taken one

with good effect, as well as porter. I shall start up the river in a few days.

ASSOUAN, *January 25th*, 1869.

We have been here ten days, and I find the air quite the best for me. . . .

I have got a most excellent young reis for my boat, and a sailor who sings like a nightingale; indeed he is not a sailor at all, but a professional Cairo singer, who came with me for fun. He draws crowds to hear him, and at Esneh the congregation prayed for me in the mosque that God might reward me for the pleasure I had provided for them. Fancy desiring the "prayers of this congregation for the welfare of the lady who gave me her opera-box last Saturday." If prayers could avail to cure I ought to get well rapidly. At Luxor Omar killed the sheep he had vowed, and Mustafa and Mohammed each killed two, as thank-offerings for my life, and all the derweeshes held two great "zikrs" in a tent pitched beside the boat, and drummed and chanted and called on the Lord for two whole nights; and every man in my boat fasted Ramadan severely, from Omar and the crew to the little boys. I think Darfoor was the most meritorious of all, because he has such a Gargantuan appetite, but he fasted his thirty days bravely, and rubbed his little nose in the dust

energetically in prayer. He is the best and merriest of all little boys, and I love him dearly. He is clever, brave, and honest, and very affectionate and careful to me. As to Omar, he is the same as ever — the best of nurses, and pleasantest person about one. . . . Omar must get a black girl and teach her to iron and to wait on me; and the needlework I can quite do without;—anything better than troublesome women.

On Christmas Day I was at Esneh, and it was warm and fine, and I made fantasia and had the girls to dance. Zehneb and Hillaleah claim to be my own "ghawazee," so to speak—my "Ballerine dà Camera," and they did their best. How I did long to transport the whole scene before your eyes — Ramadan warbling intense love songs and beating a tiny tambourine, while Zeyneb danced before him and gave the pantomime to his song; and the sailors and girls and respectable merchants sat *pêle-mêle* all round the deck, and the player on the rabab drew from it a wail like that of Isis for dead Osiris. I never quite know whether it is now or four thousand years ago, or even ten thousand, when I am in the dreamy intoxication of a real Egyptian fantasia; nothing is so antique as the ghawazee—the *real* dancing-girls. They still are subject

to religious ecstasies of a very curious kind, no doubt inherited from the remotest antiquity. Ask any learned pundit to explain to you the "Zar"—it is really curious.

Now that I am too ill to write I feel sorry that I did not persist and write on the beliefs of Egypt in spite of your fear that the learned would cut me up, for I honestly believe that knowledge will die out with me which few others possess. You must recollect that the learned know books, and I know men, and what is more difficult, women.

The cataract is very bad this year, owing to want of water in the Nile, and to the shameful conduct of the Maohn here. The cataract men come to me and pray me to "give them my voice" before the Mudir, which I will do. Ala Eddeen Bey seems a decent fellow, and perhaps will remove the rascal, whose robberies on travellers are notorious, and his oppression of the poor savages who pull up the boats odious. Two boats have been severely damaged, and my friend the reis of the cataract (the one I threatened to shoot last year, and who has believed in me ever since) does not advise me to go up, though he would take me for nothing, he swears, if I wished. So as the air is good here, and M—— is happy with his companions, I will stay here.

I meant to discharge my men, but I have grown so fond of them (having so good a set), that I can't bring myself to save 20*l.* by turning them adrift when we are all so happy and comfortable, and the poor fellows are just marrying new wives with their wages. Forgive my scrawl, for I am very weak all over, fingers and all.

Best love to ——, and to my darling R——. Three boats have little girls of five to eight on board, and I do envy them so!

CAIRO, *June 15th*, 1869.

Do not think of coming here as you fear the climate. Indeed, it would be almost too painful to me to part from you again; and, as it is, I can wait patiently for the end among people who are kind and loving enough to be comfortable without too much feeling of the pain of parting. The leaving Luxor was rather a distressing scene, as they did not think to see me again.

The kindness of all the people was really touching, from the Cadi who made ready my tomb among his own family, to the poorest Fellaheen.

Omar sends you most heartfelt thanks, and begs that the boat may remain registered at the Consulate in your name for his use and benefit. The Prince of Wales has appointed

him his own dragoman. But he is sad enough, poor fellow; all his prosperity does not console him for the loss of "the mother he found in the world." Mohammed at Luxor wept bitterly, and said, "Poor I, my poor children, poor all the people!" and kissed my hand passionately, and the people at Esneh asked leave to touch me "for a blessing," and every one sent delicate bread and their best butter and vegetables and lambs. They are kinder than ever now that I can no longer be of any use to them.

If I live till September I will go up to Esneh, where the air is softest and I cough less, and live in a house there, and send down the boat to be let. I would rather die among my own people in the Saeed, than here.

Can you thank the Prince of Wales for Omar, or shall I write? He was most pleasant and kind, and the Princess too. She is the most perfectly simple-mannered girl I ever saw. She does not even try to be civil like other great people, but asks blunt questions, and looks at one so heartily with her clear, honest eyes, that she must win all hearts. They were more considerate than any people I have seen, and the Prince, instead of being gracious, was, if I may say so, quite respectful in his manner: he is very well bred and pleasant, and I am sure has a kind heart.

My sailors were so proud at having the honour of rowing him *in our own boat*, and of singing to him. I had a very good singer in the boat.

Please send some little present for my reis: he is such a good man: he will be pleased at some little thing from you. He is half Turk, and seems like a whole one. M—— will tell you all about us.

Good-bye for the present. I won't say any more.

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This was my mother's last letter; the end came more rapidly than any one expected, and she died at Cairo on the 14th July, 1869.

# LETTERS FROM THE CAPE.

# LETTERS FROM THE CAPE.

OFF THE SCILLY ISLES, *July 24th*, 1862.

WHEN I wrote last Sunday, we put our pilot on shore and went down Channel. It soon came on to blow, and all night was squally and rough. Captain on deck all night. Monday I went on deck at eight. Lovely weather, but the ship pitching as you never saw a ship pitch—bowsprit under water. By two o'clock a gale came on; all ordered below. Captain left dinner, and about six a sea struck us on the weather side, and washed a good many unconsidered trifles overboard, and stove in three windows on the poop; nurse and four children in fits; Mrs. T—— and babies afloat, but good-humoured as usual. Army-surgeon and I picked up children and bullied nurse, and helped to bale cabin. Cuddy window stove in, and we were wetted. Went to bed at nine,

could not undress, it pitched so, and had to call doctor to help me into cot; slept sound. The gale continues. My cabin is water-tight as to big splashes, but damp and dribbling. I am almost ashamed to like such miseries so much. The forecastle is under water with every lurch, and the motion quite incredible to one only acquainted with steamers. If one can sit this ship, which bounds like a tiger, one should sit a leap over a haystack. Evidently I can never be sea-sick; but holding on is hard work, and writing harder.

Life is thus:—Avery, my cuddy boy, brings tea for S——, and milk for me at six. S—— turns out; when she is dressed I turn out, and sing out for Avery, who takes down my cot, and brings a bucket of salt water, in which I wash with vast danger and difficulty, get dressed, and go on deck at eight. Ladies not allowed there earlier. Breakfast solidly at nine. Deck again; gossip; pretend to read. Beer and biscuit at twelve. The faithful Avery brings mine on deck. Dinner at four. Do a little carpentering in cabin, all the outfitters' work having broken loose. I am now in the captain's cabin, writing. We have the wind, as ever, dead against us; and as soon as we get unpleasantly near Scilly we shall tack and stand back to the French coast, where we were last

night. Three soldiers able to answer roll-call, all the rest utterly sick; three middies helpless. Several of crew, ditto. Passengers very fairly plucky, but only I and one other woman, who never was at sea before, well. The food on board our ship is good as to meat, bread, and beer; everything else bad. Port and sherry of British manufacture, and the water with an incredible *borachio*, essence of tar; so that tea and coffee are but derisive names.

To-day the air is quite saturated with wet, and I put on my clothes damp when I dressed, and have felt so ever since. I am so glad I was not persuaded out of my cot; it is the whole difference between rest and holding on for life. No one in a bunk slept at all on Monday night, but then it blew as heavy a gale as it can blow, and we had the Cornish coast under our lee. So we tacked and tumbled all night. The ship being new, too, has the rigging all wrong; and the confusion and disorder are beyond description. The ship's officers are very good fellows. The mizen is entirely worked by the "young gentlemen;" so we never see the sailors, and, at present, are not allowed to go forward. All lights are put out at half-past ten, and no food allowed in the cabin; but the latter article my friend Avery makes light of, and brings me anything when

I am laid up. The young soldier-officers bawl for him with expletives, but he says, with a snigger, to me, "They'll just wait till their betters, the ladies, is looked to." I will write again some day soon, and take the chance of meeting a ship; you may be amused by a little scrawl, though it will probably be very stupid and ill-written, for it is not easy to see or to guide a pen while I hold on to the table with both legs and one arm, and am first on my back and then on my nose. Adieu, till next time. I have had a good taste of the humours of the Channel.

*July 29th, Four Bells, i.e., two o'clock p.m.*

When I wrote last, I thought we had had our share of contrary winds and foul weather. Ever since, we have beaten about the bay with the variety of a favourable gale one night for a few hours, and a dead calm yesterday, in which we almost rolled our masts out of the ship. However, the sun was hot, and I sat and basked on deck, and we had morning service. It was a striking sight, with the sailors seated on oars and buckets, covered with signal flags, and with their clean frocks and faces. To-day is so cold that I dare not go on deck, and am writing in my Black Hole of a cabin, in a green light, with the sun blinking through

the waves as they rush over my port and scuttle. The captain is much vexed at the loss of time. I persist in thinking it a very pleasant, but utterly lazy life. I sleep a great deal, but don't eat much, and my cough has been bad; but, considering the real hardship of the life—damp, cold, queer food, and bad drink —I think I am better. When we can get past Finisterre, I shall do very well, I doubt not.

The children swarm on board, and cry unceasingly. A passenger-ship is no place for children. Our poor ship will lose her character by the weather, as she cannot fetch up ten days' lost time. But she is evidently a racehorse. We overhaul everything we see, at a wonderful rate, and the speed is exciting and pleasant; but the next long voyage I make, I'll try for a good wholesome old "monthly" tub, which will roll along on the top of the water, instead of cutting through it, with the waves curling in at the cuddy skylights. We tried to signal a barque yesterday, and send home word "all well;" but the brutes understood nothing but Russian, and excited our indignation by talking "gibberish" to us; which we resented with true British spirit, as became us.

It is now blowing hard again, and we have just been taken right aback. Luckily, I had

lashed my desk to my washing-stand, or that would have flown off, as I did off my chair. I don't think I shall know what to make of solid ground under my feet. The rolling and pitching of a ship of this size, with such tall masts, is quite unlike the little niggling sort of work on a steamer—it is the difference between grinding along a bad road in a four-wheeler, and riding well to hounds in a close country on a good hunter. I was horribly tired for about five days, but now I rather like it, and never know whether it blows or not in the night, I sleep so soundly. The noise is beyond all belief; the creaking, trampling, shouting, clattering; it is an incessant storm. We have not yet got our masts quite safe; the new wire-rigging stretches more than was anticipated (of course), and our main-topmast is shaky. The crew have very hard work, as incessant tacking is added to all the extra work incident to a new ship. On Saturday morning, everybody was shouting for the carpenter. My cabin was flooded by a leak, and I superintended the baling and swabbing from my cot, and dressed sitting on my big box. However, I got the leak stopped and cabin dried, and no harm done, as I had put everything up off the floor the night before, suspicious of a dribble which came in. Then my cot frame was broken by

my cuddy boy and I lurching over against S——'s bunk, in taking it down. The carpenter has given me his own, and takes my broken one for himself. Board ship is a famous place for tempers. Being easily satisfied, I get all I want, and plenty of attention and kindness; but I cannot prevail on my cuddy boy to refrain from violent tambourine-playing with a tin tray just at the ear of a lady who worries him. The young soldier-officers, too, I hear mentioned as "them lazy gunners," and they struggle for water and tea in the morning long after mine has come. We have now been ten days at sea, and only three on which we could eat without the "fiddles" (transverse pieces of wood to prevent the dishes from falling off). Smooth water will seem quite strange to me. I fear the poor people in the forecastle must be very wet and miserable, as the sea is constantly over it, not in spray, but in tons of green water.

*3rd Aug.*—We had two days of dead calm, then one or two of a very light, favourable breeze, and yesterday we ran 175 miles with the wind right aft. We saw several ships, which signalled us, but we would not answer, as we had our spars down for repairs and looked like a wreck, and fancied it would be a pity to frighten you all with a report to that effect.

Last night we got all right, and spread out immense studding-sails. We are now bowling along, wind right aft, dipping our studding-sail booms into the water at every roll. The weather is still surprisingly cold, though very fine, and I have to come below quite early, out of the evening air. The sun sets before seven o'clock. I still cough a good deal, and the bad food and drink are trying. But the life is very enjoyable; and as I have the run of the charts, and ask all sorts of questions, I get plenty of amusement. S—— is an excellent traveller; no grumbling, and no gossiping, which, on board a ship like ours, is a great merit, for there is *ad nauseam* of both.

Mr. —— is writing a charade, in which I have agreed to take a part, to prevent squabbling. He wanted to start a daily paper, but the captain wisely forbade it, as it must have led to personalities and quarrels, and suggested a play instead. My little white Maltese goat is very well, and gives plenty of milk, which is a great resource, as the tea and coffee are abominable. Avery brings it me at six, in a tin pannikin, and again in the evening. The chief officer is well-bred and agreeable, and, indeed, all the young gentlemen are wonderfully good specimens of their class. The captain is a burly foremast man in manner, with a heart

of wax and every feeling of a gentleman. He was in California "hide droghing" with Dana, and he says every line of "Two Years before the Mast" is true. He went through it all himself. He says that I am a great help to him, as a pattern of discipline and punctuality. People are much inclined to miss meals, and then want things at odd hours, and make the work quite impossible to the cook and servants. Of course, I get all I want in double-quick time, as I try to save my man trouble; and the carpenter leaves my scuttle open when no one else gets it, quite willing to get up in his time of sleep to close it, if it comes on to blow A maid is really a superfluity on board ship, as the men rather like being *aux petits soins.* The boatswain came the other day to say that he had a nice carpet and a good pillow; did I want anything of the sort? He would be proud that I should use anything of his. You would delight in Avery, my cuddy man, who is as quick as "greased lightning," and full of fun. His misery is my want of appetite, and his efforts to cram me are very droll. The days seem to slip away, one can't tell how. I sit on deck from breakfast at nine, till dinner at four, and then again till it gets cold, and then to bed. We are now about 100 miles from Madeira, and shall have to run inside it, as we were

thrown so far out of our course by the foul weather.

*9th Aug.*—Becalmed, under a vertical sun. Lat. 17°, or thereabouts. We saw Madeira at a distance like a cloud; since then, we had about four days' trade wind, and then failing or contrary breezes. We have sailed so near the African shore that we get little good out of the trades, and suffer much from the African climate. Fancy a sky like a pale February sky in London, no sun to be seen, and a heat coming, one can't tell from whence. To-day, the sun is vertical and invisible, the sea glassy and heaving. I have been ill again, and obliged to lie still yesterday and the day before in the captain's cabin; to-day in my own, as we have the ports open, and the maindeck is cooler than the upper. The men have just been holystoning here, singing away lustily in chorus. Last night I got leave to sling my cot under the main hatchway, as my cabin must have killed me from suffocation when shut up. Most of the men stayed on deck, but that is dangerous after sunset on this African coast, on account of the heavy dew and fever. They tell me that the open sea is quite different; certainly, nothing can look duller and dimmer than this specimen of the tropics. The few days of trade wind were beautiful and cold, with sparkling

sea, and fresh air and bright sun; and we galloped along merrily.

We are now close to the Cape de Verd Islands, and shall go inside them. About lat, 4° N. we expect to catch the S.E. trade wind, when it will be cold again. In lat. 24°, the day before we entered the tropics, I sat on deck in a coat and cloak; the heat is quite sudden, and only lasts a week or so. The sea to-day is littered all round the ship with our floating rubbish, so we have not moved at all.

I constantly long for you to be here, though I am not sure you would like the life as well as I do. All your ideas of it are wrong; the confinement to the poop and the stringent regulations would bore you. But then, sitting on deck in fine weather is pleasure enough, without anything else. In a Queen's ship, a yacht, or a merchantman with fewer passengers, it must be a delightful existence.

17*th Aug.*—Since I wrote last, we got into the south-west monsoon for one day, and I sat up by the steersman in intense enjoyment—a bright sun and glittering blue sea; and we tore along, pitching and tossing the water up like mad. It was glorious. At night, I was calmly reposing in my cot, in the middle of the steerage, just behind the main hatchway, when I heard a crashing of rigging and a violent noise and

confusion on deck. The captain screamed out orders which informed me that we were in the thick of a collision—of course I lay still, and waited till the row, or the ship, went down. I found myself next day looked upon as no better than a heathen by all the women, because I had been cool, and declined to get up and make a noise. Presently the officers came and told me that a big ship had borne down on us—we were on the starboard tack, and all right—carried off our flying jib-boom and whisker (the sort of yard to the bowsprit). The captain says he was never in such imminent danger in his life, as she threatened to swing round and crush into our waist, which would have been certain destruction. The little dandy soldier-officer behaved capitally; he turned his men up in no time, and had them all ready. He said, "Why, you know, I must see that my fellows go down decently." S—— was as cool as an icicle, offered me my pea-jacket, &c., which I declined, as it would be of no use for me to go off in boats, even supposing there were time, and I preferred going down comfortably in my cot. Finding she was of no use to me, she took a yelling maid in custody, and was thought a brute for begging her to hold her noise. The first lieutenant, who looks on passengers as odious cargo, has utterly mollified to me since

this adventure. I heard him report to the captain that I was "among 'em all, and never sung out, nor asked a question the while." This he called "beautiful."

Next day we got light wind S.W. (which ought to be the S.E. trades), and the weather has been, beyond all description, lovely ever since. Cool, but soft, sunny and bright—in short, perfect; only the sky is so pale. Last night the sunset was a vision of loveliness, a sort of Pompadour paradise; the sky seemed full of rose-crowned *amorini*, and the moon wore a rose-coloured veil of bright pink cloud, all so light, so airy, so brilliant, and so fleeting, that it was a kind of intoxication. It is far less grand than northern colour, but so lovely, so shiny. Then the flying fish skimmed like silver swallows over the blue water. Such a sight! Also, I saw a whale spout like a very tiny garden fountain. The Southern Cross is a delusion, and the tropical moon no better than a Parisian one, at present. We are now in lat. 31° about, and have been driven halfway to Rio by this sweet southern breeze. I have never yet sat on deck without a cloth jacket or shawl, and the evenings are chilly. I no longer believe in tropical heat at sea. Even during the calm it was not so hot as I have often felt it in England—and that, under a

vertical sun. The ship that nearly ran us and herself down, must have kept no look-out, and refused to answer our hail. She is supposed to be from Glasgow by her looks. We may speak a ship and send letters on board; so excuse scrawl and confusion, it is so difficult to write at all.

30*th Aug.*—About 25° S. lat. and very much to the west. We have had all sorts of weather —some beautiful, some very rough, but always contrary winds — and got within 200 miles of the coast of South America. We now have a milder breeze from the *soft* N.E., after a *bitter* S.W., with Cape pigeons and mollymawks (a small albatross), not to compare with our gulls. We had private theatricals last night— ill acted, but beautifully got up as far as the sailors were concerned. I did not act, as I did not feel well enough, but I put a bit for Neptune into the Prologue and made the boatswain's mate speak it, to make up for the absence of any shaving at the Line, which the captain prohibited altogether. I thought it hard the men should not get their "tips." The boatswain's mate dressed and spoke it admirably; and the old carpenter sang a famous comic song, dressed to perfection as a ploughboy.

I am disappointed in the tropics as to

warmth. Our thermometer stood at 82° one day only, under the vertical sun, N. of the Line; *on* the Line at 74°; and at sea it *feels* 10° colder than it is. I have never been hot, except for two days 4° N. of the Line, and now it is very cold, but it is very invigorating. All day long it looks and feels like early morning; the sky is pale blue, with light broken clouds; the sea an inconceivably pure opaque blue—lapis lazuli, but far brighter. I saw a lovely dolphin three days ago; his body, five feet long (some said more), is of a *fiery* blue-green, and his huge tail golden bronze. I was glad he scorned the bait and escaped the hook; he was so beautiful. This is the sea from which Venus rose in her youthful glory. All is young, fresh, serene, beautiful, and cheerful.

We have not seen a sail for weeks. But the life at sea makes amends for anything, to my mind. I am never tired of the calms, and I enjoy a stiff gale like a Mother Carey's chicken, so long as I can be on deck or in the captain's cabin. Between decks it is very close and suffocating in rough weather, as all is shut up. We shall be still three weeks before we reach the Cape; and now the sun sets with a sudden plunge before six, and the evenings are growing too cold again for me to go on deck after dinner. As long as I could,

I spent fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in my quiet corner by the wheel, basking in the tropical sun. Never again will I believe in the tales of a burning sun; the vertical sun just kept me warm—no more. In two days we shall be bitterly cold again.

Immediately after writing the above it began to blow a gale (favourable, indeed, but more furious than the captain had ever known in these seas)—about lat. 34° S. and long. 25°. For three days we ran under close-reefed (four reefs) topsails, before a sea. The gale in the Bay of Biscay was a little shaking up in a puddle (a dirty one) compared to that glorious South Atlantic in all its majestic fury. The intense blue waves, crowned with fantastic crests of bright emeralds, and with the spray blowing about like wild dishevelled hair, came after us to swallow us up at a mouthful, but took us up on their backs, and hurried us along as if our ship were a cork. Then the gale slackened, and we had a dead calm, during which the waves banged us about frightfully, and our masts were much in jeopardy. Then a foul wind, S.E., increased into a gale, lasting five days, during which orders were given in dumb show, as no one's voice could be heard; through it we fought and laboured, and dipped under water, and I only had my dry corner by

the wheel, where the kind, pleasant little third officer lashed me tight. It was far more formidable than the first gale, but less beautiful; and we made so much lee-way that we lost ten days, and only arrived here yesterday. I recommend a fortnight's heavy gale in the South Atlantic as a cure for a *blasé* state of mind. It cannot be described; the sound, the sense of being hurled along without the smallest regard to "this side uppermost;" the beauty of the whole scene, and the occasional crack and bear-away of sails and spars; the officer trying to "sing out," quite in vain, and the boatswain's whistle scarcely audible. I remained near the wheel every day for as long as I could bear it, and was enchanted.

Then the mortal perils of eating, drinking, moving, sitting, lying; standing can't be done, even by the sailors, without holding on. *The* night of the gale, my cot twice touched the beams of the ship above me. I asked the captain if I had dreamt it, but he said it was quite possible; he had never seen a ship so completely on her beam ends come up all right, masts and yards all sound.

There is a middy about half M——'s size, a very tiny ten-year-older, who has been my delight; he is so completely "the officer and the gentleman." My maternal entrails turned

like old Alvarez', when that baby lay out on the very end of the cross-jack yard to reef, in the gale. It was quite voluntary, and the other new-comers all declined. I always called him "Mr. ——, sir," and asked his leave gravely, or, on occasions, his protection and assistance; and his little dignity was lovely. He is polite to the ladies, and slightly distant to the passenger-boys, bigger than himself, whom he orders off dangerous places; "Children, come out of that; you'll be overboard."

A few days before landing I caught a bad cold, and kept my bed. I caught this cold by "sleeping with a damp man in my cabin," as some one said. During the last gale, the cabin opposite mine was utterly swamped, and I found the Irish soldier-servant of a little officer of eighteen in despair; the poor lad had got ague, and eight inches of water in his bed, and two feet in the cabin. I looked in, and said, "He can't stay there—carry him into my cabin, and lay him in the bunk;" which he did, with tears running down his honest old face. So we got the boy into S——'s bed, and cured his fever and ague, caught under canvas in Romney Marsh. Meantime, S—— had to sleep in a chair and to undress in the boy's wet cabin. As a token of gratitude, he sent me a poodle pup, born on board, very hand-

some. The artillery officers were generally well-behaved; the men, deserters and ruffians, sent out as drivers. We have had five courts-martial and two floggings in eight weeks, among seventy men. They were pampered with food and porter, and would not pull a rope, or get up at six to air their quarters. The sailors are an excellent set of men. When we parted, the first lieutenant said to me, "Weel, ye've a wonderful idee of discipline for a leddy, I will say. You've never been reported but once, and that was when on sick leave, about your light, and all in order."

CAPETOWN, *September 18th.*

We anchored yesterday morning, and Captain J——, the Port Captain, came off with a most kind letter from Sir Baldwin Walker, his gig, and a boat and crew for S—— and the baggage. So I was whipped over the ship's side in a chair, and have come to a boarding-house where the J——s live. I was tired and dizzy and landsick, and lay down and went to sleep. After an hour or so I woke, hearing a little *gazouillement*, like that of chimney swallows. On opening my eyes I beheld four demons, "sons of the obedient Jinn," each bearing an article of furniture, and holding converse over me in the language of Nephe-

lecoccygia. Why has no one ever mentioned the curious little soft voices of these coolies? —you can't hear them with the naked ear three feet off. The most hideous demon (whose complexion had not only the colour but the precise metallic lustre of an ill black-leaded stove) at last chirruped a wish for orders, which I gave. I asked the pert, active, cockney housemaid what I ought to pay them, as, being a stranger, they might overcharge me. Her scorn was sublime. "Them nasty blacks never asks more than their regular charge." So I asked the black-lead demon, who demanded "two shilling each horse in waggon," and a dollar each "coolie man." He then glided with fiendish noiselessness about the room, arranged the furniture to his own taste, and finally said, "Poor missus sick;" then more chirruping among themselves, and finally a fearful gesture of incantation, accompanied by "God bless poor missus! Soon well now." The wrath of the cockney housemaid became majestic. "There, ma'am, you see how saucy they have grown—a nasty black heathen Mohammedan a blessing of a white Christian!"

These men are the Auvergnats of Africa. I was assured that bankers entrust them with large sums in gold, which they carry some hundred and twenty miles, by unknown tracks,

for a small gratuity. The pretty, graceful Malays are no honester than ourselves, but are excellent workmen.

To-morrow my linen will go to a ravine in the giant mountain at my back, and there be scoured in a clear spring by brown women, bleached on the mountain-top, and carried back all those long miles on their heads, as it went up.

My landlady is Dutch; the waiter is an Africander, half Dutch, half Malay, very handsome, and exactly like a French gentleman, and as civil.

Enter "Africander" lad with a nosegay; only one flower that I know—heliotrope The vegetation is lovely; the freshness of spring and the richness of summer. The leaves on the trees are in all the beauty of spring. Mrs. R—— brought me a plate of oranges, "just gathered," as soon as I entered the house —and, oh! how good they were! better even than the Maltese. They are going out, and *dear* now—two a penny, very large and delicious. I am wild to get out and see the glorious scenery and the hideous people. To-day the wind has been a cold south-wester, and I have not been out. My windows look N. and E., so I get all the sun and warmth. The beauty of Table Bay is astounding. Fancy

the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight magnified a hundredfold, with clouds floating halfway up the mountain. The Hottentot mountains in the distance have a fantastic jagged outline, which hardly looks real. The town is like those in the south of Europe; flat roofs, and all unfinished; roads are simply non-existent. At the doors sat brown women with black hair that shone like metal, very handsome; they are Malays, and their men wear conical hats a-top of turbans, and are the chief artisans. At the end of the pier sat a Mozambique woman in white drapery and the most majestic attitude, like a Roman matron; her features large and strong and harsh, but fine; and her skin blacker than night.

I have got a couple of Cape pigeons (the storm-bird of the South Atlantic) for J——'s hat. They followed us several thousand miles, and were hooked for their pains. The albatrosses did not come within hail.

The little Maltese goat gave a pint of milk night and morning, and was a great comfort to the cow. She did not like the land or the grass at first, and is to be thrown out of milk now. She is much admired and petted by the young Africander. My room is at least eighteen feet high, and contains exactly a bedstead, one straw mattrass, one rickety table, one wash-

table, two chairs, and a broken looking-glass; no carpet, and a hiatus of three inches between the floor and the door, but all very clean: and excellent food. I have not made a bargain yet, but I daresay I shall stay here.

*Friday.*—I have just received your letter; where it has been hiding I can't conceive. To-day is cold and foggy, like a baddish day in June with you; no colder, if so cold. Still, I did not venture out, the fog rolls so heavily over the mountain. Well, I must send off this yarn, which is as interminable as the "sinnet" and "foxes" which I twisted with the mids.

CAPETOWN, *October 3rd.*

I came on shore on a very fine day, but the weather changed, and we had a fortnight of cold and damp and S.W. wind (equivalent to our east wind), such as the "oldest inhabitant" never experienced; and I have had as bad an attack of bronchitis as ever I remember, having been in bed till yesterday. I had a very good doctor, half Italian, half Dane, born at the Cape of Good Hope, and educated at Edinburgh, named Chiappini. He has a son studying medicine in London, whose mother is Dutch; such is the mixture of bloods here.

Yesterday, the wind went to the south-east; the blessed sun shone out, and the weather was

lovely at once. The mountain threw off his cloak of cloud, and all was bright and warm. I got up and sat in the veranda over the stoep (a kind of terrace in front of every house here). They brought me a tortoise as big as half a crown and as lively as a cricket to look at, and a chameleon like a fairy dragon—a green fellow, five inches long, with no claws on his feet, but suckers like a fly—the most engaging little beast. He sat on my finger, and caught flies with great delight and dexterity, and I longed to send him to M——. To-day, I went a long drive with Captain and Mrs. J——: we went to Rondebosch and Wynberg—lovely country; rather like Herefordshire; red earth and oak-trees. Miles of the road were like Gainsborough-lane,* on a large scale, and looked quite English; only here and there a hedge of prickly pear, or the big white arums in the ditches, told a different tale; and the scarlet geraniums and myrtles growing wild puzzled one.

And then came rattling along a light, rough, but well-poised cart, with an Arab screw driven by a Malay, in a great hat on his kerchiefed head, and his wife, with her neat dress, glossy black hair, and great gold earrings. They were coming with fish, which he had just caught

* A lane near Esher.

at Kalk Bay, and was going to sell for the dinners of the Capetown folk. You pass neat villas, with pretty gardens and stoeps, gay with flowers, and at the doors of several neat Malay girls are lounging, They are the best servants here, for the emigrants mostly drink. Then you see a group of children at play, some as black as coal, some brown and very pretty. A little black girl, about R——'s age, has carefully tied what little petticoat she has, in a tight coil round her waist, and displays the most darling little round legs and behind, which it would be a real pleasure to slap; it is so shiny and round, and she runs and stands so strongly and gracefully.

Here comes another Malay, with a pair of baskets hanging from a stick across his shoulder, like those in Chinese pictures, which his hat also resembles. Another cart full of working men, with a Malay driver; and inside are jumbled some red-haired, rosy-cheeked English navvies, with the ugliest Mozambiques, blacker than Erebus, and with faces all knobs and corners, like a crusty loaf. As we drive home we see a span of sixteen noble oxen in the market-place, and on the ground squats the Hottentot driver. His face no words can describe—his cheek-bones are up under his hat, and his meagre-pointed chin halfway down to his waist;

his eyes have the dull look of a viper's, and his skin is dirty and sallow, but not darker than a dirty European's.

Capetown is rather pretty, but beyond words untidy and out of repair. As it is neither drained nor paved, it won't do in hot weather; and I shall migrate "up country" to a Dutch village. Mrs. J——, who is Dutch herself, tells me that one may board in a Dutch farm-house very cheaply, and with great comfort (of course eating with the family), and that they will drive you about the country and tend your horses for nothing, if you are friendly, and don't treat them with *Engelsche hoog-moedigheid.*

*Oct* 19*th.*—The packet came in last night, but just in time to save the fine of 50*l.* per diem, and I got your welcome letter this morning. I have been coughing all this time, but I hope I shall improve. I came out at the very worst time of year, and the weather has been (of course) "unprecedentedly" bad and changeable. But when it *is* fine it is quite celestial; so clear, so dry, so light. Then comes a cloud over Table Mountain, like the sugar on a wedding-cake, which tumbles down in splendid waterfalls, and vanishes unaccountably halfway; and then you run indoors and shut doors and windows, for it portends a "south-easter," *i.e.* a hurricane, and Capetown disappears in im-

penetrable clouds of dust. But this wind, coming off the hills and fields of ice, is the Cape doctor, and keeps away cholera, fever of every sort, and all malignant or infectious diseases. Most of them are unknown here. Never was so healthy a place; but the remedy is of the heroic nature, and very disagreeable. The stones rattle against the windows, and omnibuses are blown over on the Rondebosch road.

A few days ago I drove to Mr. V——'s farm. Imagine St. George's Hill,* and the most beautiful bits of it, sloping gently up to Table Mountain, with its grey precipices, and intersected with Scotch burns, which water it all the year round, as they come from the living rock; and sprinkled with oranges, pomegranates, and camellias in abundance. You drive through a mile or two as described, and arrive at a square, planted with rows of fine oaks close together; at the upper end stands the house, all on the ground-floor, but on a high stoep: rooms eighteen feet high; the old slave quarters on each side; stables, &c., opposite; the square as big as Belgrave Square, and the buildings in the old French style.

We then went on to Newlands, a still more beautiful place. Immense trenching and draining going on—the foreman a Caffre, black

* Near Walton-on-Thames.

as ink, six feet three inches high, and broad in proportion, with a staid, dignified air, and Englishmen working under him! At the streamlets there are the inevitable groups of Malay women washing clothes, and brown babies sprawling about. Yesterday, I should have bought a black woman for her beauty, had it been still possible. She was carrying an immense weight on her head, and was far gone with child; but such stupendous physical perfection I never even imagined. Her jet-black face was like the Sphynx, with the same mysterious smile; her shape and walk were goddess-like, and the lustre of her skin, teeth, and eyes, showed the fulness of health;—Caffre, of course. I walked after her as far as her swift pace would let me, in envy and admiration of such stately humanity.

The ordinary blacks, or Mozambiques, as they call them, are hideous. Malay here seems equivalent to Mohammedan. They were originally Malays, but now they include every shade, from the blackest nigger to the most blooming Englishwoman. Yes, indeed, the emigrant girls have been known to turn "Malays," and get thereby husbands who know not billiards and brandy—the two diseases of Capetown. They risked a plurality of wives, and professed Islam; but they got fine clothes

and industrious husbands. They wear a very pretty dress, and all have a great air of independence and self-respect; and the real Malays are very handsome. I am going to see one of the Mollahs soon, and to look at their schools and mosque, which, to the distraction of the Scotch, they call their "Kerk."

I asked a Malay if he would drive me in his cart with the six or eight mules, which he agreed to do for thirty shillings and his dinner (*i.e.* a share of my dinner) on the road. When I asked how long it would take, he said, "Allah is groot," which meant, I found, that it depended on the state of the beach—the only road for half the way.

The sun, moon, and stars are different beings from those we look upon. Not only are they so large and bright, but you *see* that the moon and stars are *balls*, and that the sky is endless beyond them. On the other hand, the clear, dry air dwarfs Table Mountain, as you seem to see every detail of it to the very top.

Capetown is very picturesque. The old Dutch buildings are very handsome and peculiar, but are falling to decay and dirt in the hands of their present possessors. The few Dutch ladies I have seen are very pleasing. They are gentle and simple, and naturally well-bred. Some of the Malay women are very

handsome, and the little children are darlings. A little parti-coloured group of every shade, from ebony to golden hair and blue eyes, were at play in the street yesterday, and the majority were pretty, especially the half-castes. Most of the Caffres I have seen look like the perfection of human physical nature, and seem to have no diseases. Two days ago I saw a Hottentot girl of seventeen, a housemaid here. You would be enchanted by her superfluity of flesh; the face was very queer and ugly, and yet pleasing, from the sweet smile and the rosy cheeks, which please one much, in contrast to all the pale yellow faces—handsome as some of them are.

I wish I could send the six chameleons which a good-natured parson brought me in his hat, and a queer lizard in his pocket. The chameleons are charming, so monkey-like and so *caressants*. They sit on my breakfast tray and catch flies, and hang in a bunch by their tails, and reach out after my hand.

I have had a very kind letter from Lady Walker, and shall go and stay with them at Simon's Bay as soon as I feel up to the twenty two miles along the beaches and bad roads in the mail-cart with three horses. The teams of mules (I beg pardon, spans) would delight you—eight, ten, twelve, even sixteen sleek,

handsome beasts! and oh, such oxen! noble beasts with humps; and hump is very good to eat too.

*Oct.* 21*st.*—The mail goes out to-morrow, so I must finish this letter. I feel better to-day than I have yet felt, in spite of the south-easter.

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28*th Oct.*—Since I wrote, we have had more really cold weather, but yesterday the summer seems to have begun. The air is as light and clear as if *there were none*, and the sun hot; but I walk in it, and do not find it oppressive. All the household groans and perspires, but I am very comfortable.

Yesterday I sat in the full broil for an hour or more, in the hot dust of the Malay burial-ground. They buried the head butcher of the Mussulmans, and a most strange poetical scene it was. The burial-ground is on the side of the Lion Mountain—on the Lion's rump—and overlooks the whole bay, part of the town, and the most superb mountain panorama beyond. I never saw a view within miles of it for beauty and grandeur. Far down, a fussy English steamer came puffing and popping into the deep blue bay, and the "Hansom's" cabs went tearing down to the landing-place; and round me sat a crowd of grave brown men, chanting

"Allah il-Allah" to the most monotonous but musical air, and with the most perfect voices. The chant seemed to swell, and then fade, like the wind in the trees. I went in after the procession, which consisted of a bier covered with three common Paisley shawls of gay colours; no one looked at me; and when they got near the grave, I kept at a distance, and sat down when they did. But a man came up and said, "You are welcome." So I went close, and saw the whole ceremony. They took the corpse, wrapped in a sheet, out of the bier, and lifted it into the grave, where two men received it; then a sheet was held over the grave till they had placed the dead man; and then flowers and earth were thrown in by all present, the grave filled in, watered out of a brass kettle, and decked with flowers. Then a fat old man, in printed calico shirt sleeves, and a plaid waistcoat and corduroy trousers, pulled off his shoes, squatted on the grave, and recited endless "Koran," many reciting after him. Then they chanted "Allah il-Allah" for twenty minutes, I think; then prayers, with "Ameens" and "Allah il-Allahs" again. Then all jumped up and walked off. There were eighty or a hundred men, no women, and five or six "Hadjis," draped in beautiful Eastern dresses, and looking very supercilious. The

whole party made less noise in moving and talking than two Englishmen.

A white-complexioned man spoke to me in excellent English (which few of them speak), and was very communicative and civil. He told me the dead man was his brother-in-law, and he himself the barber. I hoped I had not taken a liberty. "Oh, no; poor Malays were proud when noble English persons showed such respect to their religion. The young Prince had done so too, and Allah would not forget to protect him. He also did not laugh at their prayers, praise be to God!" I had already heard that Prince Alfred is quite the darling of the Malays. He insisted on accepting their *fête*, which the Capetown people had snubbed. I have a friendship with one Abdul Jemaalee and his wife Betsy, a couple of old folks who were slaves to Dutch owners, and now keep a fruit-shop of a rough sort, with "Betsy, fruiterer," painted on the back of an old tin tray, and hung up by the door of the house. Abdul first bought himself, and then his wife Betsy, whose "missus" generously threw in her bed-ridden mother. He is a fine handsome old man, and has confided to me that 5,000*l.* would not buy what he is worth now. I have also read the letters written by his son, young Abdul Rachman, now a student

at Cairo, who has been away five years—four at Mecca. The young theologian writes to his "*hoog eerbare moeder*" a fond request for money, and promises to return soon. I am invited to the feast wherewith he will be welcomed. Old Abdul Jemaalee thinks it will divert my mind, and prove to me that Allah will take me home safe to my children, about whom he and his wife asked many questions. Moreover, he compelled me to drink herb tea, compounded by a Malay doctor, for my cough. I declined at first, and the poor old man looked hurt, gravely assured me that it was not true that Malays always poisoned Christians, and drank some himself. Thereupon I was obliged, of course, to drink up the rest. It certainly did me good, and I have drunk it since with good effect; it is intensely bitter, and rather sticky. The white servants and the Dutch landlady where I lodge shake their heads ominously, and hope it mayn't poison me a year hence. "Them nasty Malays can make it work months after you take it." They also possess the evil eye, and a talent for love potions. As the men are very handsome and neat, I incline to believe that part of it.

*Rathfelder's Halfway House, 6th November.*

I drove out here yesterday in Captain T——'s drag, which he kindly brought into Capetown for me. He and his wife and children came for a change of air for whooping cough, and advised me to come too, as my cough continues, though less troublesome. It is a lovely spot, six miles from Constantia, ten from Capetown, and twelve from Simon's Bay. I intend to stay here a little while, and then to go to Kalk Bay, six miles from hence. This inn was excellent, I hear, "in the old Dutch times." Now it is kept by a young Englishman, Capeborn, and his wife, and is dirty and disorderly. I pay twelve shillings a day for S—— and self, without a sitting-room, and my bed is a straw paillasse; but the food is plentiful, and not very bad. That is the cheapest rate of living possible here, and every trifle costs double what it would in England, except wine, which is very fair at fivepence a bottle—a kind of hock. The landlord pays 1*l.* a day rent for this house, which is the great resort of the Capetown people for Sundays, and for change of air, &c.—a rude kind of Richmond. His cook gets 3*l.* 10*s.* a month, besides food for himself and wife, and beer and sugar. The two (white) housemaids get 1*l.* 15*s.* and 1*l.* 10*s.* respectively (everything by the month). Fresh

butter is 3*s.* 6*d.* a pound, mutton 7*d.*; washing very dear; cabbages my host sells at 3*d.* a piece, and pumpkins 8*d.* He has a fine garden, and pays a gardener 3*s.* 6*d.* a day, and black labourers 2*s.* *They* work three days a week; then they buy rice and a coarse fish, and lie in the sun till it is eaten; while their darling little fat black babies play in the dust, and their black wives make battues in the covers in their woolly heads. But the little black girl who cleans my room is far the best servant, and smiles and speaks like Lalage herself, ugly as the poor drudge is. The voice and smile of the negroes here are bewitching, though they are hideous; and neither S—— nor I have yet heard a black child cry, or seen one naughty or quarrelsome. You would want to lay out a fortune in woolly babies. Yesterday I had a dreadful heartache after my darling, on her little birthday, and even the lovely ranges of distant mountains, coloured like opals in the sunset, did not delight me. This is a dreary place for strangers. Abdul Jemaalee's tisane, and a banana which he gave me each time I went to his shop, are the sole offer of "Won't you take something?" or even the sole attempt at a civility that I have received, except from the J——'s, who are very civil and kind.

When I have done my visit to Simon's Bay,

I will go "up country," to Stellenbosch, Paarl and Worcester, perhaps. If I can find people going in a bullock-waggon, I will join them; it costs 1*l.* a day, and goes twenty miles. If money were no object, I would hire one with Caffres to hunt, as well as outspan and drive, and take a saddle-horse. There is plenty of pleasure to be had in travelling here, if you can afford it. The scenery is quite beyond anything you can imagine in beauty. I went to a country house at Rondebosch with the J——s, and I never saw so lovely a spot. The possessor had done his best to spoil it, and to destroy the handsome Dutch house and fountains and aqueducts; but Nature was too much for him, and the place was lovely in neglect and shabbiness.

Now I will tell you my impressions of the state of society here, as far as I have been able to make out by playing the inquisitive traveller. I daresay the statements are exaggerated, but I do not think they are wholly devoid of truth. The Dutch round Capetown (I don't know anything of "up country") are sulky and dispirited; they regret the slave days, and can't bear to pay wages; they have sold all their fine houses in town to merchants, &c., and let their handsome country places go to pieces, and their land lie fallow, rather than hire the men they used to own. They hate

the Malays, who were their slaves, and whose "insolent prosperity" annoys them, and they don't like the vulgar, bustling English. The English complain that the Dutch won't die, and that they are the curse of the colony (a statement for which they can never give a reason). But they, too, curse the emancipation, long to flog the niggers, and hate the Malays, who work harder and don't drink, and who are the only masons, tailors, &c., and earn from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* a day. The Malays also have almost a monopoly of cart-hiring and horse-keeping. An Englishman charges 4*l.* 10*s.* or 5*l.* for a carriage to do what a Malay will do quicker in a light cart for 30*s.* S—— says, "The English here think the coloured people ought to do the work, and they to get the wages. Nothing less would satisfy them." Servants' wages are high, but other wages not much higher than in England; yet industrious people invariably make fortunes, or at least competencies, even when they begin with nothing. Few of the English will do anything but lounge, while they abuse the Dutch as lazy and the Malays as thieves, and feel their fingers itch to be at the blacks. The Africanders (Dutch and negro mixed in various proportions) are more or less lazy, dirty, and dressy, and the beautiful girls wear pork-pie hats, and look

very winning and rather fierce; but to them the philanthropists at home have provided formidable rivals, by emptying a shipload of young ladies from a "Reformatory" into the streets of Capetown.

I am puzzled what to think of the climate here for invalids. The air is dry and clear beyond conception, and light, but the sun is scorching, while the south-east wind blows an icy hurricane, and the dust obscures the sky. These winds last all the summer, till February or March. I am told when they don't blow it is heavenly, though still cold in the mornings and evenings. No one must be out at or after sunset; the chill is so sudden. Many of the people here declare that it is death to weak lungs, and send their *poitrinaires* to Madeira, or the south of France. They also swear the climate is enervating, but their looks, and above all the blowsy cheeks and hearty play of the English children, disprove that; and those who come here consumptive get well in spite of the doctors, who won't allow it possible. I believe it is a climate which requires great care from invalids, but that, with care, it is good, because it is bracing as well as warm and dry. It is not nearly so warm as I expected; the southern icebergs are at no great distance, and they ice the south-east wind for us. If it were not so

violent, it would be delicious; and there are no unhealthy winds—nothing like our east wind. The people here grumble at the north-wester, which sometimes brings rain, and call it damp, which, as they don't know what damp is, is excusable; it feels like a *dry* south-wester in England. It is, however, quite a delusion to think of living out of doors here; the south-easters keep one in nearly, if not quite, half one's time, and in summer they say the sun is too hot to be out except morning and evening. But I doubt that, for they make an outcry about heat as soon as it is not cold. The transitions are so sudden, that, with the thermometer at 76°, you must not go out without taking a thick warm cloak; you may walk into a south-easter round the first spur of the mountain, and be cut in two. In short, the air is cold and bracing, and the sun blazing hot; those whom that suits will do well. I should like a softer air; but I may be wrong; when there is only a moderate wind it is delicious. You walk in the hot sun, which makes you perspire a very little; but you dry as you go, the air is so dry; and you come in untired. I speak of slow walking. There are no hot-climate diseases; no dysentery, fever, &c.

SIMON'S BAY, *November 18th.*

I came on here in a cart, as I felt ill from the return of the cold weather. While at Rathfelder we had a superb day, and the J——s drove me over to Constantia, which deserves all its reputation for beauty. What a divine spot!—such kloofs, with silver rills running down them! It is useless to describe scenery. It was a sort of glorified Scotland, with sunshine, flowers, and orange-groves. We got home hungry and tired, but in great spirits. Alas! next day came the south-easter—blacker, colder, more cutting than ever—and lasted a week.

The Walkers came over on horseback, and pressed me to go to them. They are most kind and agreeable people. The drive to Simon's Bay was lovely, along the coast and across five beaches of snow-white sand, which look like winter landscapes; and the mountains and bay are lovely.

Living is very dear, and washing, travelling, chemist's bills—all enormous. Thirty shillings a cart and horse from Rathfelder here—twelve miles; and then the young English host wanted me to hire another cart for one box and one bath! But I would not, and my obstinacy was stoutest. If I want cart or waggon again, I'll

deal with a Malay, only the fellows drive with forty Jehu-power up and down the mountains.

A Madagascar woman offered to give me her orphan grandchild, a sweet brown fairy, six years old, with long, silky, black hair, and gorgeous eyes. The child hung about me incessantly all the time I was at Rathfelder, and I had a great mind to her. She used to laugh like baby, and was like her altogether, only prettier, and very brown; and when I told her she was like my own little child, she danced about, and laughed like mad at the idea that she could look like "pretty white missy." She was mighty proud of her needlework and A B C performances.

It is such a luxury to sleep on a real mattrass—not stuffed with dirty straw; to eat clean food, and live in a nice room. But my cough is very bad, and the cruel wind blows on and on. I saw the doctor of the Naval Hospital here to-day. If I don't mend, I will try his advice, and go northward for warmth. If you can find an old Mulready envelope, send it here for Miss Walker, who collects stamps and has not got it, and write and thank dear good Lady Walker for her kindness to me.

You will get this about the new year. God bless you all, and send us better days in 1862.

CALEDON, *December 10th.*

I did not feel at all well at Simon's Bay, which is a land of hurricanes. We had a "south-easter" for fourteen days, without an hour's lull; even the flag-ship had no communication with the shore for eight days. The good old naval surgeon there ordered me to start off for this high "up-country" district, and arranged my departure for the first *possible* day. He made a bargain for me with a Dutchman, for a light Malay cart (a capital vehicle with two wheels) and four horses, for 30*s.* a day—three days to Caledon from Simon's Bay, about a hundred miles or so, and one day of back fare to his home in Capetown.

Luckily, on Saturday the wind dropped, and we started at nine o'clock, drove to a place about four miles from Capetown, when we turned off on the "country road," and outspanned at a post-house kept by a nice old German with a Dutch wife. Once well out of Capetown, people are civil, but inquisitive; I was strictly cross-questioned, and proved so satisfactory, that the old man wished to give me some English porter gratis. We then jogged along again at a very good pace to another wayside public, where we outspanned again and ate, and were again questioned, and again made much of. By six o'clock we got to the Eerste

River, having gone forty miles or so in the day. It was a beautiful day, and very pleasant travelling. We had three good little half-Arab bays, and one brute of a grey as off-wheeler, who fell down continually; but a Malay driver works miracles, and no harm came of it. The cart is small, with a permanent tilt at top, and movable curtains of waterproof all round; harness of raw leather, very prettily put together by Malay workmen. We sat behind, and our brown coachman, with his mushroom hat, in front, with my bath and box, and a miniature of himself about seven years old—a nephew,—so small and handy that he would be worth his weight in jewels as a tiger. At Eerste River we slept in a pretty old Dutch house, kept by an Englishwoman, and called the Fox and Hound, "to sound like home, my lady." Very nice and comfortable it was.

I started next day at ten; and never shall I forget that day's journey. The beauty of the country exceeds all description. Ranges of mountains beyond belief fantastic in shape, and between them a rolling country, desolate and wild, and covered with gorgeous flowers among the "scrub." First we came to Hottentot's Holland (now called Somerset West), the loveliest little old Dutch village, with trees and little canals of bright clear mountain water, and

groves of orange and pomegranate, and white houses, with incredible gable ends. We tried to stop here; but forage was ninepence a bundle, and the true Malay would rather die than pay more than he can help. So we pushed on to the foot of the mountains, and bought forage (forage is oats *au naturel*, straw and all, the only feed known here, where there is no grass or hay) at a farm kept by English people, who all talked Dutch together; only one girl of the family could speak English. They were very civil, asked us in, and gave us unripe apricots, and the girl came down with seven flounces, to talk with us. Forage was still ninepence—half a dollar a bundle—and Choslullah Jaamee groaned over it, and said the horses must have less forage and "more plenty roll" (a roll in the dust is often the only refreshment offered to the beasts, and seems to do great good).

We got to Caledon at eleven, and drove to the place the Doctor recommended—formerly a country house of the Dutch governor. It is a lovely spot; but do you remember the Schloss in Immermann's "Neuer Münchausen"? Well, it is that. A ruin;—windows half broken and boarded up, the handsome steps in front fallen in, and all *en suite*. The rooms I saw were large and airy; but mud floors, whitewashed

walls, one chair, one stump bedstead, and *prætera nihil.* It has a sort of wild, romantic look; I hear, too, it is wonderfully healthy, and not so bad as it looks. The long corridor is like the entrance to a great stable, or some such thing; earth floors and open to all winds. But you can't imagine it, however I may describe; it is so huge and strange, and ruinous. Finding that the mistress of the house was ill, and nothing ready for our reception, I drove on to the inn. Rain, like a Scotch mist, came on just as we arrived, and it is damp and chilly, to the delight of all the dwellers in the land, who love bad weather. It makes me cough a little more; but they say it is quite unheard of, and can't last. Altogether, I suppose this summer here is as that of '60 was in England.

I forgot, in describing my journey, the regal-looking Caffre housemaid at Eerste River. "Such a dear, good creature," the landlady said; and, oh, such a "noble savage!"—with a cotton handkerchief folded tight like a cravat and tied round her head with a bow behind, and the short curly wool sticking up in the middle;—it looked like a royal diadem on her solemn brow; she stepped like Juno, with a huge tub full to the brim, and holding several pailfuls, on her head, and a pailful in each hand,

bringing water for the stables from the river, across a large field. There is nothing like a Caffre for power and grace; and the face, though *very* African, has a sort of grandeur which makes it utterly unlike that of the negro. That woman's bust and waist were beauty itself. The Caffres are also very clean and very clever as servants, I hear, learning cookery, &c. in a wonderfully short time. When they have saved money enough to buy cattle in Kaffraria, off they go, cast aside civilization and clothes, and enjoy life in naked luxury.

I can't tell you how I longed for you in my journey. You would have been so delighted with the country and the queer turn-out—the wild little horses, and the polite and delicately-clean Moslem driver. His description of his sufferings from "louses," when he slept in a Dutch farm, were pathetic, and ever since, he sleeps in his cart, with the little boy; and they bathe in the nearest river, and eat their lawful food and drink their water out of doors. They declined beer, or meat which had been unlawfully killed. In Capetown *all* meat is killed by Malays, and has the proper prayer spoken over it, and they will eat no other. I was offered a fowl at a farm, but Choslullah thought it "too much money for Missus," and only accepted some eggs. He was gratified at my

recognising the propriety of his saying "Bismillah" over any animal killed for food. Some drink beer, and drink a good deal, but Choslullah thought it "very wrong for Malay people, and not good for Christian people, to be drunk beasties;—little wine or beer good for Christians, but not too plenty much." I gave him ten shillings for himself, at which he was enchanted, and again begged me to write to his master for him when I wanted to leave Caledon, and to be sure to say, "Mind send same coachman." He planned to drive me back through Worcester, Burnt Vley, Paarl, and Stellenbosch —a longer round; but he could do it in three days well, so as "not cost Missus more money," and see a different country.

This place is curiously like Rochefort in the Ardennes, only the hills are mountains, and the sun is far hotter; not so the air, which is fresh and pleasant. I am in a very nice inn, kept by an English ex-officer, who went through the Caffre war, and found his pay insufficient for the wants of a numerous family. I quite admire his wife, who cooks, cleans, nurses her babes, gives singing and music lessons,—all as merrily as if she liked it. I dine with them at two o'clock, and Captain D—— has a *table d'hôte* at seven for travellers. I pay only 10*s.* 6*d.* a day for myself and S——; this

includes all but wine or beer. The air is very clear and fine, and my cough is already much better. I shall stay here as long as it suits me and does me good, and then I am to send for Choslullah again, and go back by the road he proposed. It rains here now and then, and blows a good deal, but the wind has lost its bitter chill and depressing quality. I hope soon to ride a little and see the country, which is beautiful.

The water-line is all red from the ironstone, and there are hot chalybeate springs up the mountain which are very good for rheumatism, and very strengthening, I am told. The boots here is a Mantatee, very black, and called Kleenboy, because he is so little; he is the only sleek black I have seen here, but looks heavy and downcast. One maid is Irish (they make the best servants here), a very nice clean girl, and the other, a brown girl of fifteen, whose father is English, and married to her mother. Food here is scarce, all but bread and mutton, both good. Butter is 3*s.* a pound; fruit and vegetables only to be had by chance. I miss the oranges and lemons sadly. Poultry and milk uncertain. The bread is good everywhere, from the fine wheat: in the country it is brownish and sweet. The wine here is execrable; this is owing to the prevailing in-

dolence, for there is excellent wine made from the Rhenish grape, rather like Sauterne, with a *soupçon* of Manzanilla flavour. The sweet Constantia is also very good indeed; not the expensive sort, which is made from grapes half dried, and is a liqueur, but a light, sweet, straw-coloured wine, which even I liked. We drank nothing else at the Admiral's. The kind old sailor has given me a dozen of wine, which is coming up here in a waggon, and will be most welcome. I can't tell you how kind he and Lady Walker were; I was there three weeks, and hope to go again when the south-easter season is over and I can get out a little. I could not leave the house at all; and even Lady Walker and the girls, who are very energetic, got out but little. They are a charming family.

I have no doubt that Dr. Shea was right, and that one must leave the coast to get a fine climate. Here it seems to me nearly perfect—too windy for my pleasure, but then the sun would be overpowering without a fresh breeze. Everyone agrees in saying that the winter in Capetown is delicious—like a fine English summer. In November the south-easters begin, and they are "fiendish;" this year they began in September. The mornings here are always fresh, not to say cold; the afternoons,

from one to three, broiling; then delightful till sunset, which is deadly cold for three-quarters of an hour; the night is lovely. The wind rises and falls with the sun. That is the general course of things. Now and then it rains, and this year there is a little south-easter, which is quite unusual, and not odious, as it is near the sea; and there is seldom a hot wind from the north. I am promised that on or about Christmas-day; then doors and windows are shut, and you gasp. Hitherto we have had nothing nearly so hot as Paris in summer, or as the summer of 1859 in England; and they say it is no hotter, except when the hot wind blows, which is very rare. Up here, snow 'sometimes lies, in winter, on the mountain tops; but ice is unknown, and Table Mountain is never covered with snow. The flies are pestilent—incredibly noisy, intrusive, and disgusting—and oh, such swarms! Fleas and bugs not half so bad as in France, as far as my experience goes, and I have poked about in queer places.

I get up at half-past five, and walk in the early morning, before the sun and wind begin to be oppressive; it is then dry, calm, and beautiful: then I sleep like a Dutchman in the middle of the day. At present it tires me, but I shall get used to it soon. The

Dutch doctor here advised me to do so, to avoid the wind.

When all was settled, we climbed the Hottentot's mountains by Sir Lowry's Pass, a long curve round two hill-sides; and what a view! Simon's Bay opening out far below, and range upon range of crags on one side, with a wide fertile plain, in which lies Hottentot's Holland, at one's feet. The road is just wide enough for one waggon, *i.e.* very narrow. Where the smooth rock came through, Choslullah gave a little grunt, and the three bays went off like hippogriffs, dragging the grey with them. By this time my confidence in his driving was boundless, or I should have expected to find myself in atoms at the bottom of the precipice. At the top of the pass we turned a sharp corner into a scene like the crater of a volcano, only reaching miles away all round; and we descended a very little and drove on along great rolling waves of country, with the mountain tops, all crags and ruins, to our left. At three we reached Palmiet River, full of palmettos and bamboos, and there the horses had "a little roll," and Choslullah and his miniature washed in the river and prayed, and ate dry bread, and drank their tepid water out of a bottle with great good-breeding and cheerfulness. Three bullock-waggons had outspanned, and the Dutch

boers and Bastaards (half Hottentots) were all drunk. We went into a neat little "public," and had porter and ham sandwiches, for which I paid 4*s.* 6*d.* to a miserable-looking English-woman, who was afraid of her tipsy customers. We got to Houw Hoek, a pretty valley at the entrance of a mountain gorge, about half-past five, and drove up to a mud cottage, half inn, half farm, kept by a German and his wife. It looked mighty queer, but Choslullah said the host was a good old man, and all clean. So we cheered up, and asked for food. While the neat old woman was cooking it, up galloped five fine lads and two pretty-flaxen-haired girls, with real German faces, on wild little horses; and one girl tucked up her habit, and waited at table, while another waved a green bough to drive off the swarms of flies. The chops were excellent, ditto bread and butter, and the tea tolerable. The parlour was a tiny room with a mud floor, half-hatch door into the front, and the two bedrooms still tinier and darker, each with two huge beds which filled them entirely. But Choslullah was right; they were perfectly clean, with heaps of beautiful pillows; and not only none of the creatures of which he spoke with infinite terror, but even no fleas. The man was delighted to talk to me. His wife had almost forgotten German, and the children

did not know a word of it, but spoke Dutch and English. A fine, healthy, happy family. It was a pretty picture of emigrant life. Cattle, pigs, sheep, and poultry, and pigeons innumerable, all picked up their own living, and cost nothing; and vegetables and fruit grow in rank abundance where there is water. I asked for a book in the evening, and the man gave me a volume of Schiller. A good breakfast,—and we paid ninepence for all.

This morning we started before eight, as it looked gloomy, and came through a superb mountain defile, out on to a rich hillocky country, covered with miles of corn, all being cut as far as the eye could reach, and we passed several circular threshing-floors, where the horses tread out the grain. Each had a few mud hovels near it, for the farmers and men to live in during harvest. Altogether, I was most lucky, had two beautiful days, and enjoyed the journey immensely. It was most "*abentheuerlich;*" the light two-wheeled cart, with four wild little horses, and the marvellous brown driver, who seemed to be always going to perdition, but made the horses do apparently impossible things with absolute certainty; and the pretty tiny boy who came to help his uncle, and was so clever, and so preternaturally quiet, and so very small: then the road through the

mountain passes, seven or eight feet wide, with a precipice above and below, up which the little horses scrambled; while big lizards, with green heads and chocolate bodies, looked pertly at us, and a big bright amber-coloured cobra, as handsome as he is deadly, wriggled across into a hole.

Nearly all the people in this village are Dutch. There is one Malay tailor here, but he is obliged to be a Christian at Caledon, though Choslullah told me with a grin he was a very good Malay when he went to Capetown. He did not seem much shocked at this double religion, stanch Mussulman as he was himself. I suppose the blacks "up country" are what Dutch slavery made them—mere animals—cunning and sulky. The real Hottentot is extinct, I believe, in the colony; what one now sees are all "Bastaards," the Dutch name for their own descendants by Hottentot women. These mongrel Hottentots, who do all the work, are an affliction to behold—debased and *shrivelled* with drink, and drunk all day long; sullen wretched creatures—so unlike the bright Malays and cheery pleasant blacks and browns of Capetown, who never pass you without a kind word and sunny smile or broad African grin, *selon* their colour and shape of face. I look back fondly to the gracious soft-looking

Malagasse woman who used to give me a chair under the big tree near Rathfelders, and a cup of "bosjesthée" (herb tea), and talk so prettily in her soft voice;—it is such a contrast to these poor animals, who "glower" at one quite unpleasantly. All the hovels I was in at Capetown were very fairly clean, and I went into numbers. They almost all contained a handsome bed, with at least eight pillows. If you only look at the door with a friendly glance, you are implored to come in and sit down, and usually offered a "coppj" (cup) of herb tea, which they are quite grateful to one for drinking. I never saw or heard a hint of "backsheesh," nor did I ever give it, on principle; and I was always recognized and invited to come again with the greatest eagerness. "An indulgence of talk" from an English "Missis" seemed the height of gratification, and the pride and pleasure of giving hospitality a sufficient reward. But here it is quite different. I suppose the benefits of the emancipation were felt at Capetown sooner than in the country, and the Malay population there furnishes a strong element of sobriety and respectability, which sets an example to the other coloured people.

Harvest is now going on, and the so-called Hottentots are earning 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, with rations and wine. But all the money goes at the

"canteen" in drink, and the poor wretched men and women look wasted and degraded. The children are pretty, and a few of them are half-breed girls, who do very well, unless a white man admires them; and then they think it quite an honour to have a whitey-brown child, which happens at about fifteen, by which age they look full twenty.

We had very good snipe and wild duck the other day, which Capt. D—— brought home from a shooting party. I have got the moth-like wings of a golden snipe for R——'s hat, and those of a beautiful moor-hen. They got no "boks," because of the violent south-easter which blew where they were. The game is fast decreasing, but still very abundant. I saw plenty of partridges on the road, but was not early enough to see boks, who only show at dawn; neither have I seen baboons. I will try to bring home some cages of birds—Cape canaries and "roode bekjes" (red bills), darling little things. The sugar-birds, which are the humming-birds of Africa, could not be fed; but Caffre finks, which weave the pendent nests, are hardy and easily fed.

To-day the post for England leaves Caledon, so I must conclude this yarn. I wish R—— could have seen the "klip springer," the mountain deer of South Africa, which Capt. D——

brought in to show me. Such a lovely little beast, as big as a small kid, with eyes and ears like a hare, and a nose so small and dainty. It was quite tame and saucy, and belonged to some man *en route* for Capetown.

CALEDON, *December, 29th.*

I am beginning now really to feel better: I think my cough is less, and I eat a great deal more. They cook nice clean food here, and have some good claret, which I have been extravagant enough to drink, much to my advantage. The Cape wine is all so fiery. The climate is improving too. The glorious African sun blazes and roasts one, and the cool fresh breezes prevent one from feeling languid. I walk from six till eight or nine, breakfast at ten, and dine at three; in the afternoon it is generally practicable to saunter again, now the weather is warmer. I sleep from twelve till two. On Christmas-eve it was so warm that I lay in bed with the window wide open, and the stars blazing in. Such stars! they are much brighter than our moon. The Dutchmen held high jinks in the hall, and danced and made a great noise. On New Year's Eve they will have another ball, and I shall look in. Christmas Day was the hottest day—indeed the only *hot* day we have had—and I could not make it out at all, or fancy you all cold at home.

I wish you were here to see the curious ways and new aspect of everything. This village, which, as I have said, is very like Rochefort, but hardly so large, is the *chef lieu* of a district the size of one-third of England. A civil commander resides here, a sort of *préfet;* and there is an embryo market-place, with a bell hanging in a brick arch. When a waggon arrives with goods, it draws up there, they ring the bell, everybody goes to see what is for sale, and the goods are sold by auction. My host bought potatoes and brandy the other day, and is looking out for ostrich feathers for me, out of the men's hats.

The other day, while we sat at dinner, all the bells began to ring furiously, and Capt. D—— jumped up and shouted *Brand!* (fire), rushed off for a stout leather hat, and ran down the street. Out came all the population, black, white, and brown, awfully excited, for it was blowing a furious north-wester, right up the town, and the fire was at the bottom; and as every house is thatched with a dry brown thatch, we might all have to turn out and see the place in ashes in less than an hour. Luckily, it was put out directly. It is supposed to have been set on fire by a Hottentot girl, who has done the same thing once before, on being scolded. There is no water but what runs

down the streets in the *sloot*, a paved channel, which brings the water from the mountain and supplies the houses and gardens. A garden is impossible without irrigation, of course, as it never rains; but with it, you may have everything, all the year round. The people, however, are too careless to grow fruit and vegetables.

How the cattle live is a standing marvel to me. The whole *veld* (common), which extends all over the country (just dotted with a few square miles of corn here and there), is covered with a low thin scrub, about eighteen inches high, called *rhenoster-bosch*—looking like meagre arbor vitæ or pale juniper. The cattle and sheep will not touch this nor the juicy Hottentot fig; but under each little bush, I fancy, they crop a few blades of grass, and on this they keep in very good condition. The noble oxen, with their huge horns (nine or ten feet from tip to tip), are never fed, though they work hard, nor are the sheep. The horses get a little forage (oats, straw and all). I should like you to see eight or ten of these swift wiry little horses harnessed to a waggon,—a mere flat platform on wheels. In front stands a wild-looking Hottentot, all patches and feathers, and drives them best pace, all "in hand," using a whip like a fishing-rod, with which he touches them, not savagely, but with a skill which would make an

old stage-coachman burst with envy to behold. This morning, out on the veld I watched the process of breaking-in a couple of colts, which were harnessed, after many struggles, second and fourth in a team of ten. In front stood a tiny foal cuddling its mother, one of the leaders. When they started, the foal had its neck through the bridle, and I hallooed in a fright; but the Hottentot only laughed, and in a minute it had disengaged itself quite coolly and capered alongside. The colts tried to plunge, but were whisked along, and couldn't, and then they stuck out all four feet and *skidded* along a bit; but the rhenoster bushes tripped them up (people drive regardless of roads), and they shook their heads and trotted along quite subdued, without a blow or a word, for the drivers never speak to the horses, only to the oxen. Colts here get no other breaking, and therefore have no paces or action to the eye, but their speed and endurance are wonderful. There is no such thing as a cock-tail in the country, and the waggon teams of wiry little thoroughbreds, half Arab, look very strange to our eyes, going full tilt. There is a terrible murrain, called the lung-sickness, among horses and oxen here, every four or five years, but it never touches those that are stabled, however exposed to wet or wind on the roads.

I must describe the house I inhabit, as all are much alike. It is whitewashed, with a door in the middle and two windows on each side; those on the left are Mrs. D——'s bed and sitting rooms. On the right is a large room, which is mine; in the middle of the house is a spacious hall, with doors into other rooms on each side, and into the kitchen, &c. There is a yard behind, and a staircase up to the *zolder* or loft, under the thatch, with partitions, where the servants and children, and sometimes guests, sleep. There are no ceilings; the floor of the zolder is made of yellow wood, and, resting on beams, forms the ceiling of my room, and the thatch alone covers that. No moss ever grows on the thatch, which is brown, with white ridges. In front is a stoep, with "blue gums" (Australian gum-trees) in front of it, where I sit till twelve, when the sun comes on it. These trees prevail here greatly, as they want neither water nor anything else, and grow with incredible rapidity.

We have got a new "boy" (all coloured servants are "boys,"—a remnant of slavery), and he is the type of the nigger slave. A thief, a liar, a glutton, a drunkard—but you can't resent it; he has a *naïf*, half-foolish, half-knavish buffoonery, a total want of self-respect, which disarms you. I sent him to the post to inquire

for letters, and the postmaster had been tipsy over night and was not awake. Jack came back spluttering threats against "dat domned Dutchman. Me no *want* (like) him; me go and kick up dom'd row. What for he no give Missis letter?" &c. I begged him to be patient; on which he bonneted himself in a violent way, and started off at a pantomime walk. Jack is the product of slavery: he pretends to be a simpleton in order to do less work and eat and drink and sleep more than a reasonable being, and he knows his buffoonery will get him out of scrapes. Withal, thoroughly good-natured and obliging, and perfectly honest, except where food and drink are concerned, which he pilfers like a monkey. He worships S——, and won't allow her to carry anything, or to dirty her hands, if he is in the way to do it. Some one suggested to him to kiss her, but he declined with terror, and said he should be hanged by my orders if he did. He is a hideous little negro, with a monstrous-shaped head, every colour of the rainbow on his clothes, and a power of making faces which would enchant a schoolboy. The height of his ambition would be to go to England with me.

An old "bastaard" woman, married to the Malay tailor here, explained to me my popularity with the coloured people, as set forth by "dat

Malay boy," my driver. He told them he was sure I was a "*very* great Missis," because of my "plenty good behaviour;" that I spoke to him just as to a white gentleman, and did not "laugh and talk nonsense talk." "Never say, 'Here, you black fellow,' dat Missis." The English, when they mean to be good-natured, are generally offensively familiar, and "talk nonsense talk," *i.e.*, imitate the Dutch English of the Malays and blacks; the latter feel it the greatest compliment to be treated *au sérieux*, and spoken to in good English. Choslullah's theory was that I must be related to the Queen, in consequence of my not "knowing bad behaviour." The Malays, who are intelligent and proud, of course feel the annoyance of vulgar familiarity more than the blacks, who are rather awe-struck by civility, though they like and admire it.

Mrs. D—— tells me that the coloured servant-girls, with all their faults, are immaculately honest in these parts; and, indeed, as every door and window is always left open, even when every soul is out, and nothing locked up, there must be no thieves. Captain D—— told me he had been in remote Dutch farmhouses, where rouleaux of gold were ranged under the thatch on the top of the low wall, the doors being always left open; and everywhere the Dutch boers keep their money by them, in coin.

*Jan. 3rd.*—We have had tremendous festivities here—a ball on New Year's Eve, and another on the 1st. of January—and the shooting for Prince Alfred's rifle yesterday. The difficulty of music for the ball was solved by the arrival of two Malay bricklayers to build the new parsonage, and I heard with my own ears the proof of what I had been told as to their extraordinary musical gifts. When I went into the hall, a Dutchman was *screeching* a concertina hideously. Presently in walked a yellow Malay, with a blue cotton handkerchief on his head, and a half-breed of negro blood (very dark brown), with a red handkerchief, and holding a rough tambourine. The handsome yellow man took the concertina which seemed so discordant, and the touch of his dainty fingers transformed it to harmony. He played dances with a precision and feeling quite unequalled, except by Strauss's band, and a variety which seemed endless. I asked him if he could read music, at which he laughed heartily, and said music came into the ears, not the eyes. He had picked it all up from the bands in Capetown, or elsewhere.

It was a strange sight,—the picturesque group, and the contrast between the quiet manners of the true Malay and the grotesque fun of the half-negro. The latter made his tambourine do

duty as a drum, rattled the bits of brass so as to produce an indescribable effect, nodded and grinned in wild excitement, and drank beer while his comrade took water. The dancing was uninteresting enough. The Dutchmen danced badly, and said not a word, but plodded on so as to get all the dancing they could for their money. I went to bed at half-past eleven, but the ball went on till four.

Next night there was genteeler company, and I did not go in, but lay in bed listening to the Malay's playing. He had quite a fresh set of tunes, of which several were from the *Traviata!*

Yesterday was a real African summer's day. The D——s had a tent and an awning, one for food and the other for drink, on the ground where the shooting took place. At twelve o'clock Mrs. D—— went down to sell cold chickens, &c., and I went with her, and sat under a tree in the bed of the little stream, now nearly dry. The sun was such as in any other climate would strike you down, but here *coup de soleil* is unknown. It broils you till your shoulders ache and your lips crack, but it does not make you feel the least languid, and you perspire very little; nor does it tan the skin as you would expect. The light of the sun is by no means "golden"—it is pure white—and the

slightest shade of a tree or bush affords a delicious temperature, so light and fresh is the air. They said the thermometer was at about 130° where I was walking yesterday, but (barring the scorch) I could not have believed it.

It was a very amusing day. The great tall Dutchmen came in to shoot, and did but moderately, I thought. The longest range was five hundred yards, and at that they shot well; at shorter ranges, poorly enough. The best man made ten points. But oh! what figures were there of negroes and coloured people! I longed for a photographer. Some coloured lads were exquisitely graceful, and composed beautiful *tableaux vivants*, after Murillo's beggar-boys.

A poor little, very old Bosjesman crept up, and was jeered and bullied. I scolded the lad who abused him for being rude to an old man, whereupon the poor little old creature squatted on the ground close by (for which he would have been kicked but for me), took off his ragged hat, and sat staring and nodding his small grey woolly head at me, and jabbering some little soliloquy very *sotto voce*. There was something shocking in the timidity with which he took the plate of food I gave him, and in the way in which he ate it, with the *wrong* side of his little yellow hand, like a monkey. A

black, who had helped to fetch the hamper, suggested to me to give him wine instead of meat and bread, and make him drunk *for fun* (the blacks and Hottentots copy the white man's manners *to them*, when they get hold of a Bosjesman to practise upon); but upon this a handsome West Indian black, who had been cooking pies, fired up, and told him he was a "nasty black rascal, and a Dutchman to boot," to insult a lady and an old man at once. If you could see the difference between one negro and another, you would be quite convinced that education (*i.e.*, circumstances) makes the race. It was hardly conceivable that the hideous, dirty, bandy-legged, ragged creature, who looked down on the Bosjesman, and the well-made, smart fellow, with his fine eyes, jaunty red cap, and snow-white shirt and trousers, alert as the best German Kellner, were of the same blood; nothing but the colour was alike.

Then came a Dutchman, and asked for six penn'orth of "brood en kaas," and haggled for beer; and Englishmen, who bought chickens and champagne without asking the price. One rich old boer got three lunches, and then "trekked" (made off) without paying at all. Then came a Hottentot, stupidly drunk, with a fiddle, and was beaten by a little red-haired Scotchman, and his fiddle smashed. The Hottentot

hit at his aggressor, who then declared he *had been* a policeman, and insisted on taking him into custody and to the "Tronk" (prison) on his own authority, but was in turn sent flying by a gigantic Irishman, who "wouldn't see the poor baste abused." The Irishman was a farmer; I never saw such a Hercules—and beaming with fun and good nature. He was very civil, and answered my questions, and talked like an intelligent man; but when Captain D—— asked him with an air of some anxiety, if he was coming to the hotel, he replied, "No, sir, no; I wouldn't be guilty of such a misdemeanour. I am aware that I was a disgrace and opprobrium to your house, sir, last time I was there, sir. No, sir, I shall sleep in my cart, and not come into the presence of ladies." Hereupon he departed, and I was informed that he had been drunk for seventeen days, *sans désemparer*, on his last visit to Caledon. However, he kept quite sober on this occasion, and amused himself by making the little blackies scramble for halfpence in the pools left in the bed of the river. Among our customers was a very handsome black man, with high straight nose, deep-set eyes, and a small mouth, smartly dressed in a white felt hat, paletot, and trousers. He is the shoemaker, and is making a pair of "Veldschoen"

for you, which you will delight in. They are what the rough boers and Hottentots wear, buff-hide barbarously tanned and shaped, and as soft as woollen socks. The Othello-looking shoemaker's name is Moor, and his father told him he came of a "good breed;" that was all he knew.

A very pleasing English farmer, who had been educated in Belgium, came and ordered a bottle of champagne, and shyly begged me to drink a glass, whereupon we talked of crops and the like; and an excellent specimen of a colonist he appeared; very gentle and unaffected, with homely good sense, and real good breeding—such a contrast to the pert airs and vulgarity of Capetown and of the people in (colonial) high places. Finding we had no carriage, he posted off and borrowed a cart of one man and harness of another, and put his and his son's riding horses to it, to take Mrs. D—— and me home. As it was still early, he took us a "little drive;" and oh, ye gods! what a terrific and dislocating pleasure was that! At hard gallop, Mr. M—— (with the mildest and steadiest air and with perfect safety) took us right across country. It is true there were no fences; but over bushes, ditches, lumps of rock, water-courses, we jumped, flew, and bounded, and up every hill we went at racing

pace. I arrived at home much bewildered, and feeling more like Bürger's Lenore than anything else, till I saw Mr. M——'s steady, pleasant face quite undisturbed, and was informed that such was the way of driving of Cape farmers.

We found the luckless Jack in such a state of furious drunkenness that he had to be dismissed on the spot, not without threats of the "Tronk," and once more Kleenboy fills the office of boots. He returned in a ludicrous state of penitence and emaciation, frankly admitting that it was better to work hard and get "plenty grub," than to work less and get none;—still, however, protesting against work at all.

*Jan. 7th.*—For the last four days it has again been blowing a wintry hurricane. Every one says that the continuance of these winds so late into the summer (this answers to July) is unheard of, and *must* cease soon. In Table Bay, I hear a good deal of mischief has been done to the shipping.

I hope my long yarns won't bore you. I put down what seems new and amusing to me at the moment, but by the time it reaches you, it will seem very dull and commonplace. I hear that the Scotchman who attacked poor Aria, the crazy Hottentot, is a "revival lecturer," and

was "simply exhorting him to break his fiddle and come to Christ" (the phrase is a clergyman's, I beg to observe); and the saints are indignant that, after executing the pious purpose as far as the fiddle went, he was prevented by the chief constable from dragging him to the Tronk. The "revival" mania has broken out rather violently in some places; the infection was brought from St. Helena, I am told. At Capetown, old Abdool Jemaalee told me that English Christians were getting more like Malays, and had begun to hold "Kalifahs" at Simon's Bay. These are festivals in which Mussulman fanatics run knives into their flesh, go into convulsions, &c. to the sound of music, like the Arab described by Houdin. Of course the poor blacks go quite demented.

I intend to stay here another two or three weeks, and then to go to Worcester—stay a bit; Paarl, ditto; Stellenbosch, ditto—and go to Capetown early in March, and in April to embark for home.

*Jan.* 15*th.*—No mail in yet. We have had beautiful weather the last three days. Captain D—— has been in Capetown, and bought a horse, which he rode home seventy-five miles in a day and a half,—the beast none the worse nor tired. I am to ride him, and so

shall see the country if the vile cold winds keep off.

This morning I walked on the veld, and met a young black shepherd leading his sheep and goats, and playing on a guitar composed of an old tin mug covered with a bit of sheepskin and a handle of rough wood, with pegs, and three strings of sheepgut. I asked him to sing, and he flung himself at my feet in an attitude that would make Watts crazy with delight, and *crooned* queer little mournful ditties. I gave him sixpence, and told him not to get drunk. He said, "Oh no; I will buy bread enough to make my belly stiff—I almost never had my belly stiff." He likewise informed me he had just been in the Tronk (prison), and on my asking why, replied: "Oh, for fighting, and telling lies;" Die liebe Unschuld! (Dear innocence!)

Hottentot figs are rather nice—a green fig-shaped thing, containing about a spoonful of *salt-sweet* insipid glue, which you suck out. This does not sound nice, but it is. The plant has a thick, succulent, triangular leaf, creeping on the ground, and growing anywhere, without earth or water. Figs proper are common here, but tasteless; and the people pick all their fruit green, and eat it so too. The children are all crunching hard peaches and plums just now,

particularly some little half-breeds near here, who are frightfully ugly. Fancy the children of a black woman and a red-haired man; the little monsters are as black as the mother, and have *red* wool—you never saw so diabolical an appearance. Some of the coloured people are very pretty; for example, a coal-black girl of seventeen, and my washerwoman, who is brown. They are wonderfully slender and agile, and quite old hard-working women have waists you could span. They never grow thick and square, like Europeans.

I could write a volume on Cape horses. Such valiant little beasts, and so composed in temper, I never saw. They are nearly all bays —a few very dark grey, which are esteemed; *very* few white or light grey. I have seen no black, and only one dark chestnut. They are not cobs, and look "very little of them," and have no beauty; but one of these little brutes, ungroomed, half-fed, seldom stabled, will carry a six-and-a-half-foot Dutchman sixty miles a day, day after day, at a shuffling easy canter, six miles an hour. You "off saddle" every three hours, and let him roll; you also let him drink all he can get; his coat shines and his eye is bright, and unsoundness is very rare. They are never properly broke, and the soft-mouthed colts are sometimes made vicious by

the cruel bits and heavy hands; but by nature their temper is perfect.

Every morning all the horses in the village are turned loose, and a general gallop takes place to the water tank, where they drink and lounge a little; and the young ones are fetched home by their niggers, while the old stagers know they will be wanted, and saunter off by themselves. I often attend the Houhynymn *conversazione* at the tank, at about seven o'clock, and am amused by their behaviour; and I continually wish I could see Ned's face on witnessing many equine proceedings here. To see a farmer outspan and turn the team of active little beasts loose on the boundless veld to amuse themselves for an hour or two, sure that they will all be there, would astonish him a little; and then to offer a horse nothing but a roll in the dust to refresh himself withal!

One unpleasant sight here is the skeletons of horses and oxen along the roadside; or at times a fresh carcase surrounded by a convocation of huge serious-looking carrion crows, with neat white neck-cloths. The skeletons look like wrecks, and make you feel very lonely on the wide veld. In this district, and in most, I believe, the roads are mere tracks over the hard, level earth, and very good they are. When one gets rutty, you drive parallel to it,

till the bush is worn out and a new track is formed.

*Jan. 17th.*—Lovely weather all the week. Summer well set in.

CALEDON, *January 19th.*

Till this last week, the weather was pertinaciously cold and windy; and I had resolved to go to Worcester, which lies in a "kessel," and is really hot. But now the glorious African summer is come, and I believe this is the weather of Paradise. I got up at four this morning, when the Dutchmen who had slept here were starting in their carts and waggons. It was quite light; but the moon shone brilliantly still, and had put on a bright rose-coloured veil, borrowed from the rising sun on the opposite horizon. The freshness (without a shadow of cold or damp) of the air was indescribable—no dew was on the ground. I went up the hill-side, along the "sloot" (channel, which supplies all our water), into the "kloof" between the mountains, and clambered up to the "Venster Klip," from which natural window the view is very fine. The flowers are all gone and the grass all dead. Rhenoster boschjes and Hottentot fig are green everywhere, and among the rocks all manner of shrubs, and far too much

"Wacht een beetje" (*Wait a bit*), a sort of series of natural fishhooks, which try the robustest patience. Between seven and eight, the sun gets rather hot, and I came in and tubbed, and sat on the stoep (a sort of terrace, in front of every house in South Africa). I breakfast at nine, sit on the stoep again till the sun comes round, and then retreat behind closed shutters from the stinging sun. The *air* is fresh and light all day, though the sun is tremendous; but one has no languid feeling or desire to lie about, unless one is sleepy. We dine at two or half-past, and at four or five the heat is over, and one puts on a shawl to go out in the afternoon breeze. The nights are cool, so as always to want one blanket. I still have a cough; but it is getting better, so that I can always eat and walk. Mine host has just bought a horse, which he is going to try with a petticoat to day, and if he goes well I shall ride.

I like this inn-life, because I see all the "neighbourhood"—farmers and traders—whom I like far better than the *gentility* of Capetown. I have given letters to England to a "boer," who is "going home," *i.e.*, to Europe, the *first of his race since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes*, when some poor refugees were inveigled hither by the Dutch Governor, and oppressed worse than the Hottentots. M. de Villiers has

had no education *at all*, and has worked, and traded, and farmed,—but the breed tells; he is a pure and thorough Frenchman, unable to speak a word of French. When I went in to dinner, he rose and gave me a chair with a bow which, with his appearance, made me ask, *Monsieur vient d'arriver?* This at once put him out and pleased him. He is very unlike a Dutchman. If you think that any of the French will feel as I felt to this far-distant brother of theirs, pray give him a few letters; but remember that he can speak only English and Dutch, and a little German. Here his name is *called* "Filljee," but I told him to drop that barbarism in Europe; De Villiers ought to speak for itself. He says they came from the neighbourhood of Bordeaux.

The postmaster, Heer Klein, and his old Pylades, Heer Ley, are great cronies of mine—stout old greybeards, toddling down the hill together. I sometimes go and sit on the stoep with the two old bachelors, and they take it as a great compliment; and Heer Klein gave me my letters all decked with flowers, and wished "Vrolyke tydings, Mevrouw," most heartily. He has also made his tributary mail-cart Hottentots bring from various higher mountain ranges the beautiful everlasting flowers, which will make pretty wreaths for J——. When I

went to his house to thank him, I found a handsome Malay, with a basket of "klipkaus," a shell-fish much esteemed here. Old Klein told me they were sent him by a Malay who was born in his father's house, a slave, and had been *his boy* and playfellow. Now, the slave is far richer than the old young master, and no waggon comes without a little gift—oranges, fish, &c.—for "Wilhem." When Klein goes to Capetown, the old Malay seats him in a grand chair and sits on a little wooden stool at his feet; Klein begs him, as "Huisheer," to sit properly; but, "Neen Wilhem, Ik zal niet; ik kan niet vergeten." "Good boy!" said old Klein; "good people the Malays." It is a relief, after the horrors one has heard of Dutch cruelty, to see such an "idyllisches Verhältniss." I have heard other instances of the same fidelity from Malays, but they were utterly unappreciated, and only told to prove the excellence of slavery, and "how well the rascals must have been off."

I have fallen in love with a Hottentot baby here. Her mother is all black, with a broad face and soft spaniel eyes, and the father is Bastaard; but the baby (a girl, nine months old) has walked out of one of Leonardo da Vinci's pictures. I never saw so beautiful a child. She has huge eyes with the spiritual look he gives to them, and is exquisite in every way.

When the Hottentot blood *is* handsome, it is beautiful; there is a delicacy and softness about some of the women which is very pretty, and the eyes are those of a *good* dog. Most of them are hideous, and nearly all drink; but they are very clean and honest. Their cottages are far superior in cleanliness to anything out of England, except in picked places, like some parts of Belgium; and they wash as much as they can, with the bad water-supply, and the English outcry if they strip out of doors to bathe. Compared to French peasants, they are very clean indeed, and even the children are far more decent and cleanly in their habits than those of France. The woman who comes here to clean and scour is a model of neatness in her work and her person (quite black), but she gets helplessly drunk as soon as she has a penny to buy a glass of wine; for a penny, a half-pint tumbler of very strong and remarkably nasty wine is sold at the canteens.

I have many more "humours" to tell, but A—— can show you all the long story I have written. I hope it does not seem very stale and *decies repetita*. All being new and curious to the eye here, one becomes long-winded about mere trifles.

One small thing more. The first few shillings that a coloured woman has to spend on her

cottage go in—what do you think?—A grand toilet table of worked muslin over pink, all set out with little *objets*—such as they are: if there is nothing else, there is that here, as at Capetown, and all along to Simon's Bay. Now, what is the use or comfort of a *duchesse* to a Hottentot family? I shall never see those toilets again without thinking of Hottentots—what a *baroque* association of ideas! I intend, in a day or two, to go over to "Gnadenthal," the Moravian missionary station founded in 1736—the "blühende Gemeinde von Hottentoten." How little did I think to see it, when we smiled at the phrase in old Mr. Steinkopf's sermon years ago in London! The *missionarized* Hottentots are not, as it is said, thought well of—being even tipsier than the rest; but I *may* see a full-blood one, and even a true Bosjesman, which is worth a couple of hours' drive; and the place is said to be beautiful.

This climate is evidently a styptic of great power. I shall write a few lines to the *Lancet* about Caledon and its hot baths—"Bad Caledon," as the Germans at Houwd Hoek call it. The baths do not concern me, as they are chalybeate; but they seem very effectual in many cases. Yet English people never come here; they stay at Capetown, which must be a furnace now, or at Wynberg, which is damp and chill

(comparatively): at most, they get to Stellenbosch. I mean visitors, not settlers; *they* are everywhere. I look the colour of a Hottentot. Now I *must* leave off.

CALEDON, *January 28th.*

Well, I have been to Gnadenthal, and seen the "blooming parish," and a lovely spot it is. A large village nestled in a deep valley, surrounded by high mountains on three sides, and a lower range in front. We started early on Saturday, and drove over a mighty queer road, and through a river. Oh, ye gods! what a shaking and pounding! We were rattled up like dice in a box. Nothing but a Cape cart, Cape horses, and a Hottentot driver, above all, could have accomplished it. Captain D—— rode, and had the best of it. On the road we passed three or four farms, at all which horses were *galloping out* the grain, or men were winnowing it by tossing it up with wooden shovels to let the wind blow away the chaff. We did the twenty-four miles up and down the mountain roads in two hours and a half, with our valiant little pair of horses; it is incredible how they go. We stopped at a nice cottage on the hillside belonging to a *ci-devant* slave, one Christian Rietz, a *white* man, with brown woolly hair, sharp features, grey eyes, and *not*

woolly moustaches. He said he was a "Scotch bastaard," and "le bon sang parlait—très-haut même," for a more thriving, shrewd, sensible fellow I never saw. His *father* and master had had to let him go when all slaves were emancipated, and he had come to Gnadenthal. He keeps a little inn in the village, and a shop and a fine garden. The cottage we lodged in was on the mountain side, and had been built for his son, who was dead; and his adopted daughter, a pretty coloured girl exactly like a southern Frenchwoman, waited on us, assisted by about six or seven other women, who came chiefly to stare. Vrouw Rietz was as black as a coal, but *so* pretty!—a dear, soft, sleek, old lady, with beautiful eyes, and the kind pleasant ways which belong to nice blacks; and, though old and fat, still graceful and lovely in face, hands, and arms. The cottage was thus:—One large hall; my bedroom on the right, S——'s on the left; the kitchen behind me; Miss Rietz behind S——; mud floors daintily washed over with fresh cow-dung; ceiling of big rafters, just as they had grown, on which rested bamboo canes close together *across* the rafters, and bound together between each, with transverse bamboo—a pretty *beehivey* effect; at top, mud again, and then a high thatched roof and a loft or zolder for forage, &c.; the walls of

coarse mud, very thick and whitewashed. The bedrooms tiny; beds, clean sweet melies (maize) straw, with clean sheets, and eight good pillows on each; glass windows (a great distinction), exquisite cleanliness, and hearty civility; good food, well cooked; horrid tea and coffee, and hardly any milk; no end of fruit. In all the gardens it hung on the trees thicker than the leaves. Never did I behold such a profusion of fruit and vegetables.

But first I must tell what struck me most. I asked one of the Herrenhut brethren whether there were any *real* Hottentots, and he said, "Yes, one;" and next morning, as I sat waiting for early prayers under the big oak-trees in the Plaats (square), he came up, followed by a tiny old man hobbling along with a long stick to support him. "Here," said he, "is the *last* Hottentot; he is a hundred and seven years old, and lives all alone." I looked on the little, wizened, yellow face, and was shocked that he should be dragged up like a wild beast to be stared at. A feeling of pity which felt like remorse fell upon me, and my eyes filled as I rose and stood before him, so tall and like a tyrant and oppressor, while he uncovered his poor little old snow-white head, and peered up in my face. I led him to the seat, and helped him to sit down, and said in Dutch, "Father, I hope you

are not tired; you are old." He saw and heard as well as ever, and spoke *good* Dutch in a firm voice. "Yes, I am above a hundred years old, and alone—quite alone." I sat beside him, and he put his head on one side, and looked curiously up at me with his faded, but still piercing little wild eyes. Perhaps he had a perception of what I felt—yet I hardly think so; perhaps he thought I was in trouble, for he crept close up to me, and put one tiny brown paw into my hand, which he stroked with the other, and asked (like most coloured people) if I had children. I said, "Yes, at home in England;" and he patted my hand again, and said, "God bless them!" It was a relief to feel that he was pleased, for I should have felt like a murderer if my curiosity had added a moment's pain to so tragic a fate.

This may sound like sentimentalism; but you cannot conceive the effect of looking on the last of a race once the owners of all this land, and now utterly gone. His look was not quite human, physically speaking;—a good head, small wild-beast eyes, piercing and restless; cheek-bones strangely high and prominent, nose *quite* flat, mouth rather wide; thin shapeless lips, and an indescribably small, long, pointed chin, with just a very little soft white woolly beard; his head covered with extremely short

close white wool, which ended round the poll in little ringlets. Hands and feet like an English child of seven or eight, and person about the size of a child of eleven. He had all his teeth, and though shrunk to nothing, was very little wrinkled in the face, and not at all in the hands, which were dark brown, while his face was yellow. His manner, and way of speaking were like those of an old peasant in England, only his voice was clearer and stronger, and his perceptions not blunted by age. He had travelled with one of the missionaries in the year 1790, or thereabouts, and remained with them ever since.

I went into the church—a large, clean, rather handsome building, consecrated in 1800—and heard a very good sort of Litany, mixed with such singing as only black voices can produce. The organ was beautifully played by a Bastaard lad. The Herrenhuters use very fine chants, and the perfect ear and heavenly voices of a large congregation, about six hundred, all coloured people, made music more beautiful than any chorus-singing I ever heard.

Prayers lasted half an hour; then the congregation turned out of doors, and the windows were opened. Some of the people went away, and others waited for the "allgemeine Predigt." In a quarter of an hour a much larger congre-

gation than the first assembled, the girls all with net-handkerchiefs tied round their heads so as to look exactly like the ancient Greek head-dress with a double fillet—the very prettiest and neatest coiffure I ever saw. The gowns were made like those of English girls of the same class, but far smarter, cleaner, and gayer in colour—pink, and green, and yellow, and bright blue; several were all in white, with white gloves. The men and women sit separate, and the women's side was a bed of tulips. The young fellows were very smart indeed, with muslin or gauze, either white, pink, or blue, rolled round their hats (that is universal here, on account of the sun). The Hottentots, as they are called—that is, those of mixed Dutch and Hottentot origin (correctly "Bastaards")—have a sort of blackguard elegance in their gait and figure which is peculiar to them; a mixture of negro or Mozambique blood alters it altogether. The girls have the elegance without the blackguard look; *all* are slender, most are tall; all graceful, all have good hands and feet; some few are handsome in the face and many very interesting-looking. The complexion is a pale olive-yellow, and the hair more or less woolly, face flat, and cheek-bones high, eyes small and bright. These are by far the most intelligent—equal, indeed, to

whites. A mixture of black blood often gives real beauty, but takes off from the "air," and generally from the talent; but then the blacks are so pleasant, and the Hottentots are taciturn and reserved. The old women of this breed are the grandest hags I ever saw; they are clean and well dressed, and tie up their old faces in white handkerchiefs like corpses,—faces like those of Andrea del Sarto's old women; they are splendid. Also, they are very clean people, addicted to tubbing more than any others. The maid-of-all-work, who lounges about your breakfast table in rags and dishevelled hair, has been in the river before you were awake, or, if that was too far off, in a tub. They are also far cleaner in their huts than any but the *very best* English poor.

The "Predigt" was delivered, after more singing, by a missionary cabinet-maker, in Dutch, very ranting, and not very wise; the congregation was singularly decorous and attentive, but did not seem at all excited or impressed —just like a well-bred West-end audience, only rather more attentive. The service lasted three-quarters of an hour, including a short prayer and two hymns. The people came out and filed off in total silence, and very quickly, the tall graceful girls draping their gay silk shawls beautifully. There are seven mission-

aries, all in orders but one, the blacksmith, and all married, except the resident director of the boys' boarding-school; there is a doctor, a carpenter, a cabinet-maker, a shoemaker, and a storekeeper—a very agreeable man, who had been missionary in Greenland and Labrador, and interpreter to MacClure. There is one "Studirter Theolog." All are Germans, and so are their wives. My friend the storekeeper married without having ever beheld his wife before they met at the altar, and came on board ship at once with her. He said it was as good a way of marrying as any other, and that they were happy together. She was lying in, so I did not see her. At eight years old their children are all sent home to Germany to be educated, and they seldom see them again. On each side of the church are schools, and next to them the missionaries' houses on one side of the square, and on the other a row of workshops, where the Hottentots are taught all manner of trades. I have got a couple of knives, made at Gnadenthal, for the children. The girls occupy the school in the morning, and the boys in the afternoon; half a day is found quite enough of lessons in this climate. The infant school was of both sexes, but a different set morning and afternoon. The missionaries' children were in the infant school; and behind the little blonde

German "Mädels" three jet black niggerlings rolled over each other like pointer-pups, and grinned, and didn't care a straw for the spelling; while the dingy yellow little Bastaards were straining their black eyes out, with eagerness to answer the master's questions. He and the mistress were both Bastaards, and he seemed an excellent teacher. The girls were learning writing from a master, and Bible history from a mistress, also people of colour; and the stupid set (mostly black) were having spelling hammered into their thick skulls by another yellow mistress, in another room. At the boarding school were twenty lads, from thirteen up to twenty, in training for school-teachers at different stations. Gnadenthal supplies the Church of England with them, as well as their own stations. There were Caffres, Fingoes, a Mantatee, one boy evidently of some oriental blood, with glossy, smooth hair and a copper skin—and the rest Bastaards of various hues, some mixed with black, probably Mozambique. The Caffre lads were splendid young Hercules. They had just printed the first book in the Caffre language (I've got it for Dr. Hawtrey),—extracts from the New Testament,—and I made them read the sheets they were going to bind; it is a beautiful language, like Spanish in tone, only with a queer "click" in it. The boys

drew, like Chinese, from "copies," and wrote like copper-plate; they sang some of Mendelssohn's choruses from "St. Paul" splendidly, the Caffres rolling out soft rich bass voices, like melodious thunder. They are clever at handicrafts, and fond of geography and natural history, incapable of mathematics, quick at languages, utterly incurious about other nations, and would all rather work in the fields than learn anything but music; good boys, honest, but *trotzig*. So much for Caffres, Fingoes, &c. The Bastaards are as clever as whites, and more docile—so the "rector" told me. The boy who played the organ sang the "Lorelei" like an angel, and played us a number of waltzes and other things on the piano, but he was too shy to talk; while the Caffres crowded round me, and chattered away merrily. The Mantatees, whom I cannot distinguish from Caffres, are scattered all over the colony, and rival the English as workmen and labourers—fine stalwart, industrious fellows. Our little "boy" Kleenboy hires a room for fifteen shillings a month, and takes in his compatriots as lodgers at half a crown a week—the usurious little rogue! His chief, one James, is a bricklayer here, and looks and behaves like a prince. It is fine to see his black arms, ornamented with silver bracelets, hurling huge stones about.

All Gnadenthal is wonderfully fruitful, being well watered, but it is not healthy for whites; I imagine, too hot and damp. There are three or four thousand coloured people there, under the control of the missionaries, who allow no canteens at all. The people may have what they please at home, but no public drinking-place is allowed, and we had to take our own beer and wine for the three days. The gardens and burial-ground are beautiful, and the square is entirely shaded by about ten or twelve superb oaks; nothing prettier can be conceived. It is not popular in the neighbourhood. "You see it makes the d—d niggers cheeky" to have homes of their own—and the girls are said to be immoral. The English are almost equally contemptuous; but there is one great difference. My host, for instance, always calls a black "a d—d nigger;" but if that nigger is wronged or oppressed he fights for him, or bails him out of the Tronk, and an English jury gives a just verdict; while a Dutch one simply finds for a Dutchman, against any one else, and *always* against a dark man. I believe this to be true, from what I have seen and heard; and certainly the coloured people have a great preference for the English.

I am persecuted by the ugliest and blackest Mozambiquer I have yet seen, a bricklayer's

labourer, who can speak English, and says he was servant to an English captain—"Oh, a good fellow he was, only he's dead!" He now insists on my taking him as a servant. "I dessay your man at home is a good chap, and I'll be a good boy, and cook very nice." He is thick-set and short and strong. Nature has adorned him with a cock-eye and a yard of mouth, and art, with a prodigiously tall white chimney-pot hat with the crown out, a cotton nightcap, and a wondrous congeries of rags. He professes to be cook, groom, and "walley," and is sure you would be pleased with his attentions.

Well, to go back to Gnadenthal. I wandered all over the village on Sunday afternoon, and peeped into the cottages. All were neat and clean, with good dressers of crockery, the *very* poorest, like the worst in Weybridge sandpits; but they had no glass windows, only a wooden shutter, and no doors; a calico curtain, or a sort of hurdle supplying its place. The people nodded and said "Good day!" but took no further notice of me, except the poor old Hottentot, who was seated on a doorstep. He rose and hobbled up to meet me and take my hand again. He seemed to enjoy being helped along and seated down carefully, and shook and patted my hand repeatedly when I took leave

of him. At this the people stared a good deal, and one woman came to talk to me.

In the evening I sat on a bench in the square, and saw the people go in to "Abendsegen." The church was lighted, and as I sat there and heard the lovely singing, I thought it was impossible to conceive a more romantic scene. On Monday I saw all the schools, and then looked at the great strong Caffre lads playing in the square. One of them stood to be pelted by five or six others, and as the stones came, he twisted and turned and jumped, and was hardly ever hit, and when he was, he didn't care, though the others hurled like catapults. It was the most wonderful display of activity and grace, and quite incredible that such a huge fellow should be so quick and light. When I found how comfortable dear old Mrs. Rietz made me, I was sorry I had hired the cart and kept it to take me home, for I would gladly have stayed longer, and the heat did me no harm; but I did not like to throw away a pound or two, and drove back that evening. Mrs. Rietz told me her mother was a Mozambiquer. "And your father?" said I. "Oh, I don't know. *My mother was only a slave.*" She, too, was a slave, but said she "never knew it," her "missis" was so good; a Dutch lady, at a farm I had passed, on the road, who had a

hundred and fifty slaves. I liked my Hottentot hut amazingly, and the sweet brown bread, and the dinner cooked so cleanly on the bricks in the kitchen. The walls were whitewashed and adorned with wreaths of everlasting flowers and some quaint old prints from Loutherbourg —pastoral subjects, not exactly edifying.

Well, I have prosed unconscionably, so adieu for the present.

*Feb. 3rd.*—Many happy returns of your birthday, dear ——. I had a bottle of champagne to drink your health, and partly to swell the bill, which these good people make so moderate, that I am half ashamed. I get everything that Caledon can furnish for myself and S—— for 15*l.* a month.

On Saturday we got the sad news of Prince Albert's death, and it created real consternation here. What a thoroughly unexpected calamity! Every one is already dressed in deep mourning. It is more general than in a village of the same size at home—(how I have caught the colonial trick of always saying "home" for England! Dutchmen who can barely speak English, and never did or will see England, equally talk of "news from home"). It also seems, by the papers of the 24th of December, which came by a steamer the other day, that war is

imminent. I shall have to wait for convoy, I suppose, as I object to walking the plank from a Yankee privateer. I shall wait here for the next mail, and then go back to Capetown, stopping by the way, so as to get there early in March, and arrange for my voyage. The weather had a relapse into cold, and an attempt at rain. Pity it failed, for the drought is dreadful this year, chiefly owing to the unusual quantity of sharp drying winds—a most unlucky summer for the country and for me.

My old friend Klein, who told me several instances of the kindness and gratitude of former slaves, poured out to me the misery he had undergone from the "ingratitude" of a certain Rosina, a slave-girl of his. She was in her youth handsome, clever, the best horsebreaker, bullock-trainer and driver, and hardest worker in the district. She had two children by Klein, then a young fellow; six by another white man, and a few more by two husbands of her own race! But she was of a rebellious spirit, and took to drink. After the emancipation, she used to go in front of Klein's windows and read the statute in a loud voice on every anniversary of the day; and as if that did not enrage him enough, she pertinaciously (whenever she was a little drunk) kissed him by main force every time she met him in the street,

exclaiming, "Aha! when I young and pretty slave-girl you make kiss me then; now I ugly, drunk, dirty old devil and free woman, I kiss you!" Frightful retributive justice! I struggled hard to keep my countenance, but the fat old fellow's good-humoured, rueful face was too much for me. His tormentor is dead, but he retains a painful impression of her "ingratitude."

Our little Mantatee "Kleenboy" has again, like Jeshurun, "waxed fat and kicked," as soon as he had eaten enough to be once more plump and shiny. After his hungry period, he took to squatting on the stoep, just in front of the hall-door, and altogether declining to do anything; so he is superseded by an equally ugly little red-headed Englishman. The Irish housemaid has married the German baker (a fine match for her!), and a dour little Scotch Presbyterian has come up from Capetown in her place. Such are the vicissitudes of colonial housekeeping! The only "permanency" is the old soldier of Captain D——'s regiment, who is barman in the canteen, and not likely to leave "his honour," and the coloured girl, who improves on acquaintance. She wants to ingratiate herself with me, and get taken to England. Her father is an Englishman, and of course the brown mother and her large family always live

in the fear of his "going home" and ignoring their existence; a *marriage* with the mother of his children would be too much degradation for him to submit to. Few of the coloured people are ever married, but they don't separate oftener than *really* married folks. Bill, the handsome West Indian black, married my pretty washer-woman Rosalind, and was thought rather assuming because he was asked in church and lawfully married; and she wore a handsome lilac silk gown and a white wreath and veil, and very well she looked in them. She had a child of two years old, which did not at all disconcert Bill; but he continues to be dignified, and won't let her go and wash clothes in the river because the hot sun makes her ill, and it is not fit work for women.

*Sunday 9th.*—Last night a dance took place in a house next door to this, and a party of boers attempted to go in, but were repulsed by a sortie of the young men within. Some of the more peaceable boers came in here and wanted ale, which was refused, as they were already very *vinous;* so they imbibed ginger-beer, whereof one drank thirty-four bottles to his own share! Inspired by this drink, they began to quarrel, and were summarily turned out. They spent the whole night, till five this morn-

ing, scuffling and vociferating in the street. The constables discreetly stayed in bed, displaying the true Dogberry spirit, which leads them to take up Hottentots, drunk or sober, to show their zeal, but carefully to avoid meddling with stalwart boers, from six to six and a half feet high and strong in proportion. The jabbering of Dutch brings to mind Demosthenes trying to outroar a stormy sea with his mouth full of pebbles. The hardest blows are those given with the tongue, though much pulling of hair and scuffling takes place. "Verdomde Schmeerlap!"—"Donder and Bliksem! am I a verdomde Schmeerlap?"—"Ja, u is," &c. &c. I could not help laughing heartily as I lay in bed, at hearing the gambols of these Titan cubs; for this is a boer's notion of enjoying himself. This morning, I hear, the street was strewn with the hair they had pulled out of each other's heads. All who come here make love to S——; not by describing their tender feelings, but by enumerating the oxen, sheep, horses, land, money, &c. of which they are possessed, and whereof, by the law of this colony, she would become half-owner on marriage. There is a fine handsome Van Steen, who is very persevering; but S—— does not seem to fancy becoming Mevrouw at all. The demand for English girls as wives is wonderful here.

The nasty cross little ugly Scotch maid has had three offers already, in one fortnight!

*Feb.* 18*th.*—I expect to receive the letters by the English mail to-morrow morning, and to go to Worcester on Thursday. On Saturday the young doctor—a good-humoured, jolly, big young Dutchman—drove me, with his pretty little greys, over to two farms; at one I ate half a huge melon, and at the other, uncounted grapes. We poor Europeans don't know what fruit *can be*, I must admit. The melon was a foretaste of paradise, and the grapes made one's fingers as sticky as honey, and had a muscat fragrance quite inconceivable. They looked like amber eggs. The best of it is, too, that in this climate stomach-aches are not. We all eat grapes, peaches, and figs, all day long. Old Klein sends me, for my own daily consumption, about thirty peaches, three pounds of grapes, and apples, pears, and figs besides—"just a little taste of fruits;" only here they will pick it all unripe.

*Feb.* 19*th.*—The post came in late last night, and old Klein kindly sent me my letters at near midnight. The post goes out this evening, and the hot wind is blowing, so I can only write to you, and a line to my mother. I feel

really better now. I think the constant eating of grapes has done me much good.

The Dutch cart-owner was so extortionate, that I am going to wait a few days, and write to my dear Malay to come up and drive me back. It is better than having to fight the Dutch monopolist in every village, and getting drunken drivers and bad carts after all. I shall go round all the same. The weather has been beautiful; to-day there is a wind, which comes about two or three times in the year: it is not depressing, but hot, and a bore, because one must shut every window or be stifled with dust.

The people are burning the veld all about, and the lurid smoke by day and flaming hill-sides by night are very striking. The ashes of the Bosh serve as manure for the young grass, which will sprout in the autumn rains. Such nights! Such a moon! I walk out after dark when it is mild and clear, and can read any print by the moonlight, and see the distant landscape as well as by day.

Old Klein has just sent me a haunch of bok, and the skin and hoofs, which are pretty.

CALEDON, *Sunday.*

You must have fallen into second childhood to think of *printing* such rambling hasty scrawls as I write. I never could write a good letter; and unless I gallop as hard as I can, and don't stop to think, I can say nothing; so all is confused and unconnected: only I fancy *you* will be amused by some of my "impressions." I have written to my mother an accurate account of my health. I am dressed and out of doors never later than six, now the weather makes it possible. It is surprising how little sleep one wants. I go to bed at ten and often am up at four.

I made friends here the other day with a lively dried-up little old Irishman, who came out at seven years old a pauper-boy. He has made a fortune by "going on *Togt*" (*German, Tausch*), as thus; he charters two waggons, twelve oxen each, and two Hottentots to each waggon, leader and driver. The waggons he fills with cotton, hardware, &c. &c.—an ambulatory village "shop"—and goes about fifteen miles a day, on and on, into the far interior, swapping baftas (calico), punjums (loose trowsers), and voerschitz (cotton gownpieces), pronounced "foossy," against oxen and sheep. When all is gone he swaps his waggons against more oxen and a horse, and he and his four "totties" drive

home the spoil; and he has doubled or trebled his venture. *En route* home, each day they kill a sheep, and eat it *all*. "What!" says I; "the whole?" "Every bit. I always take one leg and the liver for myself, and the totties roast the rest, and melt all the fat and entrails down in an iron pot and eat it with a wooden spoon." *Je n'en revenais pas.* "What! the whole leg and liver at one meal?" "Every bit; ay, and you'd do the same, ma'am, if you were there." No bread, no salt, no nothing—mutton and water. The old fellow was quite poetic and heroic in describing the joys and perils of *Togt*. I said I should like to go too; and he bewailed having settled a year ago in a store at Swellendam, "else he'd ha' fitted up a waggon all nice and snug for me, and shown me what going on *Togt* was like. Nothing like it for the health, ma'am; and beautiful shooting." My friend had 700*l.* in gold in a carpet bag, without a lock, lying about on the stoep. "All right; nobody steals money or such like here. I'm going to pay bills in Capetown."

Tell my mother that a man would get from 2*l.* to 4*l.* a month wages, with board, lodging, &c. all found, and his wife from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.* a month and everything found, according to abilities and testimonials. Wages are enormous, and servants at famine price; emigrant ships

are *cleared off* in three days, and every ragged Irish girl in place somewhere. Four pounds a month, and food for self, husband, and children, is no uncommon pay for a good cook; and after all her cookery may be poor enough. My landlady at Capetown gave that. The housemaid had *only* 1*l.* 5*s.* a month, but told me herself she had taken 3*l.* in one week in "tips." She was an excellent servant. Up country here the wages are less, but the comfort greater, and the chances of "getting on" much increased. But I believe Algoa Bay or Grahamstown are by far the best fields for new colonists, and (I am assured) the best climate for lung diseases. The wealthy English merchants of Port Elizabeth (Algoa Bay) pay best. It seems to me, as far as I can learn, that every really *working* man or woman can thrive here.

My German host at Houwd Hoek came out twenty-three years ago, he told me, without a "heller," and is now the owner of cattle and land and horses to a large amount. But then the Germans work, while the Dutch dawdle and the English drink. "New wine" is a penny a glass (half a pint), enough to blow your head off, and "Cape smoke" (brandy. like vitriol) ninepence a bottle—that is the real calamity. If the Cape had the grape disease

as badly as Madeira, it would be the making of the colony.

I received a message from my Malay friends, Abdool Jemaalee and Betsy, anxious to know "if the Missis had good news of her children, for bad news would make her sick." Old Betsy and I used to prose about young Abdurrachman and his studies at Mecca, and about my children, with more real heartiness than you can fancy. We were not afraid of boring each other; and pious old Abdool sat and nodded and said, "May Allah protect them all!" as a refrain;—"Allah, il Allah!"

CALEDON, *February 21st.*

This morning's post brought your packet, and the announcement of an extra mail to-night; so I can send you a P.S. I hear that Capetown has been pestilential, and as hot as Calcutta. It is totally undrained, and the Mozambiquers are beginning to object to acting as scavengers to each separate house. The "*vidanges*" are more barbarous even than in Paris. Without the south-easter (or "Cape doctor") they must have fevers, &c.; and though too rough a practitioner for me, he benefits the general health. Next month the winds abate, but last week an omnibus was blown over on the Rondebosch road, which is the most sheltered

spot, and inhabited by Capetown merchants. I have received all the *Saturday Reviews* quite safe, likewise the books, Mendelssohn's letters, and the novel. I have written for my dear Choslullah to fetch me. The Dutch farmers don't know how to charge enough; moreover, the Hottentot drivers get drunk, and for two lone women that is not the thing. I pay my gentle Malay thirty shillings a day, which, for a cart and four and such a jewel of a driver, is not outrageous; and I had better pay that for the few days I wait on the road, than risk bad carts, tipsy Hottentots, and extortionate boers.

This intermediate country between the "Central African wilderness" and Capetown has been little frequented. I went to the Church Mission School with the English clergyman yesterday. You know I don't believe in every kind of missionaries, but I do believe that, in these districts, kind, judicious English clergymen are of great value. The Dutch pastors still remember the distinction between "Christenmenschen" and "Hottentoten;" but the Church Mission Schools teach the Anglican Catechism to every child that will learn, and the congregation is as piebald as Harlequin's jacket. A pretty, coloured lad, about eleven years old, answered my questions in geography with great quickness and some wit. I said, "Show me

the country you belong to." He pointed to England, and when I laughed, to the Cape. "This is where we *are*, but that is the country I *belong to*." I asked him how we were governed, and he answered quite right. "How is the Cape governed?" "Oh, we have a Parliament too, and Mr. Silberbauer is the man *we* send." Boys and girls of all ages were mixed, but *no* blacks. I don't think they will learn, except on compulsion, as at Gnadenthal.

I regret to say that Bill's wife has broken his head with a bottle, at the end of the honeymoon. I fear the innovation of being *married at church* has not had a good effect, and that his neighbours may quote Mr. Peachum.

I was offered a young lion yesterday, but I hardly think it would be an agreeable addition to the household at Esher.

I hear that Worcester, Paarl, and Stellenbosch are beautiful, and the road very desolate and grand; one mountain pass takes six hours to cross. I should not return to Capetown so early, but poor Captain J—— has had his leg smashed and amputated, so I must look out for myself in the matter of ships. Whenever it is hot, I am well, for the heat here is so *light* and dry. The wind tries me, but we have little here compared to the coast. I hope that the voyage home will do me still more good; but

I will not sail till April, so as to arrive in June. May, in the Channel, would not do.

How I wish I could send you the fruit now on my table—amber-coloured grapes, yellow waxen apples streaked with vermilion in fine little lines, huge peaches, and tiny green figs! I must send dear old Klein a little present from England, to show that I don't forget my Dutch adorer. I wish I could bring you the "biltong" he sent me—beef or bok dried in the sun in strips, and slightly salted; you may carry enough in your pocket to live on for a fortnight, and it is very good as a little "relish." The partridges also have been welcome, and we shall eat the tiny haunch of bok to-day.

Mrs. D—— is gone to Capetown to get servants and will return in my cart. S—— is keeping house meanwhile, much perturbed by the placid indolence of the brown girl. The stable-man cooks, and very well too. This is colonial life—a series of makeshifts and difficulties; but the climate is fine, people feel well and make money, and I think it is not an unhappy life. I have been most fortunate in my abode, and can say, without speaking cynically, that I have found "my warmest welcome at an inn." Mine host is a rough soldier, but the very soul of good nature and good feeling; and his wife is a

very nice person—so cheerful, clever, and kind-hearted.

I should like to bring home the little Madagascar girl from Rathfelders, or a dear little mulatto who nurses a brown baby here, and is so clean and careful and "pretty behaved,"—but it would be a great risk. The brown babies are ravishing—so fat and jolly and funny.

One great charm of the people here is, that no one expects money or gifts, and that all civility is gratis. Many a time I finger small coin secretly in my pocket, and refrain from giving it, for fear of spoiling this innocence. I have not once seen a *look* implying "backsheesh," and begging is unknown. But the people are reserved and silent, and have not the attractive manners of the darkies of Cape-town and the neighbourhood.

CALEDON, *February 22d.*

Yesterday Captain D—— gave me a very nice caross of blessbok skins, which he got from some travelling trader. The excellence of the Caffre skin-dressing and sewing is, I fancy, unequalled; the bok-skins are as soft as a kid glove, and have no smell at all.

In the afternoon the young doctor drove me, in his little gig-cart and pair (the lightest and swiftest of conveyances), to see a wine-farm.

The people were not at work, but we saw the tubs and vats, and drank "most." The grapes are simply trodden by a Hottentot, in a tub with a sort of strainer at the bottom, and then thrown—skins, stalks, and all—into vats, where the juice ferments for twice twenty-four hours; after which it is run into casks, which are left with the bung out for eight days; then the wine is drawn off into another cask, a little sulphur and brandy are added to it, and it is bunged down. Nothing can be conceived so barbarous. I have promised Mr. M—— to procure and send him an exact account of the process in Spain. It might be a real service to a most worthy and amiable man. Dr. M—— also would be glad of a copy. They literally know nothing about wine-making here, and with such matchless grapes I am sure it ought to be good. Altogether, "der alte Schlendrian" prevails at the Cape to an incredible degree.

If two "Heeren M——" call on you, please be civil to them. I don't know them personally, but their brother is the doctor here, and the most good-natured young fellow I ever saw. If I were returning by Somerset instead of Worcester, I might put up at their parents' house and be sure of a welcome; and I can tell you civility to strangers is by no means of course here. I don't wonder at it; for the old

Dutch families *are gentlefolks* of the good dull old school, and the English colonists can scarcely suit them. In the few instances in which I have succeeded in *thawing* a Dutchman, I have found him wonderfully good-natured; and the different manner in which I was greeted when in company with the young doctor showed the feeling at once. The dirt of a Dutch house is not to be conceived. I have had sights in bedrooms in very respectable houses which I dare not describe. The coloured people are just as clean. The young doctor (who is much Anglicised) tells me that, in illness, he has to break the windows in the farmhouses—they are built not to open! The boers are below the English in manners and intelligence, and hate them for their "go-ahead" ways, though *they* seem slow enough to me. As to drink, I fancy it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; but the English are more given to eternal drams, and the Dutch to solemn drinking bouts. I can't understand either, in this climate, which is so stimulating, that I more often drink ginger-beer or water than wine—a bottle of sherry lasted me a fortnight, though I was ordered to drink it; somehow, I had no mind to it.

*27th.*—The cart could not be got till the day before yesterday, and yesterday Mrs. D——

arrived in it with two new Irish maids; it saved her 3*l.*, and I must have paid equally. The horses were very tired, having been hard at work carrying Malays all the week to Constantia and back, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of a Mussulman saint; so to-day they rest, and to-morrow I go to Villiersdorp. Choslullah has been appointed driver of a post-cart; he tried hard to be allowed to pay a *remplaçant*, and to fetch "his missis," but was refused leave; and so a smaller and blacker Malay has come, whom Choslullah threatened to curse heavily if he failed to take great care of "my missis" and be a "good boy." Ramadan begins on Sunday, and my poor driver can't even prepare for it by a good feast, as no fowls are to be had here just now, and he can't eat profanely killed meat. Some pious Christian has tried to burn a Mussulman martyr's tomb at Eerste River, and there were fears the Malays might indulge in a little revenge; but they keep quiet. I am to go with my driver to eat some of the feast (of Bairam, is it not?) at his priest's when Ramadan ends, if I am in Capetown, and also am asked to a wedding at a relation of Choslullah's. It was quite a pleasure to hear the kindly Mussulman talk, after these silent Hottentots. The Malays have such agreeable manners; so civil, without the least cringing or

Indian obsequiousness. I daresay they can be very "insolent" on provocation; but I have always found among them manners like old-fashioned French ones, but quieter; and they have an affectionate way of saying "*my* missis" when they know one, which is very nice to hear. It is getting quite chilly here already; *cold* night and morning; and I shall be glad to descend off this plateau into the warmer regions of Worcester, &c. I have just bought *eight* splendid ostrich feathers for 1*l.* of my old Togt-handler friend. In England they would cost from eighteen to twenty-five shillings each. I have got a rebok and klipspringer skin for you; the latter makes a saddle-cloth which defies sore backs; they were given me by Klein and a farmer at Palmiet River. The flesh was poor stuff, white and papery. The Hottentots can't "bray" the skins as the Caffres do; and the woman who did mine asked me for a trifle beforehand, and got so drunk that she let them dry halfway in the process, consequently they don't look so well.

WORCESTER, *Sunday, March 2nd.*

Oh, such a journey! Such country! Pearly mountains and deep blue sky, and an impassable pass to walk down, and baboons, and secretary birds, and tortoises! I couldn't sleep for it all

last night, tired as I was with the unutterably bad road, or track rather.

Well, we left Caledon on Friday, at ten o'clock, and though the weather had been cold and unpleasant for two days, I had a lovely morning, and away we went to Villiersdorp (pronounced Filjeesdorp). It is quite a tiny village, in a sort of Rasselas-looking valley. We were four hours on the road, winding along the side of a mountain ridge, which we finally crossed, with a splendid view of the sea at the far-distant end of a huge amphitheatre formed by two ridges of mountains, and on the other side the descent into Filjeesdorp. The whole way we saw no human being or habitation, except one shepherd, from the time we passed Buntje's kraal, about two miles out of Caledon. The little drinking-shop would not hold travellers, so I went to the house of the storekeeper (as the clergyman of Caledon had told me I might), and found a most kind reception. Our host was English, an old man-of-war's man, with a gentle, kindly Dutch wife, and the best-mannered children I have seen in the colony. They gave us clean, comfortable beds and a good dinner, and wine ten years in the cellar; in short, the best of hospitality. I made an effort to pay for the entertainment next morning, when, after a good breakfast, we started loaded

with fruit, but the kind people would not hear of it, and bid me good-bye like old friends. At the end of the valley we went a little up-hill, and then found ourselves at the top of a pass down into the level below. S—— and I burst out with one voice, "How beautiful!" Sabaal, our driver, thought the exclamation was an ironical remark on the road, which, indeed, appeared to be exclusively intended for goats. I suggested walking down, to which, for a wonder, the Malay agreed. I was really curious to see him get down with two wheels and four horses, where I had to lay hold from time to time in walking. The track was excessively steep, barely wide enough, and as slippery as a flagstone pavement, being the naked mountain-top, which is bare rock. However, all went perfectly right.

How shall I describe the view from that pass? In front was a long, long level valley, perhaps three to five miles broad (I can't judge distance in this atmosphere; a house that looks a quarter of a mile off is two miles distant). At the extreme end, in a little gap between two low brown hills that crossed each other, one could just see Worcester—five hours' drive off. Behind it, and on each side the plain, mountains of every conceivable shape and colour; the strangest cliffs and peaks and crags toppling

every way, and tinged with all the colours of opal; chiefly delicate, pale lilac and peach colour, but varied with red brown and Titian green. In spite of the drought, water sparkled on the mountain-sides in little glittering threads, and here and there in the plain; and pretty farms were dotted on either side at the very bottom of the slopes towards the mountain-foot. The sky of such a blue! (it is deeper now by far than earlier in the year). In short, I never did see anything so beautiful. It even surpassed Hottentot's Holland. On we went, straight along the valley, crossing drift after drift;—a drift is the bed of a stream more or less dry; in which sometimes you are drowned, sometimes only *pounded*, as was our hap. The track was incredibly bad, except for short bits, where ironstone prevailed. However, all went well, and on the road I chased and captured a pair of remarkably swift and handsome little "Schelpats." That you may duly appreciate such a feat of valour and activity, I will inform you that their English name is "tortoise." On the strength of this effort, we drank a bottle of beer, as it was very hot and sandy; and our Malay was a *wet* enough Mussulman to take his full share in a modest way, though he declined wine or "Cape smoke Soopjes" (drams) with aversion. No sooner had we got under

weigh again, than Sabaal pulled up and said, "There *are* the Baviāans Missis want to see!" and so they were. At some distance by the river was a great brute, bigger than a Newfoundland dog, stalking along with the hideous baboon walk, and tail vehemently cocked up; a troop followed at a distance, hiding and dodging among the palmiets. They were evidently *en route* to rob a garden close to them, and had sent a great stout fellow ahead to reconnoitre. "He see Missis, and feel sure she not got a gun; if man come on horseback, you see 'em run like devil." We had not that pleasure, and left them, on felonious thoughts intent.

The road got more and more beautiful as we neared Worcester and the mountains grew higher and craggier. Presently, a huge bird, like a stork on the wing, pounced down close by us. He was a secretary-bird, and had caught sight of a snake. We passed "Brant Vley" (*burnt* or hot spring), where sulphur-water bubbles up in a basin some thirty feet across and ten or twelve deep. The water is clear as crystal, and is hot enough just *not* to boil an egg, I was told. At last, one reaches the little gap between the brown hills which one has seen for four hours, and drives through it into a wide, wide flat, with still craggier and higher mountains all round, and Worcester in front at

the foot of a towering cliff. The town is not so pretty, to my taste, as the little villages. The streets are too wide, and the market-place too large, which always looks dreary, but the houses and gardens individually are charming. Our inn is a very nice handsome old Dutch house; but we have got back to "civilization," and the horrid attempts at "style" which belong to Capetown. The landlord and lady are too genteel to appear at all, and the Hottentots, who are disguised, according to their sexes, in pantry jacket and flounced petticoat, don't understand a word of English or *real* Dutch. At Gnadenthal they understood Dutch, and spoke it tolerably; but here, as in most places, it is three-parts Hottentot; and then they affect to understand English, and bring everything wrong, and are sulky: but the rooms are comfortable. The change of climate is complete—the summer was over at Caledon, and here we are into it again—the most delicious air one can conceive; it must have been a perfect oven six weeks ago. The birds are singing away merrily still; the approach of autumn does not silence them here. The canaries have a very pretty song, like our linnet, only sweeter; the rest are very inferior to ours. The sugar-bird is delicious when close by, but his pipe is too soft to be heard at any distance.

To those who think voyages and travels tiresome, my delight in the new birds and beasts and people must seem very stupid. I can't help it if it does, and am not ashamed to confess that I feel the old sort of enchanted wonder with which I used to read Cook's Voyages, and the like, as a child. It is very coarse and unintellectual of me; but I would rather see this *now*, at my age, than Italy; the fresh, new, beautiful nature is a second youth—or *childhood* —*si vous voulez.* To-morrow we shall cross the highest pass I have yet crossed, and sleep at Paarl—then Stellenbosch, then Capetown. For anyone *out* of health, and *in* pocket, I should certainly prescribe the purchase of a waggon and team of six horses, and a long, slow progress in South Africa. One cannot walk in the mid-day sun, but driving with a very light roof over one's head is quite delicious. When I looked back upon my dreary, lonely prison at Ventnor, I wondered I had survived it at all.

CAPETOWN, *March 7th.*

After writing last, we drove out, on Sunday afternoon, to a deep alpine valley, to see a *new bridge*—a great marvel apparently. The old Spanish Joe Miller about selling the bridge to buy water occurred to me, and made Sabaal

laugh immensely. The Dutch farmers were tearing home from Kerk, in their carts—well-dressed, prosperous-looking folks, with capital horses. Such lovely farms, snugly nestled in orange and pomegranate groves! It is of no use to describe this scenery; it is always mountains, and always beautiful opal mountains; quite without the gloom of European mountain scenery. The atmosphere must make the charm. I hear that an English traveller went the same journey and found all barren from Dan to Beersheba. I'm sorry for him.

In the morning of Sunday, early, I walked along the road with Sabaal, and saw a picture I shall never forget. A little Malabar girl had just been bathing in the Sloot, and had put her scanty shift on her lovely little wet brown body; she stood in the water with the drops glittering on her brown skin and black satin hair, the perfection of youthful loveliness—a naiad of ten years old. When the shape and features are *perfect*, as hers were, the coffee-brown shows it better than our colour, on account of its perfect *evenness*—like the dead white of marble. I shall never forget her as she stood playing with the leaves of the gum-tree which hung over her, and gazing with her glorious eyes so placidly.

On Monday morning, I walked off early to

the old *Drosdy* (Landdrost's house), found an old gentleman, who turned out to be the owner, and who asked me my name and all the rest of the Dutch "litanei" of questions, and showed me the pretty old Dutch garden and the house —a very handsome one. I walked back to breakfast, and thought Worcester the prettiest place I had ever seen. We then started for Paarl, and drove through "Bain's Kloof," a splendid mountain-pass, four hours long, constant driving. It was glorious, but more like what one had seen in pictures—a deep, narrow gorge, almost dark in places, and, to my mind, lacking the *beauty* of the yesterday's drive, though it is, perhaps, grander; but the view which bursts on one at the top, and the descent, winding down the open mountain-side, is too fine to describe. Table Mountain, like a giant's stronghold, seen far distant, with an immense plain, half fertile, half white sand; to the left, Wagenmakker's Vley; and further on, the Paarl lying scattered on the slope of a mountain topped with two *domes*, just the shape of the cup which Laïs (wasn't it?) presented to the temple of Venus, moulded on her breast. The horses were tired, so we stopped at Wagonmaker's Valley (or Wellington, as the English try to get it called), and found ourselves in a true Flemish village, and under the roof of

a jolly Dutch hostess, who gave us divine coffee and bread-and-butter, which seemed ambrosia after being deprived of those luxuries for almost three months. Also new milk in abundance, besides fruit of all kinds in vast heaps, and pomegranates off the tree. I asked her to buy me a few to take in the cart, and got a "muid," the third of a sack, for a shilling, with a bill, "U bekomt 1 muid 28 granaeten, dat kostet 1s." The old lady would walk out with me and take me into the shops, to show the "vrow uit Engelland" to her friends. It was a lovely place, intensely hot, all glowing with sunshine. Then the sun went down, and the high mountains behind us were precisely the colour of a Venice ruby glass—really, truly, and literally;—not purple, not crimson, but glowing ruby-red—and the quince-hedges and orange-trees below looked *intensely* green, and the houses snow-white. It was a transfiguration—no less.

I saw Hottentots again, four of them, from some remote corner, so the race is not quite extinct. These were youngish, two men and two women, quite light yellow, not darker than Europeans, and with little tiny black knots of wool scattered over their heads at intervals. They are hideous in face, but exquisitely shaped—very, very small though. One of the

men was drunk, poor wretch, and looked the picture of misery. You can see the fineness of their senses by the way in which they *dart* their glances and prick their ears. Everyone agrees that, when tamed, they make the best of servants—gentle, clever, and honest; but the penny-a-glass wine they can't resist, unless when caught and tamed young. They work in the fields, or did so as long as any were left; but even here, I was told, it was a wonder to see them.

We went on through the Paarl, a sweet, pretty place, reminding one vaguely of Bonchurch, and still through fine mountains, with Scotch firs growing like Italian stone pines, and farms, and vineyard upon vineyard. At Stellenbosch we stopped. I had been told it was the prettiest town in the colony, and it *is* very pretty, with oak-trees all along the street, like those at Paarl and Wagenmakker's Vley; but I was disappointed. It was less beautiful than what I had seen. Besides, the evening was dull and cold. The south-easter greeted us here, and I could not go out all the afternoon. The inn was called "Railway Hotel," and kept by low coarse English people, who gave us a filthy dinner, dirty sheets, and an atrocious breakfast, and charged 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* for the same meals and time as old Vrow Langfeldt had

charged 12*s.* for, and had given civility, cleanliness, and abundance of excellent food;—besides which, she fed Sabaal gratis, and these people fleeced him as they did me. So, next morning, we set off, less pleasantly disposed, for Capetown, over the flat, which is dreary enough, and had a horrid south-easter. We started early, and got in before the wind became a hurricane, which it did later. We were warmly welcomed by Mrs. R——; and here I am in my old room, looking over the beautiful bay, quite at home again. It blew all yesterday, and having rather a sore-throat I stayed in bed, and to-day is all bright and beautiful. But Capetown looks *murky* after Caledon and Worcester; there is, to my eyes, quite a haze over the mountains, and they look far off and indistinct. All is comparative in this world, even African skies. At Caledon, the most distant mountains, as far as your eye can reach, look as clear in every detail as the map on your table—an appearance utterly new to European eyes.

I gave Sabaal 1*l.* for his eight days' service as driver, as a Drinkgelt, and the worthy fellow was in ecstasies of gratitude. Next morning early, he appeared with a present of bananas, and his little girl dressed from head to foot in bran-new clothes, bought out of my money,

with her wool screwed up extremely tight in little knots on her black little head (evidently her mother is the blackest of Caffres or Mozambiques). The child looked like a Caffre, and her father considers her quite a pearl. I had her in, and admired the little thing loud enough for him to hear outside, as I lay in bed. You see, I too was to have my share in the pleasure of the new clothes. This readiness to believe that one will sympathize with them, is very pleasing in the Malays.

*March* 15.

I went to see my old Malay friends and to buy a water-melon. They were in all the misery of Ramadán. Betsy and pretty Nissirah very thin and miserable, and the pious old Abdool sitting on a little barrel waiting for "gun-fire"—*i.e.* sunset, to fall to on the supper which old Betsy was setting out. He was silent, and the corners of his mouth were drawn down just like ——'s at an evening party.

I shall go to-morrow to bid the T——s good-bye, at Wynberg. I was to have spent a few days there, but Wynberg is cold at night and dampish, so I declined that. She is a nice woman—Irish, and so innocent and frank and well-bred. She has been at Cold Bokke Veld, and shocked her puritanical host by admiring

the naked Caffres who worked on his farm. He wanted them to wear clothes.

We have been amused by the airs of a naval captain and his wife, who are just come here. They complained that the merchant-service officers spoke *familiarly* to their children on board. *Quel audace!* When I think of the excellent, modest, manly young fellows who talked very familiarly and pleasantly to me on board the *St. Lawrence*, I long to reprimand these foolish people.

*Friday*, 21*st.*—I am just come from prayer, at the Mosque in Chiappini Street, on the outskirts of the town. A most striking sight. A large room, like a county ball-room, with glass chandeliers, carpeted with common carpet, all but a space at the entrance, railed off for shoes; the Caaba and pulpit at one end; over the niche, a crescent painted; and over the entrance door a crescent, an Arabic inscription, and the royal arms of England! A fat jolly Mollah looked amazed as I ascended the steps; but when I touched my forehead and said "Salám Aleykum," he laughed and said, "Salám, Salám, come in, come in." The faithful poured in, all neatly dressed in their loose drab trousers, blue jackets, and red handkerchiefs on their heads; they left their wooden clogs in company with my shoes, and proceeded, as it

appeared, to strip. Off went jackets, waistcoats, and trousers, with the dexterity of a pantomime transformation; the red handkerchief was replaced by a white skull-cap, and a long large white shirt and full white drawers flowed around them. How it had all been stuffed into the trim jacket and trousers, one could not conceive. Gay sashes and scarves were pulled out of a little bundle in a clean silk handkerchief, and a towel served as prayer-carpet. In a moment the whole scene was as oriental as if the Hansom cab I had come in existed no more. Women suckled their children, and boys played among the clogs and shoes all the time, and I sat on the floor in a remote corner. The chanting was very fine, and the whole ceremony very decorous and solemn. It lasted an hour; and then the little heaps of garments were put on, and the congregation dispersed, each man first laying a penny on a very curious little old Dutch-looking, heavy, iron-bound chest, which stood in the middle of the room.

I have just heard that the post closes to-night and must say farewell—*a rivederci.*

CAPETOWN, *March 20th.*

Dr. Shea says he fears I must not winter in England yet, but that I am greatly improved—as, indeed, I could tell him. He

is another of the kind "sea doctors" I have met with; he came all the way from Simon's Bay to see me, and then said, "What nonsense is that?" when I offered him a fee. This is a very nice place up in the "gardens," quite out of the town and very comfortable. But I regret Caledon. A—— will show you my account of my beautiful journey back. Worcester is a fairy-land; and then to catch tortoises walking about, and to see "baviaans," and snakes and seeretary birds eating them! and then people have the impudence to think I must have been "very dull!" *Sie merken's nicht* that it is *they* who are dull.

Dear Dr. Hawtrey! he must have died just as I was packing up the first Caffre Testament for him! I felt his death very much, in connexion with my father; their regard for each other was an honour to both. I have the letter he wrote me on J——'s marriage, and a charming one it is.

I took Mrs. A—— a drive in a Hansom cab to-day out to Wynberg, to see my friends Captain and Mrs. T——, who have a cottage under Table Mountain in a spot like the best of St. George's Hill. Very *dull* too; but as she is really a lady, it suits her, and Capetown does not. I was to have stayed with them, but Wynberg is cold at night. Poor B——'s wife

is very ill and won't leave Capetown for a day. The people here are *wunderlich* for that. A lady born here, and with 7,000*l.* a year, has never been further than Stellenbosch, about twenty miles. I am asked how I lived and what I ate during my little excursion, as if I had been to Lake Ngami. If only I had known how easy it all is, I would have gone by sea to East London and seen the Knysna and George district, and the primæval African forest, the yellow wood, and other giant trees. However, "For what I have received," &c. &c. No one *can* conceive what it is, after two years of prison and utter languor, to stand on the top of a mountain pass, and enjoy physical existence for a few hours at a time. I felt as if it was quite selfish to enjoy anything so much when you were all so anxious about me at home; but as that is the best symptom of all, I do not repent.

S—— has been an excellent travelling servant, and really a better companion than many more educated people; for she is always amused and curious, and is friendly with the coloured people. She is quite recovered. It is a wonderful climate—*sans que cela paraisse.* It feels chilly and it blows horridly, and does not seem genial, but it gives new life.

To-morrow I am going with old Abdool

Jemaalee to prayers at the Mosque, and shall see a school kept by a Malay priest. It is now Ramadán, and my Muslim friends are very thin and look glum. Choslullah sent a message to ask, "Might he see the Missis once more? He should pray all the time she was on the sea." Some pious Christians here would expect such horrors to sink the ship. I can't think why Mussulmans are always gentlemen; the Malay coolies have a grave courtesy which contrasts most strikingly with both European vulgarity and negro jollity. It is very curious, for they only speak Dutch, and know nothing of oriental manners. I fear I shall not see the Walkers again. Simon's Bay is too far to go and come in a day, as one cannot go out before ten or eleven, and must be in by five or half-past. Those hours are gloriously bright and hot, but morning and night are cold.

I am so happy in the thought of sailing now so very soon and seeing you all again, that I can settle to nothing for five minutes. I now feel how anxious and uneasy I have been, and how I shall rejoice to get home. I shall leave a letter for A——, to go in April, and tell him and you what ship I am in. I shall choose the *slowest*, so as not to reach England and face the Channel before June,

if possible. So 'don't be alarmed if I do not arrive till late in June. Till then good-bye, and God bless you, dearest mother—*Auf frohes Wiedersehn.*

CAPETOWN, *Sunday, March 23d.*

It has been a *real* hot day, and threatened an earthquake and a thunderstorm; but nothing has come of it beyond sheet lightning to-night, which is splendid over the bay, and looks as if repeated in a grand bush-fire on the hills opposite. The sunset was glorious. That rarest of insects, the praying mantis, has just dropped upon my paper. I am thankful that, not being an entomologist, I am dispensed from the sacred duty of impaling the lovely green creature who sits there, looking quite wise and human. Fussy little brown beetles, as big as two lady-birds, keep flying into my eyes, and the mosquitoes are rejoicing loudly in the prospect of a feast. You will understand by this that both windows are wide open into the great verandah,—very unusual in this land of cold nights.

*April 4th.*—I have been trying in vain to get a passage home. The *Camperdown* has not come. In short, I am waiting for a chance vessel, and shall pack up now and be ready to go on board at a day's notice.

I went on the last evening of Ramadán to the Mosque, having heard there was a grand "function;" but there were only little boys lying about on the floor, some on their stomachs, some on their backs, higgledy-piggledy (if it be not profane to apply the phrase to young Islam), all shouting their prayers *à tue tête.* Priests, men, women, and English crowded in and out in the exterior division. The English behaved *à l'Anglaise*—pushed each other, laughed, sneered, and made a disgusting display of themselves. I asked a stately priest, in a red turban, to explain the affair to me, and in a few minutes found myself supplied by one Mollah with a chair, and by another with a cup of tea—was, in short, in the midst of a Malay *soirée.* They spoke English very little, but made up for it by their usual good breeding and intelligence. On Monday, I am going to see the school which the priest keeps at his house, and to "honour his house by my presence." The delight they show at any friendly interest taken in them is wonderful. Of course I am supposed to be poisoned. A clergyman's widow here gravely asserts that her husband went mad *three years* after drinking a cup of coffee handed to him by a Malay!—and in consequence of drinking it! It is exactly like the mediæval feeling about the Jews. I saw that

it was quite a *demonstration* that I drank up the tea unhesitatingly. Considering that the Malays drank it themselves, my courage deserves less admiration. But it was a quaint sensation to sit in a Mosque, behaving as if at an evening party, in a little circle of poor Muslim priests.

I am going to have a photograph of my cart done. I was to have gone to the place to-day, but when Choslullah (whom I sent for to complete the picture) found out what I wanted, he implored me to put it off till Monday, that he might be better dressed, and was so unhappy at the notion of being immortalised in an old jacket, that I agreed to the delay. Such a handsome fellow may be allowed a little vanity.

The colony is torn with dissensions as to Sunday trains. Some of the Dutch clergy are even more absurd than our own on that point. A certain Van de Lingen, at Stellenbosch, calls Europe "one vast Sodom," and so forth. There is altogether a nice kettle of religious hatred brewing here. The English Bishop of Capetown appoints all the English clergy, and is absolute monarch of all he surveys; and he and his clergy are carrying matters with a high hand. The Bishop's chaplain told Mrs. J—— that she could not hope for salvation in the Dutch Church, since her clergy

were not ordained by any bishop, and therefore they could only administer the sacrament "*unto damnation.*" All the physicians in a body, English as well as Dutch, have withdrawn from the dispensary, because it was used as a means of pressure to draw the coloured people from the Dutch to the English Church.

This High-Church tyranny cannot go on long. Catholics there are few, but their bishop plays the same game; and it is a losing one. The Irish maid at the Caledon inn was driven by her bishop to be married at the Lutheran church, just as a young Englishman I know (though a fervent Puseyite) was driven to be married at the Scotch kirk. The colonial bishops are despots in their own churches, and there is no escape from their tyranny but by dissent. The Admiral and his family have been anathematized for going to a fancy bazaar given by the Wesleyans for their chapel.

*April 8th.*—Yesterday, I failed about my cart photograph. First, the owner had sent away the cart, and when Choslullah came dressed in all his best clothes, with a lovely blue handkerchief setting off his beautiful orange-tawny face, he had to rush off to try to borrow another cart. As ill luck would have it, he met a "serious young man," with no front teeth, and

a hideous wen on his eyebrow, who informed the priest of Choslullah's impious purpose, and came with him to see that he did *not* sit for his portrait. I believe it was half envy; for my handsome driver was as pleased, and then as disappointed, as a young lady about her first ball, and obviously had no religious scruples of his own on the subject. The weather is very delightful now—hot but beautiful; and the south-easters, though violent, are short, and not cold. As in all other countries, autumn is the best time of year.

*April 15th.*—Your letters arrived yesterday, to my great delight. I have been worrying about a ship, and was very near sailing to-day by the *Queen of the South*, at twenty-four hours' notice, but I have resolved to wait for the *Camperdown*. The *Queen of the South* is a steamer,—which is odious, for they pitch the coal all over the lower deck, so that you breathe coal-dust for the first ten days; then she was crammed—only one cabin vacant, and that small, and on the lower deck—and fifty-two children on board. Moreover, she will probably get to England too soon, so I resign myself to wait. The *Camperdown* has only upper-deck cabins, and I shall have fresh air. I am not as well as I was at Caledon, so I am all the more

anxious to have a voyage likely to do me good instead of harm.

I got my cart and Choslullah photographed after all. Choslullah came next day (having got rid of his pious friend), quite resolved that "the Missis" should take his portrait, so I will send or bring a few copies of my beloved cart. After the photograph was done, we drove round the Kloof, between Table and Lion Mountain. The road is cut on the side of Lion Mountain, and overhangs the sea at a great height. Camp Bay, which lies on the further side of the "Lion's Head," is most lovely; never was sea so deeply blue, rocks so warmly brown, or sand and foam so glittering white; and down at the mountain-foot the bright green of the orange and pomegranate trees throws it all out in greater relief. But the atmosphere here won't do after that of the "Ruggings," as the Caledon line of country is called. I shall never lose the impression of the view I had when Dr. Morkel drove me out on a hill-side, where the view seemed endless and without a vestige of life; and yet in every valley there were farms; but it looked a vast, utter solitude, and without the least haze. You don't know what that utter clearness means—the distinctness is quite awful. Here it is always slightly hazy; very pretty and

warm, but it takes off from the grandeur. It is the difference between a pretty Pompadour beauty and a Greek statue. Those pale opal mountains, as distinct in every detail as the map on your table, and so cheerful and serene; no melodramatic effects of clouds and gloom. I suppose it is not really so beautiful as it seemed to me, for other people say it is bare and desolate, and certainly it is; but to me it seemed anything but dreary.

I am persuaded that Capetown is not healthy; indeed, the town can't be, from its stench and dirt; but I believe the whole seashore is more or less bad, compared to the upper plateaux, of which I know only the first. I should have gone back to Paarl, only that ships come and go within twenty-four hours, so one has the pleasure of living in constant expectation, with packed trunks, wondering when one shall get away. A clever Mr. M——, who has lived *all over* India, and is going back to Singapore, with his wife and child, are now in the house; and some very pleasant Jews, bound for British Caffraria—one of them has a lovely little wife and three children. She is very full of Prince Albert's death, and says there was not a dry eye in the synagogues in London, which were all hung with black on the day of his funeral, and prayer went on the whole day. "*The people*

mourned for him as much as for Hezekiah; and, indeed, he deserved it a great deal better," was her rather unorthodox conclusion. These colonial Jews are a new "Erscheinung" to me. They have the features of their race, but many of their peculiarities are gone. Mr. L——, who is very handsome and gentlemanly, eats ham and patronises a good breed of pigs on the "model farm" on which he spends his money. He is (he says) a thorough Jew in faith, and evidently in charitable works; but he wants to say his prayers in English, and not to "dress himself up" in a veil and phylacteries for the purpose; and he and his wife talk of England as "home," and care as much for Jerusalem as their neighbours. They have not forgotten the old persecutions, and are civil to the coloured people, and speak of them in quite a different tone from other English colonists. Moreover, they are far better mannered, and more "*human*," in the German sense of the word, in all respects;—in short, less "colonial."

I have bought some Cape "confeyt;" apricots, salted and then sugared, called "mebos" —delicious! Also pickled peaches, "chistnee," and quince jelly. I have a notion of some Cherupiga wine for ourselves. I will inquire the cost of bottling, packing, &c.! it is about one shilling and fourpence a bottle here, sweet

red wine, unlike any other I ever drank, and I think very good. It is very tempting to bring a few things so unknown in England. I have a glorious "Veld combas" for you, a blanket of nine Damara sheepskins, sewn by the Damaras, and dressed so that moths and fleas won't stay near it. It will make a grand railway rug and "outside car" covering. The hunters use them for sleeping out of doors. I have bought three, and a springbok caross for somebody.

*April 17th.*—The winter has set in to-day. It rains steadily, at the rate of the heaviest bit of the heaviest shower in England, and is as cold as a bad day early in September. One can just sit without a fire. Presently, all will be green and gay; for winter is here the season of flowers, and the heaths will cover the country with a vast Turkey carpet. Already the green is appearing where all was brown yesterday. To-day is Good Friday; and if Christmas seemed odd at Midsummer, Easter in autumn seems positively unnatural. Our Jewish party made their exodus to-day, by the little coasting steamer, to Algoa Bay. I rather condoled with the pretty little woman about her long rough journey, with three babies; but she laughed, and said they had had time to get

used to it ever since the days of Moses. All she grieved over was not being able to keep Passover, and she described their domestic ceremonies quite poetically. We heard from our former housemaid, Annie, the other day, announcing her marriage and her sister's. She wrote such a pretty, merry letter to S——, saying "the more she tried not to like him, the better she loved him, and had to say, 'Aha, Annie, you're caught at last.'" A year and a half is a long time to remain single in this country.

*Monday, April 21st, Easter Monday.*—The mail goes out in an hour, so I will just add, good-bye. The winter is now fairly set in, and I long to be off. I fear I shall have a desperately cold week or so at first sailing, till we catch the south-east trades. This weather is beautiful in itself, but I feel it from the suddenness of the change. We passed in one night from hot summer to winter, which is like *fine* English April, or October, only brighter than anything in Europe. There is, properly, no autumn or spring here; only hot, dry, brown summer, with its cold wind at times, and fresh green winter, all fragrance and flowers, and much less wind. Mr. M——, of whom I told you, has been in every corner of the far East—

Java, Sumatra, everywhere—and is extremely amusing. He has brought his wife here for her health, and is as glad to talk as I am. The conversation of an educated, clever person is quite a new and delightful sensation to me now. He appears to have held high posts under the East India Company, is learned in Oriental languages, and was last resident at Singapore. He says that no doubt Java is Paradise, it is so lovely, and such a climate; but he does not look as if it had agreed with him. I feel quite heart-sick at seeing these letters go off before me, instead of leaving them behind, as I had hoped.

Well, I must say good-bye—or rather, "*auf Wiedersehn*"—and God knows how glad I shall be when that day comes!

CAPETOWN, *April 19th.*

Here I am, waiting for a ship; the steamer was too horrid: and I look so much to the good to be gained by the voyage that I did not like to throw away the chance of two months at sea at this favourable time of year, and under favourable circumstances; so I made up my mind to see you all a month later. The sea just off the Cape is very, very cold; less so now than in spring, I dare say. The weather to-day is just like *very* warm April at home—showery, sunshiny, and fragrant; most lovely.

It is so odd to see an autumn without dead leaves: only the oaks lose theirs, the old ones drop without turning brown, and the trees bud again at once. The rest put on a darker green dress for winter, and now the flowers will begin. I have got a picture for you of my "cart and four," with sedate Choslullah and dear little Mohammed. The former wants to go with me, "anywhere," as he placidly said, "to be the missis's servant." What a sensation his thatch-like hat and handsome orange-tawny face would make at Esher! Such a stalwart henchman would be very creditable. I shall grieve to think I shall never see my Malay friends again; they are the only people here who are really interesting. I think they must be like the Turks in manner, as they have all the eastern gentlemanly "Gelassenheit" (ease) and politeness, and no eastern "Geschmeidigkeit" (obsequiousness), and no idea of Baksheesh; withal frugal, industrious, and moneymaking, to an astonishing degree. The priest is a bit of a proselytiser, and amused me much with an account of how he had converted English girls from their evil courses and made them good *Mussulwomen*. I never heard a *naïf* and sincere account of conversions *from* Christianity before, and I must own it was much milder than the Exeter Hall style.

I have heard a great many expressions of sorrow for the Queen from the Malays, and always with the "hope the people will take much care of her, now she is alone." Of course Prince Albert was only the Queen's husband to them, and all their feeling is about her. It is very difficult to see anything of them, for they want nothing of you, and expect nothing but dislike and contempt. It would take a long time to make many friends, as they are naturally distrustful. I found that eating or drinking anything, if they offer it, made most way, as they know they are accused of poisoning all Christians indiscriminately. Of course therefore they are shy of offering things. I drank tea in the Mosque at the end of Ramadán, and was surrounded by delighted faces as I sipped. The little boy who waits in this house here had followed us, and was horrified: he is still waiting to see the poison work.

No one can conceive what has become of all the ships that usually touch here about this time. I was promised my choice of Green's, and now only the heavy old *Camperdown* is expected with rice from Moulmein. A lady now here, who has been Heaven only knows *where not*, praises Alexandria above all other places, after Suez. Her lungs are bad, and she swears by Suez, which she says is the

dreariest and healthiest (for lungs) place in the world. You can't think how soon one learns to "annihilate space," if not time, in one's thoughts, by daily reading advertisements for every port in India, America, Australia, &c. &c., and conversing with people who have just come from the "ends of the earth." Meanwhile, I fear I shall have to fly from next winter again, and certainly will go with J—— to Egypt, which seems to me like next door.

I have run on, and not thanked you for your letter and M. Mignet's beautiful *éloge* of Mr. Hallam, which pleased me greatly. I wish Englishmen could learn to speak with the same good taste and *mésure*.

Mr. Wodehouse, who has been very civil to me, kindly tried to get me a passage home in a French frigate lying here, but in vain. I am now sorry I let the Jack tars here persuade me not to go in the little barque; but they talked so much of the heat and damp of such tiny cabins in an iron vessel, that I gave her up, though I liked the idea of a good tossing in such a tiny cockboat. I will leave a letter for the May mail, unless I sail within a week of to-morrow, or go by the *Jason*, which would be home far sooner than the mail. I only hope you and A—— won't be uneasy; the worst that can happen is delay, and the long voyage will be

all gain to health, which would not be the case in a steamer.

All I hear of R—— makes me wild to see her again. The little darkies are the only pleasing children here, and a fat black toddling thing is "allerliebst." I know a boy of four, literally jet black, whom I long to steal as he follows his mother up to the mountain to wash. Little Malays are lovely, but *too* well-behaved and quiet. I tried to get a real "*tottie*," or "Hotentotje," but the people were too drunk to remember where they had left their child. *C'est assez dire* that I should have had no scruple in buying it for a bottle of "smoke" (the spirit made from grape husks). They are clever and affectionate when they have a chance, poor things—and so strange to look at.

By the by, a Bonn man, Dr. Bleek, called here with "Grüss" from our old friends, Professor Mendelssohn and his wife. He is devoting himself to Hottentot and aboriginal literature!—and has actually mastered the Caffre *click*, which I vainly practised under Kleenboy's tuition. He wanted to teach me to say "Tkorkha," which means "you lie," or, "you have missed" (in shooting or throwing a stone, &c.)—a curious combination of meanings. He taught me to throw stones or a stick at

him, which he always avoided, however close they fell, and cried "Tkorkha!" The Caffres ask for a present, "tkzeelah Tabak," "a gift for tobacco."

The Farnese Hercules is a *living truth.* I saw him in the street two days ago, and he was a Caffre coolie. The proportions of the head and throat were more wonderful in flesh, or muscle rather, than in marble. I know a Caffre girl of thirteen, who is a noble model of strength and beauty; such an arm—larger than any white woman's — with such a dimple in her elbow, and a wrist and hand which no glove is small enough to fit— and a noble countenance too. She is "apprenticed," a name for temporary slavery, and is highly spoken of as a servant, as the Caffres always are. They are a majestic race, but with just the stupid conceit of a certain sort of Englishmen; the women and girls seem charming.

*Easter Sunday.* — The weather continues beautifully clear and bright, like the finest European spring. It seems so strange for the floral season to be the winter. But as the wind blows the air is quite cold to-day; nevertheless, I feel much better the last two days. The brewing of the rain made the air very oppressive and heavy for three weeks, but now it is as light as possible.

I must say good-bye, as the mail closes to-morrow morning. Easter in autumn is preposterous, only the autumn looks like spring. The consumptive young girl whom I packed off to the Cape, and her sister, are about to be married—of course. Annie has had a touch of Algoa Bay fever, a mild kind of ague, but no sign of chest disease, or even delicacy. My "hurrying her off," which some people thought so cruel, has saved her. Whoever comes *soon enough* recovers, but for people far gone it is too bracing.

CAPETOWN, *Saturday, May 3d.*

After five weeks of waiting and worry, I have at last sent my goods on board the ship *Camperdown*, now discharging her cargo, and about to take a small party of passengers from the Cape. I offered to take a cabin in a Swedish ship, bound for Falmouth; but the captain could not decide whether he would take a passenger; and while he hesitated the old *Camperdown* came in. I have the best cabin after the stern cabins, which are occupied by the captain and his wife and the Attorney-General of Capetown, who is much liked. The other passengers are quiet people, and few of them, and the captain has a high character; so I may hope for a comfortable, though slow

passage. I will let you know the day I sail, and leave this letter to go by post. I may be looked for three weeks or so after this letter. I am crazy to get home now; after the period was over for which I had made up my mind, home-sickness began.

Mrs. R—— has offered me a darling tiny monkey, which loves me; but I fear A—— would send me away again if I returned with her in my pocket. Nissirah, old Abdool's pretty granddaughter, brought me a pair of Malay shoes or clogs as a parting gift, to-day. Mr. M——, the resident at Singapore, tells me that his secretary's wife, a Malay lady, has made an excellent translation of the "Arabian Nights," from Arabic into Malay. Her husband is an Indian Mussulman, who, Mr. M—— said, was one of the ablest men he ever knew. Curious!

I sat yesterday for an hour, in the stall of a poor German basketmaker who had been long in Caffreland. His wife, a Berlinerin, was very intelligent, and her account of her life here most entertaining, as showing the different *Ansicht* natural to Germans. "I had never," she said, "been out of the city of Berlin, and *knew nothing*." (Compare with London Cockney, or genuine Parisian.) Thence her fear, on landing at Algoa Bay and seeing swarms of

naked black men, that she had come to a country where no clothes were to be had; and what should she do when hers were worn out? They had a grant of land at Fort Peddie, and she dug while her husband made baskets of cane, and carried them hundreds of miles for sale; sleeping and eating in Caffre huts. "Yes, they are good, honest people, and very well-bred (*anständig*), though they go as naked as God made them. The girls are pretty and very delicate (*fein*), and they think no harm of it, the dear innocents." If their cattle strayed, it was always brought back; and they received every sort of kindness. "Yes, madam, it is shocking how people here treat the blacks. They call quite an old man 'Boy,' and speak so scornfully, and yet the blacks have very nice manners, I assure you." When I looked at the poor little wizened, pale, sickly Berliner, and fancied him a guest in a Caffre hut, it seemed an odd picture. But he spoke as coolly of his long, lonely journeys as possible, and seemed to think black friends quite as good as white ones. The use of the words *anständig* and *fein* by a woman who spoke very good German were characteristic. She *could* recognise an *Anständigkeit* not of Berlin. I need not say that the Germans are generally liked by the coloured people. Choslullah was

astonished and pleased at my talking German; he evidently had a preference for Germans, and put up, wherever he could, at German inns and "publics."

I went on to bid Mrs. Wodehouse good-bye. We talked of our dear old Cornish friends. The Governor and Mrs. Wodehouse have been very kind to me. I dined there twice; last time, with all the dear good Walkers. I missed seeing the opening of the colonial parliament by a mistake about a ticket, which I am sorry for.

If I could have dreamed of waiting here so long, I would have run up to Algoa Bay or East London, by sea, and had a glimpse of Caffreland. Capetown makes me very languid —there is something depressing in the air— but my cough is much better. I can't walk here without feeling knocked-up; and cab-hire is so dear; and somehow, nothing is worth while, when one is waiting from day to day. So I have spent more money than when I was most amused, in being bored.

Mr. J—— drove me to the Capetown races, at Green Point, on Friday. As races, they were *nichts*, but a queer-looking little Cape farmer's horse, ridden by a Hottentot, beat the English crack racer, ridden by a first-rate English jockey, in an unaccountable way, twice over. The

Malays are passionately fond of horse-racing, and the crowd was fully half Malay: there were dozens of carts crowded with the bright-eyed women, in petticoats of every most brilliant colour, white muslin jackets, and gold daggers in their great coils of shining black hair. All most "anständig," as they always are. Their pleasure is driving about *en famille;* the men have no separate amusements. Every spare corner in the cart is filled by the little soft round faces of the intelligent-looking quiet children, who seem amused and happy, and never make a noise or have the fidgets. I cannot make out why they are so well behaved. It favours A——'s theory of the expediency of utter spoiling, for one never hears any educational process going on. Tiny Mohammed never spoke but when he was spoken to, and was always happy and alert. I observed that his uncle spoke to him like a grown man, and never ordered him about, or rebuked him in the least. I like to go up the hill and meet the black women coming home in troops from the washing place, most of them with a fat black baby hanging to their backs asleep, and a few rather older trotting alongside, and if small, holding on by the mother's gown. She, poor soul, carries a bundle on her head which few men could lift. If I admire the babies, the

poor women are enchanted;—*du reste*, if you look at blacks of any age or sex, they *must* grin or nod, as a good-natured dog must wag his tail; they can't help it. The blacks here (except a very few Caffres) are from the Mozambique—a short, thick-set, ugly race, with wool in huge masses; but here and there one sees a very pretty face among the women. The men are beyond belief hideous. There are all possible crosses—Dutch, Mozambique, Hottentot and English, "alles durcheinander;" then here and there you see that a Chinese or a Bengalee *a passé par là*. The Malays are also a mixed race, like the Turks—*i.e.*, they marry women of all sorts and colours, provided they will embrace Islam. A very nice old fellow who waits here occasionally is married to an Englishwoman, *ci-devant* lady's-maid to a Governor's wife. I fancy, too, they brought some Chinese blood with them from Java. I think the population of Capetown must be the most motley crew in the world.

*Thursday, May 8th.*—I sail on Saturday, and go on board to-morrow, so as not to be hurried off in the early fog. *How* glad I am to be "homeward bound" at last, I cannot say. I am very well, and have every prospect of a pleasant voyage. We are sure to be well found, as the

Attorney-General is on board, and is a very great man, "inspiring terror and respect" here.

S—— says we certainly *shall* put in at St. Helena, so make up your minds not to see me till I don't know when. She has been on board fitting up the cabin to-day. I have *such* a rug for J——! a mosaic of skins as fine as marquetrie, done by Damara women, and really beautiful; and a sheepskin blanket for you, the essence of warmth and softness. I shall sleep in mine, and dream of African hill-sides wrapt in a "Veld combas." The poor little water-tortoises have been killed by drought, and I can't get any, but I have the two of my own catching for M——.

Good-bye, dearest mother.

You would have been moved by poor old Abdool Jemaalee's solemn benediction when I took leave to-day. He accompanied it with a gross of oranges and lemons.

CAPETOWN, *Thursday, May 8th.*

At last, after no end of "casus" and "discrimina rerum," I shall sail on Saturday the 10th, per ship *Camperdown*, for East India Docks.

These weary six weeks have cost no end of money and temper. I have been eating my

heart out at the delay, but it was utterly impossible to go by any of the Indian ships. They say there have never been so few ships sailing from the Cape as this year, yet crowds were expected on account of the Exhibition. The Attorney-General goes by our ship, so we are sure of good usage; and I hear he is very agreeable. I have the best cabin next to the stern cabin, in both senses of *next*. S—— has come back from the ship, where she has spent the day with the carpenter; and I am to go on board to-morrow. Will you ask R—— to cause inquiries to be made among the Mollahs of Cairo for a Hadji, by name Abdool Rachman, the son of Abdool Jemaalee, of Capetown, and, if possible, to get the inclosed letter sent him? The poor people are in sad anxiety for their son, of whom they have not heard for four months, and that from an old letter. Henry will thus have a part of all the blessings which were solemnly invoked on me by poor old Abdool, who is getting very infirm, but toddled up and cracked his old fingers over my head, and invoked the protection of Allah with all form; besides that Betsy sent me twelve dozen oranges and lemons. Abdool Rachman is about twenty-six, a Malay of Capetown, speaks Dutch and English, and is supposed to be studying theology at Cairo. The letter is

written by the prettiest Malay girl in Capetown.

I won't enter upon my longings to be home again, and to see you all. I must now see to my last commissions and things, and send this to go by next mail.

God bless you all, and kiss my darlings, all three.

FRIDAY, *May 16th.*
On board the good ship *Camperdown*, 500 miles North-West of Table-Bay.

I embarked this day week, and found a good airy cabin, and all very comfortable. Next day I got the carpenter's services, by being on board before all the rest, and relashed and cleeted everything, which the "Timmerman," of course, had left so as to get adrift the first breeze. At two o'clock the Attorney-General, Mr. Porter, came on board, escorted by bands of music and all the volunteers of Capetown, *quorum pars maxima fuit; i.e.*, Colonel. It was quite what the Yankees call an "ovation." The ship was all decked with flags, and altogether there was *le diable à quatre.* The consequence was that three signals went adrift in the scuffle; and when a Frenchman signalled us, we had to pass for *brutaux Anglais*, because we could not reply. I found means to supply the deficiency by the lining of that very ancient

anonymous cloak, which did the red, while a bandanna handkerchief of the Captain's furnished the yellow, to the sailmaker's immense amusement. On him I bestowed the blue outside of the cloak for a pair of dungaree trousers, and in signalling now it is, "up go 2.41, and my lady's cloak, which is 7."

We have had lovely weather, and on Sunday such a glorious farewell sight of Table Mountain and my dear old Hottentot Hills, and of Kaap Goed Hoop itself. There was little enough wind till yesterday, when a fair southerly breeze sprang up, and we are rolling along merrily; and the fat old *Camperdown does* roll like an honest old "wholesome" tub as she is. It is quite a *bonne fortune* for me to have been forced to wait for her, for we have had a wonderful spell of fine weather, and the ship is the *ne plus ultra* of comfort. We are only twelve first-class upper-deck passengers. The captain is a delightful fellow, with a very charming young wife. There is only one child (a great comfort), a capital cook, and universal civility and quietness. It is like a private house compared to a railway hotel. Six of the passengers are invalids, more or less. Mr. Porter, over-worked, going home for health to Ireland; two men, both with delicate chests, and one poor young fellow from Capetown in a

consumption, who, I fear, will not outlive the voyage. The doctor is very civil, and very kind to the sick; but I stick to the cook, and am quite greedy over the good fare, after the atrocious food of the Cape. Said cook is a Portuguese, a distinguished artist, and a great bird-fancier. One can wander all over the ship here, instead of being a prisoner on the poop; and I even have paid my footing on the fore-castle. S—— clambers up like a lively young-ster. You may fancy what the weather is, that I have only closed my cabin-window once during half of a very damp night; but no one else is so airy. The little goat was as rejoiced to be afloat again as her mistress, and is a regular pet on board, with the run of the quarter-deck. She still gives milk—a perfect Amal-thæa. The butcher, who has the care of her, cockers her up with dainties, and she begs biscuit of the cook. I pay nothing for her fare. M——'s tortoises are in my cabin, and seem very happy. Poor Mr. Porter is very sick, and so are the two or three coloured passengers, who won't "make an effort" at all. Mrs. H—— (the captain's wife), a young Cape lady, and I, are the only "female ladies" of the party. The other day we saw a shoal of porpoises amounting to many hundreds, if not some thousands, who came frisking round the ship.

When we first saw them, they looked like a line of breakers; they made such a splash, and they jumped right out of the water three feet in height, and ten or twelve in distance, glittering green and bronze in the sun. Such a pretty, merry set of fellows!

We shall touch at St. Helena, where I shall leave this letter to go by the mail steamer, that you may know a few weeks before I arrive how comfortably my voyage has begun.

We see no Cape pigeons; they only visit outward ships—is not that strange?—but, *en revanche*, many more albatrosses than in coming; and we also enjoy the advantage of seeing all the homeward-bound ships, as they all *pass* us—a humiliating fact. The Captain laughed heartily because I said, "Oh, all right; I shall have the more sea for my money,"—when the prospect of a slow voyage was discussed. It is very provoking to be so much longer separated from you all than I had hoped, but I really believe that the bad air and discomfort of the other ships would have done me serious injury; while here I have every chance of benefiting to the utmost, and having mild weather the whole way, besides the utmost amount of comfort possible on board ship. There are some cockroaches, indeed, but that is the only drawback. The *Camperdown* is fourteen years

old, and was the crack ship to India in her day. Now she takes cargo and poop-passengers only, and, of course, only gets invalids and people who care more for comfort than speed.

*Monday Evening, May 26th.*—Here we are, working away still to reach St. Helena. We got the tail of a terrific gale and a tremendous sea all night in our teeth, which broke up the south-east trades for a week. Now it is all smooth and fair, with a light breeze again right aft; the old trade again. Yesterday a large shark paid us a visit, with his suite of three pretty little pilot-fish, striped like zebras, who swim just over his back. He tried on a sailor's cap which fell overboard, tossed it away contemptuously, snuffed at the fat pork with which a hook was baited, and would none of it, and finally ate the fresh sheepskin which the butcher had in tow to clean previous to putting it away as a perquisite. It is a beautiful fish in shape and very graceful in motion.

To-day a barque from Algoa Bay came close to us, and talked with the speaking trumpet. She was a pretty, clipper-built, sharp-looking craft, but had made a slower run even than ourselves. I daresay we shall have her company for a long time, as she is bound for St. Helena and London. My poor goat died suddenly the other day, to the general grief of the

ship; also one of the tortoises. The poor consumptive lad is wonderfully better. But all the passengers were very sick during the rough weather, except S—— and I, who are quite old salts. Last week saw a young whale, a baby, about thirty feet long, and had a good view of him as he played round the ship. We shall probably be at St. Helena on Wednesday, but I cannot write from thence, as, if there is time, I shall get a run on shore while the ship takes in water. But this letter will tell you of my well-being so far, and in about six weeks after the date of it I hope to be with you. I hope you won't expect too much in the way of improvement in my health. I look forward, oh, so eagerly, to be with you again, and with my brats, big and little. God bless you all.

Yours ever,

L. D. G.

*Wednesday 28th.*—Early morning, off St. Helena, James Town.

Such a lovely *unreal* view of the bold rocks and baby-house forts on them! Ship close in. Washerwoman come on board, and all hurry.

*Au revoir.*

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